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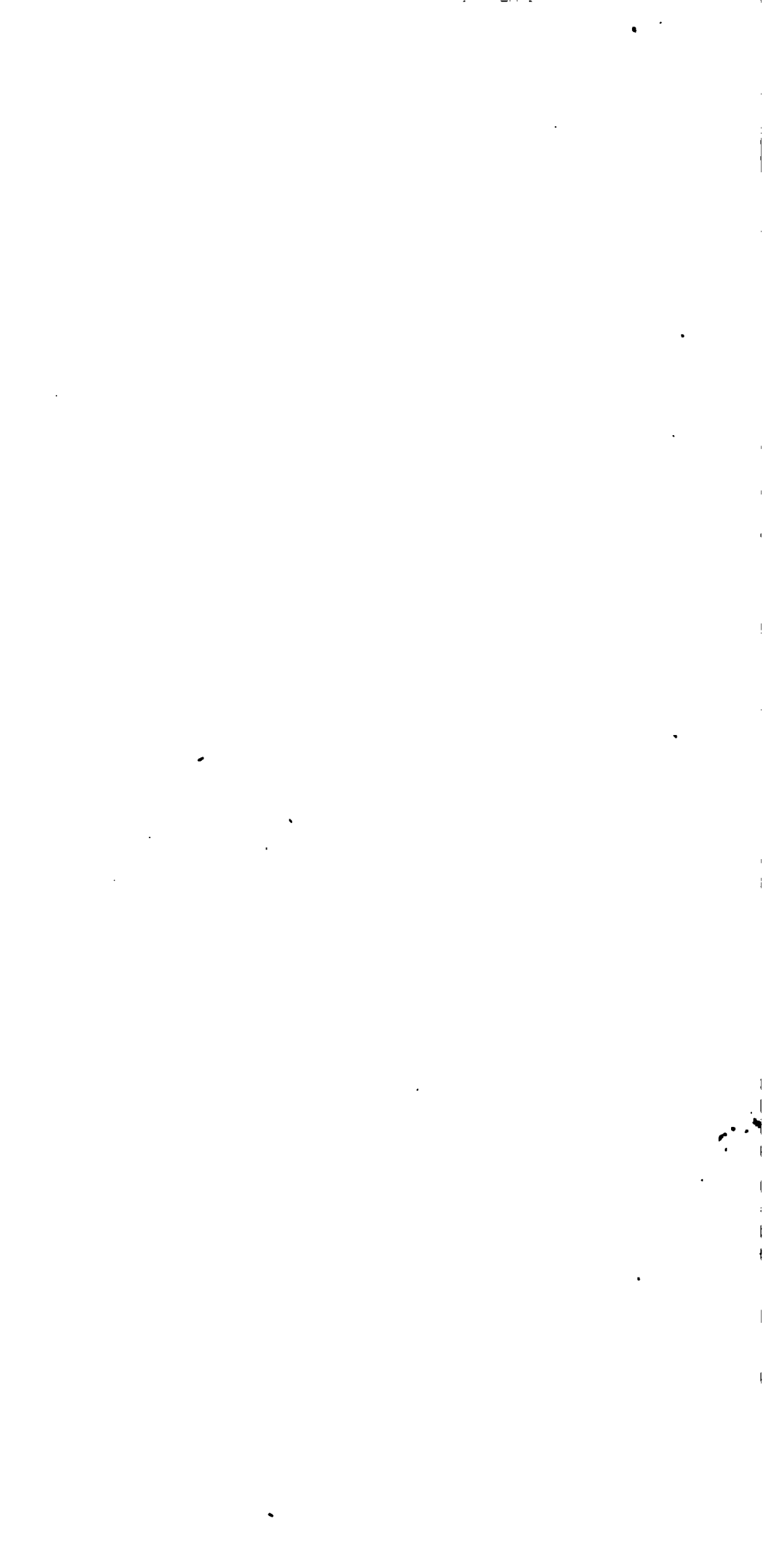
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THE BAPTISTS' HYMN BOOK,

BEING
A COLLECTION
OF
UPWARDS OF ONE THOUSAND HYMNS,
INCLUDING
A CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF ORIGINALS;
HARMONIZING WITH
THE SCRIPTURES OF TRUTH,
IN DOCTRINES,
ORDINANCES, AND PRECEPTS;
AND
CORRESPONDING WITH THE MANIFOLD EXPERIENCE
OF THE
BROKEN-HEARTED, CONSCIENCE-WOUNDED, SOUL-HUMBLED,
HEAVEN-BORN, SPIRIT-TAUGHT, TRUTH-SEEKING, BLOOD-
REDEEMED, HELL-OPPOSED, EARTH-DESPISED, AND
GRACE-DEFENDED SINNER, TO WHOM, AND IN
WHOM, AND WITH WHOM, AND FOR WHOM
CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

*Adapted for the use of the Baptist Denomination at large, but
more particularly designed for the Church and Congregation
meeting for Divine Worship in Carmel Chapel,
Westbourne Street.*

~~~~~  
BY JOHN STENSON.  
~~~~~

*"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion
with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall
obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee
away."—Isaiah, xxxv. 10.*

*"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne:—and
no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and
four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."—
Revelation, xiv. 3.*

~~~~~  
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1838.

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# PREFATORY ADDRESS.

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TO the BAPTIZED CHURCH OF CHRIST, meeting in  
CARMEL CHAPEL, Westbourne Street, Pimlico,  
worshipping the Three-One Jehovah, the Father,  
the Word, and the Holy Ghost ; holding all the  
doctrines of grace, even as ye hold the Head ;  
and adhering strictly to the ordinances, order,  
and discipline, enjoined in the New Testament  
by the chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

Grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied unto  
you, according to the will of Him who hath called  
you into the fellowship of the Gospel, by his Son  
Jesus Christ.

My Brethren and Sisters, beloved of God,  
United in bonds that can ne'er be dissolved,  
Instructed in truths which have set your souls free,  
And visited still by the Great One in Three ;—  
Desiring greatly your welfare and peace,  
And praying Jehovah, your faith to increase,  
I now would address you, (the people I love,)  
As taught by the Spirit sent down from above.

As a Church which the Lord has abundantly blest  
With knowledge of Him, who alone can give rest,  
With peace in believing,—with joy in his Name,—  
And with grace in your hearts to tell of the same ;—  
I can but rejoice in all he has done  
Since he by his power has formed you in one.

Notwithstanding the errors abroad in our land,  
His grace has enabled you firmly to stand  
In defence and support of the gospel you love,  
That gospel which leads you to seek things above.

Contend for the faith—with courage and zeal,  
Knowing well that its power you inwardly feel :  
The doctrines and ordinances taught you by God,  
Forget not, forsake not, for fear of the rod ;  
If ye contrary walk to the word of the Lord,  
Nor comfort, nor peace, will his presence afford.

As the children of God, put on bowels of love  
And of kindness, to all that are born from above :  
Despise not the weak,—neglect not the poor,  
Who have entered the fold, by Jesus, the door,  
For such the Redeemer most kindly receives ;  
While all others he charges as robbers and thieves,  
Who some other way have climbed into the fold,  
Than that which the Saviour ordained of old ;  
His servants he taught to shew unto all,  
The ruined condition of man by the fall ;  
To point them to Jesus, the sin-bearing Lamb,  
And dwell on the love of the wond'rous I AM ;  
Himself did their labours continually own,  
By sending his Spirit the truth to make known ;  
In causing the sinner to fall at his feet,  
And shewing him there, his salvation complete,  
Constraining him say to his brethren around,  
“ Come, rejoice ye, with me, I the Saviour have  
found :”

Where sin and iniquity only were found,  
There grace and salvation do much more abound ;  
As Jesus, he reads, was immersed in the stream,  
So believing in him, he would fain follow him ;  
With Christ would be buried, with Christ would  
he rise,

Beholding the Spirit descend from the skies,—  
Descending to crown the ordinance given  
With favours divine,—the sealings of heaven.

The primitive churches, (as we are apprized,)  
Were composed of such as had first been baptized

On professing their faith in the dear Son of God,  
Who had ransom'd their souls from hell, by his blood;  
Not ashamed of the cross, nor the world's disesteem,  
They followed the Lamb, both women and men ;  
Accounting it joy of the highest degree,  
That they by his grace from sin were made free.

Like them, my dear Brethren, stand fast in the Lord,  
Observing the rules laid down in his word ;  
As ye have been buried with Jesus your Head,  
And by his blest Spirit been raised from the dead,  
To walk, (as becometh the children of light,)  
In newness of life, and in paths that are right ;  
So would I beseech you, keep ever in view,  
The glory of God, in all that you do.

All the truths of the Gospel, in purity hold,  
More precious by far than silver or gold :  
The distinguishing doctrines of grace highly prize,  
Those doctrines which all the free-willers despise.

Four things, I intreat you, continually seek ;  
To be faithful, and prayerful, and watchful, and  
Consider the words of Jesus our Lord, [meek :  
*"Unto death be thou faithful, and I will reward;"*—  
Lest Satan, the tempter, should ever gain ground,  
In praying and watching, my Brethren, abound ;—  
Remember, the meek are your Father's delight,  
While the proud, he hath said, shall not stand in  
his sight.

Be pitiful, courteous, gentle, and kind,  
Give proof that ye are of one heart and one mind ;  
Depart not from wisdom's all-merciful ways,  
But cleave to the Lord, all your militant days.  
In affliction, rely on your Father's decree,  
*"As thy days may demand, so thy strength it shall be."*  
Should the enemy buffet and harass your souls,  
By faith look to Jesus—he all things controls ;

His arm shall support you, and make you to stand,  
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Hath laid for your comfort from day unto day.

This volume of hymns, I trust will receive  
The approval of all who in Jesus believe ;  
Though many their authors, (both living and dead)  
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Beloved, I now would intreat at your hand,  
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JOHN STENSON.

October 24th, 1838.

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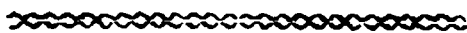
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LORD'S SUPPER.  
CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.  
OBEDIENCE.  
EXPERIENCE.  
ENCOURAGEMENT.  
DESIRES  
CHARITY.  
DIVINE COMPASSION.  
BROTHERLY LOVE.  
AFFLICTION.  
RESIGNATION.  
HUMILITY.  
JOY.  
SCRIPTURE WARNINGS  
AND PROMISES.  
INTERCESSION OF CHRIST  
PERSEVERANCE  
RELIGION.  
TIMES AND SEASONS.  
MARRIAGE.  
YOUTH.  
RESTORATION OF THE  
JEWS.  
LATTER-DAY GLORY.  
PRAISE.  
DISMISSION.  
DEATH.  
JUDGMENT.  
HEAVEN AND HELL.  
GLORY.  
MISCELLANEOUS.

# H Y M N S.

## DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

1. *God incomprehensible.* L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through ;  
Our labouring powers with reverence own  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wond'rous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal minds to know ;  
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,  
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace ;  
Explore thy sacred name, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will. KIPPIS.

2. *The same.* L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,  
The almighty THREE, th' eternal ONE !  
Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,  
Bid sun, and moon, and stars to shine ;  
But nothing like THYSELF appears,  
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 While restless nature dies and grows ;  
From change to change the creatures run ;  
Thy BEING no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.

- 2 Thine all-pervading sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast !
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're formed within ;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light,  
Is guided by his rays ;  
And dark affliction's midnight gloom  
A present God surveys.
- 5 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on every side.
- 6 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sovereign love.

WATTS.

## 7.

*God omniscient.*

C. M.

- 1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,  
Pierces all nature through ;  
Nor heaven, nor earth, nor hell afford  
A shelter from thy view !
- 2 Though greatly from myself concealed,  
*Thou* see'st my inward frame ;  
To thee I always stand revealed,  
Exactly as I am.
- 3 Since therefore I can hardly bear  
What in myself I see ;  
How vile and black must I appear,  
Most holy God, to thee ?
- 4 But since my Saviour stands between,  
In garments dy'd in blood,  
'Tis he, instead of me, is seen  
When I approach to God.

- 5 Thus, though a sinner, I am safe ;  
 He pleads before the throne,  
 His life and death in my behalf,  
 And calls my sins his own.
- 6 What wond'rous love, what mysteries,  
 In this appointment shine !  
 My breaches of the law are his,  
 And his obedience mine.

NEWTON.

8. *God omnipotent.* L. M.

- 1 **S**URE no created soul can flee  
 The presence of a holy God ;  
 Who through eternity can see,  
 And sways all kingdoms with a nod.
- 2 How awful when his pow'rful hand  
 Makes the tremendous thunder roll :  
 Mountains and rocks can ne'er withstand  
 The pow'r which spreads from pole to pole.
- 3 Now bow to God with filial fear,  
 High as his throne are all his ways :  
 Ye saints who are his special care,  
 Repeat his name in songs of praise.
- 4 Great is the Lord's expanded arm,  
 Large as immensity his pow'r ;  
 Sure as his throne it shall remain,  
 When rolling years shall be no more. HAWEIS.

9. *Sovereignty of God.* C. M.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things ;  
 And wait your Maker's nod :  
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
 The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
 Hang on his firm DECREE :  
 He sits on no precarious throne,  
 Nor borrows leave to BE.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,  
 With all the fates of men,  
 With every angel's form and size,  
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.

- 4 His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his counsels shine ;  
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,  
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, He exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown :  
Anon, the following page He turns,  
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;  
Nor God the reason gives ;  
Nor dare the favourite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves.
- 7 My God, I would not ask to see  
My lot with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes shall rise.
- 8 Lord, in thy book of life and grace,  
May I behold my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath th' atoning Lamb !

WATTS.

## 10.

*Holiness of God.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name  
Of our eternal King :  
Thrice holy Lord ! the angels cry ;  
Thrice holy ! let us sing.
- 2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compared  
How mean they look, and dim !  
The holy angels have no spots,  
Yet can't compare with him.
- 3 Holy is he in all his works,  
And truth is his delight ;  
But sinners and their wicked ways,  
Shall perish from his sight.
- 4 The deepest reverence of the mind,  
Pay, O my soul, to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.

5 None but his favourites may draw near,  
 Who stand in Christ complete ;  
 Those holy ones shall all appear,  
 And worship at his feet.

6 In Jesus' image shining bright ;  
 With rapture they adore,—  
 The holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 In glory evermore.

NEEDHAM.

# 11. *Holiness, justice, &c. of God.* L. M.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
 His robes are light and majesty !  
 His glory shines with beams so bright,  
 No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;  
 His justice guards his holy law :  
 His love reveals a smiling face ;  
 His truth and promise seal his grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
 And baffles Satan's dark designs ;  
 His power is sovereign to fulfil  
 The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
 To be my Father and my Friend ?  
 Then let my songs with angels join ;  
 Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

WATTS.

# 12. *Justice and goodness of God.* L. M.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,  
 Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing ;  
 All thou hast done, and all thou dost,  
 Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2 Thine ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,  
 Thy threatenings, and thy promises,  
 The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,  
 What angels taste, what devils feel :

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,  
 Thy threatening rod and smiling face,  
 Thy wounding and thy healing word,  
 A world undone, a world restored :

- 4 While these excite my fear and joy ;  
 While these my tuneful lips employ ;  
 Accept, O Lord, the humble song,  
 The tribute of a trembling tongue. **BEDDOME.**

**13.**      *Truth and faithfulness of God.*      **L. M.**

- 1 **Y**E humble saints, proclaim abroad  
 The honours of a faithful God :  
 How just and true are all his ways,  
 How much above your highest praise.
- 2 The words his sacred lips declare  
 Of his own mind the image bear ;  
 What should *him* tempt, from frailty free,  
 Blest in his self-sufficiency ;
- 3 He will not his great self deny :  
 A God all truth can never lie ;  
 As soon might he his Being quit  
 As break his oath, or word forget.
- 4 True to his word, God gave his Son,  
 To die for crimes which men had done ;  
 Blest pledge ! he never will revoke  
 A single promise he has spoke. **NEEDHAM.**

**14.**      *Faithfulness of God.*      **11s.**

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word ;  
 What more can he say, than to you he hath said ?  
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.
- 2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,  
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth ;  
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea, [be.  
 As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever
- 3 " Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
 to stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."
- 4 " When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow,  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie;  
My grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply,  
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design,  
To shew thee thy dross, and to make thy gold  
shine."

6 "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove,  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs, they shall still in my bosom be borne."

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
*I will not, I will not*, desert to his foes ; [shake,  
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to  
*I'll never, no never, no never forsake.*"

### 15. *The faithfulness of God proclaimed.* C. M.

1 **BEGIN**, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing,  
The mighty works, or mightier name,  
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his praise abroad ;  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
I'll be to them a God.

3 Engraved as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase  
Those everlasting lines !

4 His ev'ry word of grace is strong,  
As that which built the skies,  
The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Spake all the promises.

5 Lord, might I hear thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper "Thou art mine ;"  
Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

WATTS.

### 16. *God's faithfulness the Christian's support.* L. M

1 **NOW** let the feeble all be strong,  
And make Jehovah's arm their song ;  
His shield is spread o'er every saint ;  
And thus supported, who shall faint ?



- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage,  
With mingled cruelty and rage !  
A faithful God restrains their hands,  
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display  
“ A strength proportioned to our day : ”  
And when united trials meet,  
Will shew a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,  
Which JESUS ratified with blood :  
Still he is faithful, wise, and just ;  
And still in him let Israel trust.      DODDRIDGE.

**17.**      *God's faithfulness celebrated.*      148th.

- 1 **M**OUNT Zion's righteous King,  
Proclaims in faithfulness,  
That every needful thing,  
His children shall possess ;  
Then may we ever sound abroad,  
“ Great is the faithfulness of God ! ”
- 2 He's faithful to regard  
His promises of grace ;  
And all he hath declared,  
Shall surely come to pass :  
While his dear saints shall sound abroad,  
“ Great is the faithfulness of God.”
- 3 The saints can never say,  
They sought the Lord in vain,  
For Jesus doth display,  
His love to seeking men,  
And they delight to sound abroad,  
“ Great is the faithfulness of God ! ”
- 4 O Lord, thy word fulfil,  
Thy presence now make known,  
Now, dearest Lord, reveal  
The glories of thy throne ;  
Then will thy children sound abroad,  
“ Great is the faithfulness of God ! ”

18.

*Wisdom of God.*

L. M.

- 1 ANGELIC minds could never tell,  
How God with sinful man could dwell,  
But the great wisdom of our God,  
Opened the path in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Jehovah's wisdom drew the plan,  
How to restore apostate man ;  
Determined on the Prince of Peace,  
To save a chosen guilty race.
- 3 Jesus came down to dwell with men,  
Their full salvation to obtain ;  
And now in wisdom loudly cries,  
Sinners, behold,—THE SAVIOUR DIES !!
- 4 'Tis wisdom shews all nature's loss,  
Points to the all-atoning cross ;  
The Holy Ghost applies the blood,  
And brings a numerous train to God.
- 5 More of thy wisdom, Lord, impart,  
And make us all more wise in heart ;  
O make us truly wise, to know  
The paths in which thy saints should go.

BURNHAM.

19.

*Wisdom and knowledge of God.*

L. M.

- 1 GOD'S ways are just, his counsels wise,  
No darkness can prevent his eyes ;  
Nor thought can fly, nor thing can move  
Unknown to him that sits above.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,  
Performs his works, the cause conceals ;  
But though his methods are unknown,  
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,  
He executes his firm decrees ;  
And by his saints it stands confest,  
That all he does, is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, my soul, submissive, wait,  
Prostrate before his awful seat ;  
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,  
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

BEDDOME.

## 20. *Wisdom and goodness of God.* C.M.

- 1 **G**OD shall alone the refuge be,  
And comfort of my mind ;  
Too wise to be mistaken HE,  
Too good to be unkind.
- 2 In all his holy sovereign will,  
He is, I daily find,  
Too wise to be mistaken, still  
Too good to be unkind.
- 3 When I the tempter's rage endure,  
'Tis God supports my mind ;  
Too wise to be mistaken, sure  
Too good to be unkind.
- 4 When sore afflictions on me lie,  
He is (though I am blind)  
Too wise to be mistaken, yea,  
Too good to be unkind.
- 5 Hereafter he will make me know,  
And I shall surely find,  
He was too wise to err, and oh !  
Too good to be unkind.

MEDLEY.

## 21. *Goodness of God.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,  
Thy mercy we adore ;  
A spring whose blessings never fail,  
A sea without a shore !
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest  
In every golden ray :  
Love draws the curtains of the night,  
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns,  
With all the bliss it yields ;  
With joyful clusters loads the vines,  
With strengthening grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,  
Is in the gospel seen :  
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,  
Without a cloud between.

GIBBONS.

22.

*Compassion of God.*

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great :  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised,  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace,  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord,  
To those that fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel,  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 Yes, thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure :  
And children's children ever find  
Thy word of promise sure.

WATTS.

## THE TRINITY.

23.

*The Trinity.*

L.M.

- 1 **T**O comprehend the great THREE-ONE,  
Is more than highest angels can ;  
Or what the Trinity has done,  
From death and hell to ransom man.
- 2 But all true Christians this may boast  
(A truth from nature never learn'd)  
That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To save our souls are all concern'd.

## 24-25

## THE TRINITY.

- 3 The Father's love *in this* we find ;  
 He made his Son our sacrifice,  
 The Son in love his life resigned,  
 The Holy Ghost his blood applies.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit we adore ;  
 That sea of life and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.
- 5 Thus we the Trinity can praise  
 In Unity, through Christ our King :  
 Our grateful hearts and voices rise  
 In faith and love, while thus we sing.

HART.

## 24.

*The Trinity.*

C.M.

- 1 HAIL, Father ! whose commanding call  
 Unnumbered worlds attend,  
 Jehovah, comprehending all,  
 Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 Hail, God the Son ! with glory crowned  
 Ere time began to be ;  
 Angels and saints thy throne surround,  
 Creation bows to thee.
- 3 Hail, Holy Ghost ! Jehovah, Lord,  
 All glory be to thee !  
 One with the Father and the Word,  
 From all eternity.
- 4 Hail, thou eternal Lord of Hosts !  
 To mortal powers unknown ;  
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
 Mysterious Three in One.

TOPLADY.

## 25.

*The same.*

S. M.

- 1 LET all the church agree  
 The FATHER's praise to sing ;  
 Who gave us to the SON, that he  
 Might us to glory bring.
- 2 Honour and equal love  
 Let God the SON receive,  
 Who saves us here, and pleads above  
 That we with him may live.

- 3 Be everlasting praise  
 To God the SPIRIT given ;  
 Who sanctifies the chosen race,  
 And seals the heirs of heaven.

TAYLOR.

## PERSON OF CHRIST.

26.

*Person of Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
 Amidst his Father's throne ;  
 Prepare new honours for his name,  
 And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
 The church adore around,  
 With vials full of odours sweet,  
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of the saints,  
 And these the hymns they raise ;  
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
 He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
 Hast set thy pris'ners free ;  
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
 And we shall reign with thee.
- 5 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
 Be endless blessings paid ;  
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
 For ever on thy head.

WATTS.

27.

*Godhead of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE glory of the Father shines  
 In Christ, his Son, in fairest lines ;  
 His birth, his life, and death proclaim  
 The honours of his mighty name.
- 2 In all the doctrines Jesus taught,  
 In all the works he daily wrought,  
 He made his power and mercy known ;  
 While in his death his Godhead shone !

3 The sun, ashamed, its glories hid,  
When Christ, its mighty Maker, died,  
The solid rocks asunder clave ;  
The dead forsook the op'ning grave.

4 Earth trembled at its Maker's pain ;  
The temple's vail was rent in twain ;  
Yea, men in deep amazement own,  
Jesus was God's eternal Son.

FAWCETT.

28.

*Christ, God and Man.*

L. M.

1 **A**LL hail, thou great Immanuel !  
Thy love, thy glory, who can tell ?  
Angels, and all the heavenly host,  
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

2 Mortals, with reverential songs,  
Take this dear name upon your tongues ;  
With holy fear attempt his praise,  
In solemn, yet triumphant lays.

3 Among a thousand forms of love,  
In which he shines and smiles above,  
This with peculiar joy we view,  
He's David's root and offspring too.

4 There Jesus in the glorious plan  
Shines, the great God, the wond'rous man !  
As God, the root of all our bliss,  
As Man, the branch of righteousness.

5 All hail, thou dear redeeming Lord !  
All hail, thou co-essential Word !  
All hail, thou root and branch divine !  
All hail, and be the glory thine !

MEDLEY.

29.

*Greatness of Christ.*

L. M.

1 **G**REAT are the glories of the Lamb,  
Supremely great his reigning name ;  
His wond'rous person, how divine,  
His works, and ways, how bright they shine.

2 Whene'er he speaks, how great his words ;  
Great is the peace his truth affords ;  
Great are the beauties of his face,  
And great the riches of his grace.

- 3 Great the compassions of his heart,  
And great the joys they e'er impart;  
Great are the healings of his grace  
To all the poor backsliding race.
- 4 Great are the triumphs of his power  
Made known in each deliv'ring hour,  
Great are the blessings he bestows,  
So truly great, no mortal knows.
- 5 How great the virtues of his blood!  
Thousands at once it brings to God;  
The Saviour's greatness they proclaim,  
And greatly praise his glorious name.

WILLIAMS.

### 30. *Grace in the Person of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **NOW** to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;  
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See how it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of his grace:  
God, in the Person of his Son,  
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;  
Whose matchless glories from afar,  
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in the Lamb a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!  
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound,  
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.
- 6 O may we live to reach the place,  
Where he unveils his lovely face;  
There all his beauties to behold,  
And sound his praise on harps of gold!

WATTS.



- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
 O could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine ;  
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
 Of sin, and wrath divine ;  
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
 That bright, that splendid, holy dress,  
 In which my soul shall shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
 And all the forms of love he wears,  
 Exalted on his throne ;  
 In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
 I would to everlasting days,  
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well—the delightful day will come,  
 When my dear Lord shall call me home,  
 To see his blissful face ;  
 Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
 A blest eternity I'll spend,  
 Exulting in his grace.

MEDLEY.

## PERSON AND INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,  
 Blows when and where he please ;  
 How happy are the men who feel  
 The soul-enlivening breeze.
- 2 He moulds the sinner's mind afresh,  
 Subdues the power of sin ;  
 Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,  
 And plants his grace within.

- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,  
 Applies redeeming blood ;  
 Bids both our guilt and grief remove,  
 And brings us near to God.

BEDDOME.

### 33. *Power of the Holy Spirit.* C.M.

- 1 **A** FORM of words, though e'er so sound,  
 Can never save the soul ;  
 The Holy Ghost must give the wound,  
 And make the wounded whole.
- 2 Election is a precious truth ;  
 But, Lord, I wish to be  
 Assured by thy own Spirit's mouth,  
 That thou hast chosen me.
- 3 Sinners, I read, are justified  
 By faith in Jesus' blood ;  
 But when to me that blood's applied,  
 'Tis then I've peace with God.
- 4 Imputed righteousness I own,  
 A doctrine most divine :  
 The Spirit to my heart makes known,  
 That Jesus' merit's mine.
- 5 To perseverance I agree,  
 No truth can be more clear ;  
 Because my Lord has promised me,  
 That I shall persevere.
- 6 Thus Christians glorify the Lord ;  
 His Spirit joins with ours,  
 In bearing witness to the word,  
 With all its saving pow'rs.

HART.

### 34. *Operations of the Holy Spirit.* L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, we confess,  
 And sing the wonders of thy grace ;  
 Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down,  
 From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlightened by thine heavenly ray,  
 Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
 Thine inward teachings make us know  
 Our danger and our refuge too.

- 4 Breathe comfort where distress abounds,  
 Make heart and conscience clean,  
 And heal, with balm from Jesus' wounds,  
 The numerous sores of sin.
- 5 Destroy our lusts; our pride remove;  
 Take out the heart of stone;  
 Shew us the Father's boundless love,  
 And merits of the Son.

HART.

## COVENANT OF GRACE.

43. . *Head of the Covenant.* L. M.

- 1 **B**ETROTH'D in love, ere time began,  
 His blood-bought bride with Jesus see;  
 Made by eternal union One,  
 Who was, and is, and is to be.
- 2 Thus He became her Cov'nant Head;  
 Charged with her sin the Saviour stands,  
 To do and suffer in her stead,  
 All that the righteous law demands.
- 3 Here justice and the highest grace  
 Meet, in the sinner's only Friend;  
 He freely took our lowest place;  
 Oh! love that all our thoughts transcend.
- 4 Nor flood, nor flame, nor hell combined,  
 Shall from His love, her soul divide;  
 His blood the marriage nuptials signed,  
 And for her sins in love He died.
- 5 Thus, in His eyes, she ever stood,  
 From wrinkle and from blemish free;  
 Loved with the dateless love of God,  
 And bless'd by the Eternal Three.

KENT.

44. *Provisions of the Covenant.* C. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE the starry skies were spread,  
 Or wasting time began,  
 Jehovah in his cov'nant love,  
 Deigned to remember man.

- 2 The boundless treasures of his grace  
 He stored in Christ alone,  
 Pure rivers of eternal bliss  
 He opens in the Son.
- 3 Salvation, life, and endless peace,  
 And all the joys we know,  
 Issue in streams of ancient grace,  
 From cov'nant love they flow.
- 4 Lord, the rich favour now we crave,  
 Is thy pure love to see,  
 Pray to love all thy grace shall save,  
 All who belong to thee.
- 5 Extensive as the blood-bought throng,  
 May our affection spread ;  
 Ever love all with heart and tongue,  
 For whom the Saviour bled.

BURNHAM.

# 45. *Immutability of the Covenant.* S. M.

- 1 **I**N union with the Lamb,  
 From condemnation free,  
 The saints from everlasting were ;  
 And shall for ever be.
- 2 In cov'nant from of old,  
 The sons of God they were ;  
 The feeblest lamb in Jesus' fold,  
 Was blest in Jesus there.
- 3 Its bonds shall never break,  
 Though earth's old columns bow ;  
 The strong, the tempted, and the weak,  
 Are one in Jesus now.
- 4 When storms or tempests rise,  
 Or sins their peace assail,  
 Their hope in Jesus never dies,  
 'Tis cast within the veil.
- 5 Here let the weary rest,  
 Who love the Saviour's name ;  
 Though with no sweet enjoyment blest,  
 This cov'nant stands the same.

KENT.

46. *Stability of the Covenant.*

L. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye saints, in ev'ry state,  
 Divine decrees remain unmoved,  
 No turns of providence abate  
 God's care for those he once hath loved.
- 2 Firmer than heav'n his cov'nant stands;  
 Though earth should shake and skies depart,  
 We're safe in our Redeemer's hands,  
 Who bears our names upon his heart.
- 3 Our Surety knows for whom he stood,  
 And gave himself a sacrifice;  
 The souls *once* sprinkled with his blood,  
 Possess a life that *never* dies.
- 4 Though darkness spread around our tent,  
 Though fear prevail, and joy decline,  
 God will not of his oath repent:  
 Dear Lord, thy people still are thine. TOPLADY.

47. *The Bow of the Covenant.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN in the cloud, with colours fair,  
 I see the cov'nant bow appear,  
 Its beauteous form, and lovely rays,  
 Awake my soul to love and praise.
- 2 Dejected saint, dismiss thy fears,  
 Still round the throne this bow appears,  
 Proclaiming peace, and mercy free,  
 And full salvation unto thee.
- 3 Sweet sign that God remembers now,  
 To guilty man his ancient vow;  
 But sweeter far by faith to see,  
 A Cov'nant God is all to thee.
- 4 Here, when thy fears begin to rise,  
 And hope in disappointment dies,  
 This cov'nant bow thy fears shall quell,  
 'Twas made for thee, in all things well. KENT.

48. *The Covenant eternally fixed.*

L. M.

- 1 **'T**WAS fixed in God's eternal mind,  
 When all his sons should mercy find;  
 From everlasting he decreed  
 When every good should be conveyed.

- 2 Determined was the manner how,  
Eternal favours he'd bestow;  
Yea, he decreed the every place,  
Where he would shew triumphant grace.
- 3 Also, the means were fixed upon,  
Through which his sov'reign love should run;  
The time, the place, the means, the mode,  
Were all determined by our God.
- 4 Vast were the settlements of grace,  
On millions of the human race;  
And every favour richly giv'n,  
Flows from the high decree of heaven.

BURNHAM.

49.      *The Covenant well ordered.*      C. M.

- 1 COME, saints, and sing in sweet accord,  
With solemn pleasure tell;  
The cov'nant made with David's Lord,  
In all things order'd well.
- 2 This cov'nant stood ere time began,  
That God with man might dwell;  
Eternal wisdom drew the plan,  
In all things order'd well.
- 3 'Twas made with Jesus, for his bride,  
Before the sinner fell;  
'Twas signed, and sealed, and ratified,  
In all things order'd well.
- 4 When rolling worlds depart on fire,  
And thousands sink to hell,  
This cov'nant shall the saints admire,  
In all things order'd well.
- 5 With Christ, their Saviour and their King,  
His saints shall surely dwell;  
And this blest cov'nant ever sing,  
In all things order'd well.

KENT.

50.      *The Covenant a source of comfort.*      C. M.

- 1 OUR God, how firm his cov'nant stands,  
E'en when he hides his face!  
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands  
His glory and his grace.

# 51-52

## COVENANT OF GRACE.

- 2 Firm as his throne, this cov'nant stands,  
In which my life's secure :  
The trust committed to his hands,  
Is altogether sure.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,  
And part of heav'n possess'd ;  
I praise him for the grace received,  
And trust him for the rest.
- 4 Jesus, my God, I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust :  
He will not put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 5 But he will own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face ;  
And in the new Jerusalem,  
Appoint my soul a place.

WATTS.

# 51.

## *Rest in the Covenant.*

C. M.

- 1 **A** MIDST the various scenes on earth,  
Which in succession rise ;  
My soul, survey thy nobler birth,  
And press toward the skies.
- 2 In ev'ry thing our eyes survey,  
Upon this earthly ball,  
Mortality and change, betray  
The ruins of the fall.
- 3 But there's a cov'nant, fixed and sure,  
Made by the Great Three One ;  
And ever firm it shall endure  
To rest the weary on.
- 4 Here would I rest in humble faith,  
Till my last change shall come ;  
Then mount on high, o'er sin and death,  
To my eternal home.

WILLIAMS.

# 52.

## *The Covenant a theme of rejoicing.* 8.8.6.

- 1 **L** ED captive once at Satan's will,  
We strove his mandates to fulfil,  
And loved his service well ;  
But now subdued, we sing the grace  
That God reveals to rebels base,  
Who sought the road to hell.

- 2 Sing, ransomed sinner, lift your voice,  
And in this covenant rejoice,  
That God hath made with thee ;  
Yet not with thee, but with thy Head,  
Jesus the First-fruits of the dead,  
The Resurrection He.
- 3 In him it stands, and ever stood,  
Ordered in all things for thy good,  
Ere time began to roll ;  
Here stands forgiveness for thy sin,  
And righteousness both white and clean,  
To clothe thy naked soul.

KENT.

CREATION.

53.

*Creation.*

L. M.

- 1 LOOK up, ye saints, direct your eyes  
To him who dwells above the skies ;  
With cheerful notes his praise rehearse,  
Who formed the mighty universe.
- 2 He spake, and from the womb of night,  
At once sprang forth the cheering light ;  
At his command th' obedient sun,  
Began his glorious race to run.
- 3 Teeming with life, air, earth, and sea,  
Obey th' Almighty's high decree ;  
To every tribe he gives their food,  
Then speaks the whole divinely good.
- 4 But to complete the wond'rous plan,  
Out of the dust he fashions man ;  
In man the last, in him the best,  
The Maker's image stands confest.
- 5 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,  
Form thou my heart and soul anew ;  
Here bid the light of grace to shine,  
And let me know thy love divine.

NEEDHAM.



## PROVIDENCE.

54.

*Wisdom of Providence.*

L. M.

- 1 **THY** ways, O Lord, with wise design,  
Are framed upon thy throne above,  
And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, almost obscure,  
Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and pure.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,  
Are led or driven only where,  
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;  
But trusting to thy piercing eye,  
None of their feet to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 Great God, my soul would daily learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne ;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

SERLE.

55.

*Kindness of Providence.*

C. M.

- 1 **COME**, let our hearts and voices join,  
To praise the Saviour's name ;  
Whose truth and kindness are divine,  
As all his ways proclaim.
- 2 When most we need his helping hand,  
He, as our friend, is near ;  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,  
No change can turn its course ;  
Immutably the same it flows  
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround his throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace,  
To make it better known.

5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
And measures out our pains ;  
Each providence his will obeys,  
His word our soul sustains.

SWAIN.

56.

*Wonders of Providence.*

L. M.

1 **W**HEN God's own children stand in need,  
His goodness will provide supplies ;  
Thus, when Elijah faints for bread,  
A raven to his succour flies.

2 At God's command, with speedy wings  
The hungry bird resigns its prey,  
And to the holy prophet brings  
The needful portion day by day.

3 This wonder has been oft renewed,  
And saints, by sweet experience find  
Their evils over-ruled for good,  
Their foes to friendly deeds inclined.

4 Who need distrust that mighty hand  
Which rules with universal sway,  
Which nature's laws can countermand,  
Or feed us by a bird of prey.

FAWCETT.

57.

*Mystery of Providence.*

C. M.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread,  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace,  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own Interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

COWPER.

## 58.

*Providence and Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud,  
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Thy providence is kind and large ;  
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 3 My God ! how rich the fount of grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !  
Well may thy children in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house,  
We shall be fed from day to day,  
There, mercy like a river flows  
Through all the christian's checker'd way.

WATTS.

## MAN'S SINFULNESS.

## 59.

*Original Sin.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Adam by transgression fell,  
Guilt made him shun his Maker's face,  
The law condemned his soul to hell,  
And in him, all his future race.

- 2 But lo ! the second Adam came,  
 Ordained the serpent's head to bruise,  
 To God he pays the law's just claim,  
 And disappoints the devil's views.
- 3 This faithful saying let us own,  
 Worthy indeed to be believed,  
 "That Christ into the world came down,  
 That sinners might by him be saved." HART.

60.

*Original Sin.*

C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** Adam sinned, through all his race  
 The dire contagion spread,  
 Sickness, and death, and deep disgrace,  
 Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Corruption flows through all our veins,  
 Our pristine beauty's gone,  
 The gold is fled, the dross remains,  
 O sin ! what hast thou done ?
- 3 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,  
 And draw our souls to thee,  
 Thou art the only hiding place,  
 Where ruined souls can flee. BEDDOME.

61.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,  
 And born unholy and unclean ;  
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall,  
 Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
 The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
 But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Great God, I fall before thy face ;  
 My only refuge is thy grace :  
 No outward forms can make me clean ;  
 The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 Jesus, my God ! thy blood alone  
 Hath power sufficient to atone !  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow  
 And cause my soul with love to glow. WATTS.

# 62. *Sin set forth by blindness.* 148th.

- 1 **S**INFUL, and blind, and poor,  
 And lost without thy grace,  
 Thy mercy I implore,  
 And wait to see thy face :  
 Begging, I sit by the wayside,  
 And long to know the Crucified.
- 2 Jesus, attend my cry,  
 Thou Son of David, hear ;  
 If now thou passest by,  
 Stand still and call me near ;  
 The darkness from my soul remove,  
 And shew me now thy pardoning love. **TOPLADY.**

# 63. *Sin set forth by disease.* L. M.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made,  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas, is nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
 With fatal strength in every part ;  
 The dire contagion fills the veins,  
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sov'reign balm be found ?  
 And is no kind physician nigh  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss abundant flow !  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood,  
 Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe. **STEELE.**

# 64. *Sin set forth by leprosy.* C. M.

- 1 **O**FT as the leper's case I read,  
 My own described I feel ;  
 Sin is a leprosy indeed,  
 Which none but Christ can heal.
- 2 Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,  
 For thou canst all things do ;  
 O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,  
 My filthy heart renew.

3 Come, lepers, in the present hour,  
 The Saviour's goodness prove ;  
 He can relieve, for he is power,  
 He will, for he is love.

BURDER.

65. *Sin set forth by dry bones.* L. M.

1 LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;  
 See Adam's race in ruin lie ;  
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
 And scatters slaughtered heaps around.  
 2 And dost thou ask, can these bones live ?  
 And can these perish'd bones revive ?  
 That, mighty God, to thee is known ;  
 The wond'rous work is all thy own.  
 3 Thy ministers attempt in vain,  
 To prophesy upon the slain ;  
 In vain they call, in vain they try,  
 Till thine almighty aid is nigh.  
 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
 Life spreads through all the realms of death ;  
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,  
 They move, they waken, and rejoice.

DODDRIDGE.

66. *Sin discovered to the sinner.* S. M.

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,  
 I turn my eyes within ;  
 My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,  
 The seat of every sin.  
 2 What crowds of evil thoughts,  
 What vile affections there !  
 Envy and pride, deceit and guile,  
 Distrust and slavish fear.  
 3 Almighty King of saints !  
 These tyrant lusts subdue ;  
 Expel the darkness of my mind,  
 And all my powers renew.  
 4 This done, my cheerful voice  
 Shall loud hosannas raise ;  
 My soul shall glow with gratitude,  
 My lips proclaim thy praise.

TOPLADY.

67-68-69 MAN'S SINFULNESS.

67.

*Sins manifold.*

C. M.

1 MY sins are num'rous as the stars,  
Or sands upon the shore ;  
But yet the mercies of my God,  
Are infinitely more.

2 Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalen,  
Were pardoned all by thee ;  
I read it, and believe it, Lord,  
For thou hast pardoned me.

68.

*Sin acknowledged.*

L. M.

1 GREAT God ! beneath thy piercing eye,  
Prostrate our guilty souls would lie,  
Conscious that sin, which sunk us low,  
Might sink us yet to deeper woe.

2 Thy vengeance might have fix'd our doom  
Where messengers of peace ne'er come ;  
Where endless night excludes the day,  
And black despair, hope's cheering ray.

3 Lo, we are vile, shall we complain ?  
Unless it be, "Unclean ! unclean !" .  
Hear from the dust, our broken sigh,  
And pity, or we hopeless die.

4 Listen ! what heavenly music cheers  
Our hopes, and sinks our slavish fears ;  
"Arise," saith God, "no more distrust,  
"Nor longer weep in hopeless dust.

5 "Come, and your naked souls I'll dress  
"In robes of grace and righteousness ;  
"By me thy needs shall be supplied,  
"Through Jesus Christ, the Crucified."

6 Lord, 'tis enough : we know thy voice ;  
In pardoning love we now rejoice ;  
We'll sound abroad thy matchless grace,  
Till we behold thee face to face.

BODEN.

69.

*Sin remembered.*

L. M.

1 DARK was my soul, and dead in sin ;  
But when, great God, thy light divine  
Shone on my guilty heart, I saw  
How I had broke thy righteous law.

- 2 Convicted and condemned, I stood  
Before the sin-avenging God,  
Nor had I any plea to make,  
But this, O save for Jesus' sake !
- 3 Deprest and sunk in self-despair,  
I sought thy face by humble prayer ;  
Till from above thy cheering ray  
Turned my dark midnight into day.
- 4 Through grace, my soul beheld at length,  
Jesus, her righteousness and strength ;  
How did I then before him fall,  
And own him as my All in All.
- 5 While his rich grace I humbly viewed,  
Faith in his name my fears subdued ;  
My willing soul to him I gave,  
To guide, to sanctify, and save.

FAWCETT.

## THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

70. *Excellency of the Scriptures.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines !  
For ever be thy name adored,  
For these celestial lines !
- 2 O may these heavenly pages be  
My comfort and delight !  
In them, new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, gracious Lord !  
Be thou for ever near ;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

STEELE.

71. *Riches of the Scriptures.* C. M.

- 1 THE counsels of redeeming grace,  
The Scripture doth unfold ;  
And here the Saviour's lovely face,  
Our raptured eyes behold.



- 2 When God the Holy Ghost reveals  
The riches it contains,  
And in the conscience safely seals  
An interest in its lines ;
- 3 Then mines of knowledge, love, and joy,  
Are opened to our sight ;  
The purest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.
- 4 Our numerous griefs are here redress'd,  
And all our wants supplied ;  
Nought we can ask to make us bless'd,  
Is in this book denied. STENNETT.

## 72. *Sufficiency of the Scriptures.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HE word reveals a Saviour's grace,  
Its height, and breadth, and length ;  
It points us to his righteousness,  
And arms us with his strength.
- 2 It cheers our minds, like heavenly dew,  
Or kind refreshing rain ;  
And when affliction brings us low,  
It softens every pain.
- 3 This word shall be our heritage,  
Our portion and delight,  
In sickness or declining age,  
When death appears in sight.
- 4 Then will it cheer the darksome path,  
And brighten all the gloom ;  
While steadfast hope, and humble faith,  
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

## 73. *Preciousness of the Scriptures.* C. M.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,  
By inspiration given !  
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,  
To guide the saints to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears ;  
The richest blessings it imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.

3 All through life's dark and tedious night,  
 This lamp shall guide our way ;  
 Till we behold the clearer light  
 Of an eternal day.

FAWCETT.

74. *Reverence of the Scriptures.* S. M.

1 SAY, christian, would'st thou thrive  
 In knowledge of thy Lord ?  
 Against the Scripture never strive,  
 But tremble at his word.

2 Revere the sacred page,  
 Which bears the seal of heaven ;  
 And let this truth thy mind engage,  
 " All Scripture God has given."

3 If aught there dark appear,  
 Bewail thy want of sight :  
 No imperfection can be there,  
 For all God's words are right.

4 The Scriptures and the Lord,  
 Bear one tremendous name,  
 The written and th' Incarnate Word,  
 Are evermore the same.

5 Our Jesus is the truth,  
 As well as life and way,  
 The two-edg'd sword that's in his mouth,  
 Shall all proud reasoners slay.

BAILEY.

75. *Praise for the Scriptures.* 104th.

1 THE law of the Lord is worthy our songs,  
 It is to his word our safety belongs ;  
 For to its perfection all wisdom we owe,  
 And by its direction we're guided below.

2 The simple may learn where happiness lies,  
 Their errors discern, and grow truly wise ;  
 The saints from this fountain refreshment may  
 gain,  
 And firm as a mountain their faith shall remain.

FELLOWS.

76.

*Perpetuity of the Scriptures.*

L. M.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !  
The varied things that meet our eyes,  
Abundant evidence afford,  
That thou art great, that thou art wise.
- 2 But though the things we see around,  
Thy wisdom and thy power declare ;  
No argument can there be found,  
To save a sinner from despair.
- 3 Not from thy works, but from thy *word*,  
The soul-reviving news is known ;  
That pardon may with truth accord,  
And mercy can to man be shewn.
- 4 When a few seasons have revolved,  
The world shall pass away, and then  
The works thereof shall be dissolved,  
And not a single trace be seen.
- 5 Not so thy word, it stands secure ;  
The blessed truths that it contains  
Eternal are, and shall endure,  
When nothing of the world remains.

HAWTREY.

## THE LAW.

77.

*Excellency of the Law.*

L. M.

- 1 THE law is holy, just, and good,  
And worthy of its author, God !  
Vast its extent ; it looks within,  
And there convicts of secret sin.
- 2 I know it's holy, and approve  
Its meaning ; its extent I love,  
Though it condemns me for a thought,  
And proves my righteousness is nought.
- 3 Alas ! I feel a law within  
Daily inciting me to sin,  
That which I disallow, I find  
Too often done with willing mind.

- 4 What I would do, remains undone,  
 For when I will, I cannot run,  
 Nor can I will, till grace inspire  
 With holy love and pure desire.
- 5 Amidst this conflict, I can see  
 Nature and grace at war in me ;  
 And these will fight till nature dies,  
 And I through grace obtain the prize. STEEVENS.

78. *No salvation by the Law.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HE law was ne'er designed to give  
 New strength to man's lost race ;  
 We cannot act before we live ;  
 And life proceeds from grace.
- 2 Legal obedience were complete,  
 Could we the law fulfil ;  
 But no man ever did so yet,  
 And no man ever will.
- 3 But grace and truth by Christ are giv'n,  
 To him must Moses bow ;  
 Grace fits the sons of God for heav'n,  
 And truth informs us how.
- 4 By Christ we enter into rest,  
 And triumph o'er the fall ;  
 Whoe'er would be completely blest,  
 Must trust to Christ for all. BAILEY.

79. *Christ the End of the Law.* 8s.

- 1 **L**ET those who inhabit the Rock,  
 And out of his fulness receive,  
 Rejoice with the blood-redeemed flock,  
 Who in Jesus the Saviour believe :  
 As prophet, as priest, and as king,  
 His preciousness these sweetly know,  
 His blood, and his merit they sing,  
 For Christ is the End of the Law.
- 2 'Tis here, when with sorrows oppress'd,  
 Believers in Jesus should flee ;  
 For those that are weary here's rest,  
 For such as their sinfulness see ;

Should justice pursue thee for blood,  
His righteousness stands without flaw ;  
And He that redeemed thee to God,  
Is Jesus the End of the Law.

- 3 How sweet and delightful the strain,  
Salvation by grace to repeat ;  
Shall sinners redeemed e'er refrain,  
Who stand thus in Jesus complete ?  
From him, as the fountain of life,  
His saints all their succour shall draw,  
And live, though encompass'd with strife,  
For Christ is the End of the Law.

KENT.

## THE GOSPEL.

80.

*Excellency of the Gospel.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown  
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ;  
Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
With long despair the spirit breaks,  
Till we are brought to Christ alone.
- 3 How well thy blessed truths agree !  
How wise and holy thy commands !  
Thy promises, how firm they be !  
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
- 4 Should all the forms that men devise  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd call them vanities and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

WATTS.

81.

*The Gospel a joyful sound.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound,  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,  
Through their Redeemer's name ;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives ;  
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

WATTS.

82. *The Gospel a joyful sound.* L. M.

1 WE hail the gospel's joyful sound,  
There life, eternal life, is found :  
Blow this great trumpet, mighty Lord !  
That souls may *hear* and *feel* thy word.

2 Now may some poor lost sinner say,  
" This was the great, the glorious day,  
" When Jesus did his power impart,  
" And this great trumpet reached my heart."

3 Thus, dearest Lord ! new trophies gain,  
Exert thy power, extend thy reign :  
Let all our souls with praise abound  
Who know the gospel's joyful sound.

83. *The Gospel a jubilee sound.* 148th.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly-solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound,  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 The gospel-trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
Ye happy souls, draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mourning souls, be glad :  
The year of Jubilee is come,  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw  
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;  
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives ;  
 The man that trusts the promise lives.      WATTS.

91.      *Law and Gospel distinguished.*      L. M.

- 1 **H**ERE, Lord, my soul convicted stands,  
 Of breaking all thy ten commands :  
 And on me justly might'st thou pour  
 Thy wrath in one eternal shower.
- 2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms  
 Have warned me of approaching harms :  
 And now my woes and wants I see ;  
 Lost and undone, I come to thee.
- 3 'Tis not my fig-leaf righteousness,  
 That can thy broken law redress :  
 But in thy gospel plan I see,  
 There's hope of pardon e'en for me.
- 4 Here I behold with wonder, Lord,  
 The honours of thy law restored ;  
 When Christ, on the atoning day,  
 Did for my life, a ransom pay.
- 5 Amazing wisdom, power, and love,  
 Displayed to rebels from above !  
 Do thou, O Lord, my faith increase,  
 To trust, and love thy plan of grace.

LOVE OF GOD,

92.      *God is Love.*      C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that know and fear the Lord,  
 And lift your souls above ;  
 Let all the saints with one accord,  
 Now sing, " Our God is love."
- 2 His cov'nant fixed in heav'n behold,  
 Which hell can never move ;  
 This makes the humbled sinner bold,  
 To sing " Our God is love."

- 3 This precious truth his word declares,  
And all his mercies prove ;  
Jesus, the Gift of gifts appears,  
To shew " Our God is love."
- 4 Thousands, as vile and base as we,  
Surround the throne above ;  
The grace that changed, has tuned their hearts,  
To sing " Our God is love."
- 5 Soon shall we meet the happy throng,  
No more from God to rove ;  
But join the everlasting song,  
And sing, " Our God is love."

BURDER.

93.

*Love of God in Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 CHRIST and his members ever stood  
A glorious mystic man ;  
Loved with the highest love of God  
Before the world began.
- 2 The chosen people were of old  
Pure in Jehovah's sight,  
And never did he them behold  
But with a vast delight.
- 3 Although the Lord of earth and sky  
Knew what we all should prove,  
He on the Saviour kept his eye,  
And rested in his love.
- 4 Thus in the arms of sov'reign grace  
He clasped the chosen seed,  
Determined evermore to bless  
The members with the Head.

BURNHAM.

94.

*Love of God everlasting.*

L. M.

- 1 YE, who the highest joys would prove,  
O think on everlasting love ;  
Before all worlds it did exist,  
In great Jehovah's glorious breast.
- 2 Eternal love joined Abram's seed  
To Jesus their eternal Head ;  
And in Him gave them all things good,  
Eternal life, immortal food.



- 3 This love abundantly confirms  
 The wav'ring faith of feeble worms ;  
 O, 'tis an everlasting Rock,  
 - For all the dear Redeemer's flock.
- 4 Now, Lord, this precious love impart,  
 To every broken, contrite heart ;  
 May each repenting sinner prove  
 The joys of everlasting love.

BURNHAM.

## 95.

*Love of God infinite.*

L. M.

- 1 THE God of glory dwells on high,  
 And rules the armies of the sky,  
 Ten thousand thousand round him stand  
 Observant of their King's command.
- 2 The God of glory, moved by love,  
 Descends in mercy from above ;  
 And He before whom angels bow,  
 Is found a man of grief below.
- 3 This love is great above all thought,  
 Its length and breadth in vain are sought ;  
 No tongue can tell its depth and height,  
 The love of God is infinite.
- 4 But though his love no measure knows,  
 The Saviour to his people shews  
 Enough to give them joy, when known ;  
 Enough to make their hearts his own.

KELLY.

## 96.

*Love of God immutable.*

8. 7.

- 1 GREAT Jehovah's love endureth,  
 Then away with all complaints ;  
 His unchanging love secureth  
 Crowns of glory for the saints.
- 2 May we all be ever learning,  
 How it shines in Christ the Lamb,  
 Never knows a shade of turning,  
 But in him abides the same.
- 3 This great truth yields heav'nly pleasure,  
 To the feeble and the faint,  
 Ever proves a solid treasure,  
 To the weak and weary saint.

- 4 What a spring of consolation  
Is the Lord's abounding grace,  
And what blissful contemplation,  
It affords the chosen race !
- 5 When surrounded with temptation,  
They a faithful friend have got,  
For the rock of their salvation  
Is a God that changeth not.

BURNHAM

97. *Love of God immutable.* 104th.

- 1 IF Jesus is ours, we have a true friend,  
Whose goodness endures the same to the end :  
Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline ;  
We cannot miscarry, our aid is divine.
- 2 Though God may delay to shew us his light,  
And heaviness may endure for a night ;  
Yet joy, in the morning, shall surely abound,  
No shadow of turning in Jesus is found.
- 3 The hills may depart, and mountains remove,  
But faithful thou art, O Fountain of love,  
The Father hath graven our names on thy hands ;  
Our building in heaven eternally stands.
- 4 A moment he hid the light of his face ;  
Yet firmly decreed to save us by grace :  
And tho' he reproved us, and still may reprove,  
For ever he loved us, and ever will love.

HAMMOND.

98. *The same.* 148th.

- 1 O MY distrustful heart,  
How small thy faith appears !  
But greater, Lord, thou art,  
Than all my doubts and fears :  
Did Jesus once upon me shine ?  
Then Jesus is for ever mine.
- 2 Unchangeable his will,  
Though dark may be my frame ;  
His loving heart is still  
Eternally the same :  
My soul through many changes goes ;  
His love no variation knows.

- 3 Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,  
 And perfectly perform,  
 The work thou hast begun  
 In me a sinful worm :  
 'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,  
 Thy Spirit will not let me go.
- 4 The bowels of thy grace  
 At first did freely move :  
 I still shall see thy face,  
 And feel that God is love :  
 Myself into thy arms I cast,  
 Lord, save, O save my soul at last. HAMMOND.

99. *Love of God unfathomable.* C. M.

- 1 BENEATH the sacred throne of God  
 I saw a river rise ;  
 The streams were peace and pard'ning blood,  
 Descending from the skies.
- 2 I stood amazed, and wondered when,  
 Or why this ocean rose,  
 That wafts salvation down to men,  
 To traitors and to foes.
- 3 Angelic minds cannot explore  
 This deep, unfathomed sea ;  
 'Tis void of bottom, brim, or shore :  
 And lost in DEITY.
- 4 That sacred flood, from Jesus' veins,  
 Was free to take away  
 A *Mary's* or *Manasseh's* stains,  
 Or sins more vile than they.
- 5 Triumphant grace ! thy mighty fame  
 Shall dwell upon my tongue ;  
 With saints above will I proclaim  
 The wonders thou hast done. KENT.

100. *Love of God incomprehensible.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 TO comprehend and fully prove  
 The depths of everlasting love,  
 A seraph's power must fail ;  
 How then shall sinful worms below  
 The vast dimensions ever know,  
 Or give the full detail !

- 2 When dead in sin the sinner lay,  
Love found a new and living way  
To bring him near to God ;  
'Twas through that sacred, bloody sweat,  
Which made the Saviour's garments wet,  
When he the wine-press trod.
- 3 O Love, beyond conception great,  
Earth, hell, nor sin, shall e'er defeat  
The council of thy will :  
For whom he stretched his bleeding hands,  
In Heaven a vacant mansion stands,  
That they must surely fill.
- 4 The resurrection morn shall prove  
The objects of eternal love,  
A royal blood-bought throng ;  
Then in the riches of thy grace,  
Shall they eternal wonders trace,  
While ages roll along.

KENT.

101.

*Redeeming Love.*

7s.

- 1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing of mercy's rising beam !  
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in " Redeeming Love."
- 2 Mourning souls, refrain your tears,  
Trembling hearts, repress your fears ;  
O, from bliss no longer rove,  
Listen to " Redeeming Love."
- 3 Welcome all by sin opprest,  
Welcome to the Saviour's rest ;  
Nothing brought him from above,  
Nothing but " Redeeming Love,"
- 4 Hither then your music bring,  
Strike aloud each cheerful string ;  
Saints below, and saints above,  
Join to praise " Redeeming Love."
- 5 When his Spirit leads us home,  
When we to his glory come,  
We shall all the fulness prove  
Of our Lord's " Redeeming Love."

HAWTREY.

102. *Love of God set forth.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**O God the Father's love,  
We sinful mortals owe  
Our hopes of heavenly joys above,  
And comforts here below.
- 2 Chosen and set apart,  
By him we're sanctified ;  
And in th' affection of his heart  
For ever shall abide.
- 3 Preserved in Jesus Christ,  
In whom our safety lies ;  
And with all blessings in him blest,  
As Scripture testifies.
- 4 Called by the Holy Ghost,  
From darkness, death, and sin ;  
Of his victorious power we boast,  
And own the change divine.
- 5 May mercy, peace, and love,  
To us be multiplied ;  
With richest comforts from above,  
Through Christ, the Crucified.

MEDLEY.

103. *Love of God manifested.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'twas a time of wond'rous love,  
When thou didst first draw near my soul,  
And, by thy Spirit from above,  
Didst all my new-born powers controul.
- 2 Guilty and self-condemned I stood,  
Nor thought of life and bliss so near ;  
But He my evil heart renewed,  
And all his graces planted there.
- 3 Thus love shall crown the work begun,  
By guarding my remaining days :  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, equal praise.

RIPPON.

**104.** *Admiration of the Love of God.* 148th.

- 1 **L**OVE will I ever sing,  
Sing of its ancient date,  
Love is the flowing spring  
Of blessings truly great ;  
Feasting on this immortal food,  
My soul admires the Love of God.
- 2 Love is my comely dress,  
My glory and my crown,  
Love fills my soul with peace,  
And keeps me near the throne ;  
While travelling through the thorny road,  
I daily see the Love of God.
- 3 Soon shall my soul be caught  
Up to the realms above,  
And there be better taught  
The glories of thy Love,  
And feast on this immortal food,  
And triumph in the Love of God. BURNHAM.

**105.** *Comfort of the Love of God.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HE world can neither give nor take,  
Nor can they comprehend  
That peace of God, which saints enjoy,  
That peace which knows no end.
- 2 The burning bush was not consumed  
Whilst God remained there ;  
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,  
Found fire as soft as air.
- 3 God's furnace doth in Zion stand ;  
But Zion's God sits by,  
As the refiner views his gold,  
With an observant eye.
- 4 His thoughts are high, his love is great,  
His wounds a cure intend ;  
And though he doth not always smile,  
He loves unto' the end.
- 5 His love is constant as the sun,  
Though clouds come oft between,  
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,  
It might be always seen. WILLIAMS.

## 106.

*Love of God celebrated.*

L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;  
He saved me from my lost estate—  
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose :  
He safely leads my soul along—  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When troubles like a gloomy cloud,  
Have gathered thick and thundered loud ;  
He near my soul has always stood—  
His loving-kindness, O how good !
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O ! may my last expiring breath,  
His loving-kindness sing in death !

MEDLEY.

## ELECTION.

## 107.

*Election eternal.*

L. M.

- 1 **EXPAND**, my soul, arise and sing  
The matchless grace of Zion's King ;  
Whose love as ancient as his name,  
Let all the saints aloud proclaim.
- 2 The Lord, eternal ages past,  
Formed his great plan from first to last ;  
And what his arm would e'er fulfil,  
Stood ever present to his will.

- 3 He saw with one capacious glance,  
World upon world to life advance ;  
And fixed the end, ere time began,  
Of seraph, reptile, and of man.
- 4 Chosen of old, of old approved,  
In Christ eternally beloved ;  
Adopted too, and children made,  
Ere sin its baneful poison spread.
- 5 Then let his saints for ever praise  
Th' abounding riches of his grace ;  
And by their conversation prove,  
The influence of electing love.

FOWLER.

108.

*Election in Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;  
Thy God and ours are both the same ;  
What heavenly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son !
- 2 " Christ, be my first elect," he said ;  
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head ;  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did Eternal Love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin ;  
Our characters were then decreed,  
" Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees, but chose at once :  
A new, regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace !

WATTS.

109.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 O ! who shall tell, or who can trace  
The wond'rous plenitude of grace !  
Our Covenant God and Father gave,  
The Church whom he designed to save ?
- 2 Before the world or man was made,  
He chose the Church in Christ their Head :  
And called them holy, free from blame,  
When He them all, in Him did name.



## 110-11

## ELECTION.

3 His *purpose* laid the mighty plan,  
To save and bless rebellious man :  
In CHRIST the whole is made secure,  
And JESUS lives for evermore.

4 O wond'rous purpose ! glorious grace !  
To save a guilty, fallen race :  
My soul arise, and sing aloud  
The ancient love of Zion's God.

REED.

L. M.

110. *Election sovereign and free.*

1 DEEP in the everlasting mind  
The great mysterious purpose lay,  
Of choosing some from lost mankind,  
Whose sins the Lamb should take away.

2 Them, loved with an eternal love,  
To grace and glory he ordained ;  
Gave them a throne which cannot move,  
And chose them both to *means* and *end*.

3 In these, he was resolved to make  
The riches of his goodness known ;  
These he accepts for Jesus' sake,  
And views them righteous in his Son.

4 No goodness God foresaw in his,  
Save what his grace decreed to give,  
When born again, all holiness  
From Jesus' fulness they receive.

5 Faith and repentance he bestows  
On such as he designs to save ;  
From him their soul's obedience flows,  
And he must all the glory have.

HEAP.

L. M.

## 111.

*The same.*

1 BEHOLD the potter and the clay,  
He forms his vessels as he please :  
Such is our God, and such are we,  
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 May not the Sovereign Lord on high  
Dispense his favours as he will ;  
Choose some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still ?

3 Shall man reply against the Lord,  
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
 The thunder of whose dreadful word,  
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?

4 But, O my soul, if truths so bright  
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight !  
 Yet still his written word obey,  
 And wait the great decisive day.

5 Then shall he make his justice known,  
 And the whole world before his throne  
 With joy or terror shall confess,  
 The glory of his righteousness.

WATTS.

112. *Election sovereign and free.* 8. 7. 4.

1 SONS we are, through God's election,  
 Who in Jesus Christ believe :  
 By eternal destination  
 Saving grace we here receive :  
 Our Redeemer  
 Doth both grace and glory give !

2 Every soul of man by sinning,  
 Merits everlasting pain ;  
 But thy love, without beginning,  
 Formed and fixed salvation's plan ;  
 Countless millions  
 Shall in life, through Jesus reign.

3 Pause, my soul ! adore and wonder !  
 Ask, " O why such love to ME ?"  
 Grace has put me in the number  
 Of the Saviour's family :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !

4 These are springs of consolation  
 To *the called* sons of grace :  
 Finished, free, and full salvation  
 Shining in the Saviour's face !  
 Free grace only,  
 Suits the wretched sinner's case.

5 Soon in yonder habitation,  
     Which my God has fore-ordained :  
 Soon in glory's full possession,  
     I shall with the chosen stand :  
         Free grace only,  
 Shall resound through Canaan's land.

## 113.

*Election of Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 I HEAR the great Jehovah's voice,  
     He speaks his everlasting choice ;  
 Tells me its *Spring*, is sovereign grace :  
 Its *End*, eternal life and bliss.
- 2 When the Lord chose the num'rous seed,  
     He viewed them in their glorious Head ;  
     He clearly saw their awful fall,  
     But made provision for them all.
- 3 In love and wisdom he decreed  
     A way to save the chosen seed,  
     Jesus, their loving Surety stands  
     And answers all the Law's demands.
- 4 Jesus, to thee I now would fly,  
     And on thy precious blood rely ;  
     Find, through the conduct of thy grace,  
     That I am of the chosen race. BURNHAM.

114. *Election evidential of divine love.* 8.8.6.

- 1 OUR Jesus loves his own elect :  
     With glory they shall all be deck'd  
     Before his Father's face :  
     Not one of them for whom he bled,  
     But shall with joy behold their Head,  
     In heaven their dwelling place.
- 2 They are the travail of his soul,  
     His sweetest thoughts on them did roll  
     From all eternity !  
     And as the jewels of his crown,  
     He'll give them honour, peace, renown,  
     And full felicity !

3 Their sins on Christ, Jehovah laid,  
 And he the dreadful debt has paid,  
 (A debt no more to pay);  
 Their Surety in their law-place stood,  
 Appeased stern justice with his blood,  
 And bore their sins away.

ADAMS.

115.

*Election to holiness.*

C. M.

1 YE sons of ignorance and pride,  
 Who mock at God's elect,  
 And wickedly their faith deride  
 Yet holiness affect ;

2 Deceived, and deceiving, know,  
 The works on which you trust,  
 So short of what to God you owe,  
 Must leave you still unjust.

3 But saved by grace, through faith in him,  
 Complete before the throne,  
 Presented, without spot of sin,  
 Christ will his people own.

4 To glory call'd, in virtue's way,  
 The chosen people run ;  
 Beneath the Saviour's gracious sway,  
 Finish the race begun.

HAWEIS.

116. *Election the fount of salvation.*

148th.

1 ALL the elected train,  
 Were chosen in their Head,  
 To all eternal good,  
 Before the worlds were made,  
 Chosen to know the Prince of peace,  
 And taste the riches of his grace.

2 Chosen to faith, and hope,  
 To purity and love,  
 To all the life of God,  
 To all the things above ;  
 Chosen to prove salvation sure,  
 Chosen to reign for evermore.

- 3 Nothing but grace appears  
 In this eternal choice,  
 It charms the humble saint,  
 And makes the soul rejoice ;  
 Its endless glory shines so bright,  
 It makes obedience all delight.

BURNHAM.

## 117.

*Security of God's elect.*

L. M.

- 1 WHO shall condemn to endless flames  
 The chosen people of our God ?  
 Since, in the book of life, their names  
 Are fairly writ in Jesus' blood !
- 2 He, for the sins of all th' elect,  
 Hath a complete atonement made :  
 And justice never can expect  
 That the same debt should twice be paid.
- 3 Not tribulation, nakedness,  
 The famine, peril, or the sword ;  
 Not persecution, or distress,  
 Can separate from Christ the Lord.
- 4 Nor death, nor life, nor depth, nor height,  
 Nor powers below, nor powers above,  
 Nor present things, nor things to come,  
 Can change his purposes of love.
- 5 Faith in these truths makes glad the heart,  
 And causes darkness to depart,  
 While Christ is found our only hope,  
 We ne'er can sink with such a prop.

BEDDOME.

## 118.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 WHEN from the truth professors turn,  
 Jesus reject, and mercy spurn :  
 To Zion, God this truth doth shew,  
 That with the wheat the tares shall grow.
- 2 Though twice ten thousand sinners go  
 Down to the pit of endless woe ;  
 His love, from all mutation free,  
 The guard of his elect shall be.

- 3 To fall from thence, as God is true,  
No sinner shall whom he foreknew ;  
Or till his hand shall once deface  
The ancient records of his grace.
- 4 From Jesus, neither fire nor flood,  
Shall rend the purchase of his blood ;  
Whom he redeemed, with him shall rise  
To fill a mansion in the skies.

KENT.

ADOPTION.

119.

*Eternal Adoption.*

L. M.

- 1 ALL the Lord's honoured, chosen race,  
Adopted were by sovereign grace ;  
As viewed in Christ they ever stood  
The children of the living God.
- 2 The Lord eternally foresaw,  
How they would break his holy law,  
And sink in guilt and deep disgrace,  
With all the train of Adam's race.
- 3 Yet, as Jehovah fixed his eyes  
On Calvary's wond'rous sacrifice,  
The chosen shone in his dear sight,  
Pure objects of supreme delight.
- 4 The Father's heart o'erflowed with love,  
And sent down Jesus from above ;  
The Saviour shed his precious blood,  
To bring the children to their God.
- 5 Led by the Spirit's mighty grace,  
They see their Father's shining face ;  
Smiling a free salvation down  
On every dear returning son.

NICHOLSON.

120.

*Spirit of Adoption.*

S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace  
The Father hath bestowed,  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons' of God !

- 2 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made ;  
But when we see our Saviour near,  
We shall be like our Head.
- 3 A hope so much divine,  
May trials well endure ;  
For we, as sons in Christ, are made  
As pure as he is pure.
- 4 Since in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Lord, send thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.
- 5 Forbid that we should lie  
Like slaves before the throne ;  
But humbly, Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

WATTI

## 121.

*Dignity of Adoption.*

L. M

- 1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,  
Who boast the honours of their birth,  
Such real dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the christian name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n,  
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n ;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joys beyond the sky.
- 3 Have I the honour, Lord, to be  
One of this numerous family ?  
On me the gracious gift bestow,  
To call thee, Abba, Father, too.
- 4 So may my conduct ever prove  
My filial piety and love !  
And all my brethren clearly trace  
Their Father's likeness in my face.

STENNETT.

## 122.

*Blessings of Adoption.*

7s.

- 1 BLESSED are the sons of God,  
They are bought with Jesus' blood,  
They are ransomed from the grave,  
Life eternal they shall have.

- 3 God did love them in his Son  
Long before the world begun ;  
They the seal of this receive  
When on Jesus they believe.
- 4 They are justified by grace,  
And enjoy a solid peace ;  
All their sins are washed away,  
They shall stand in God's great day.
- 5 They produce the fruits of grace,  
Cloth'd in Jesus' righteousness ;  
Born of God, they hate all sin,  
God's pure seed remains within.
- 6 They are lights upon the earth,  
Children of an heavenly birth ;  
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ,  
They alone are truly blest. HUMPHREYS.

123.

*Praise for Adoption.*

L. M.

- 1 **B**ELOVED of the Lord most high,  
Let praises be your sweet employ :  
Ye sons of God, rejoice and sing  
The honours of your Lord and King.
- 2 Your heav'nly Father ever lives,  
And all his choicest treasure gives  
To you, the fav'rites of his heart,  
Whom nought shall ever from him part.
- 3 In ev'ry changing scene below,  
'Tis yours by faith this grace to know ;  
Now are we sons and heirs of God,  
Fast hast'ning to our blest abode.
- 4 In trials, and in deep distress,  
In poverty, and wretchedness,  
This truth sweet comfort should afford,  
That now we are the sons of God.
- 5 Dear Father, bless us with this grace,  
While trav'ling through the wilderness ;  
Our sonship still to keep in view,  
And honour thee in all we do. GADSBY.



## INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

124.

*Incarnation of Christ.*

8. 7s

1 COME, thou long expected Jesus !  
Born to set thy people free ;  
From our sins and fears release us,  
Let us find our rest in thee :  
Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the saints thou art ;  
Dear desire of every nation,—  
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born, thy people to deliver ;  
Born a child and yet a King ;  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now thy gracious kingdom bring ;  
By thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By thine all-sufficient merit,  
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

MADAN.

125. *Incarnation and Ministry of Christ.* C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound, Messiah comes !  
The Saviour promised long ;  
Comes, in our hearts to raise his throne,—  
To him we raise our song.

2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure ;  
And with the treasures of his grace ;  
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 He comes, to give his people sight,  
To guide them in the way  
Which leads from darkness, sin and death,  
To everlasting day.

3 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
 And heaven's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.

DODDRIDGE.

**126.** *Praise for the Incarnation of Christ.* 7s.

1 **SWEETER** sounds than music knows  
 Charm me in Immanuel's name ;  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.

2 When he came, the angels sung,  
 "Glory be to God on high ;"  
 Lord, unloose my stammering tongue,  
 Who should louder sing than I ?

3 Did the Lord, a man become,  
 That he might the law fulfil ;  
 Bleed and suffer in my room,—  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

4 No, I must my praises bring,  
 Though they worthless are and weak ;  
 For should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure the very stones would speak. NEWTON.

**127.** *Exulting in the Incarnation of Christ.* C.M.

1 **HOSANNA** to the royal Son,  
 Of David's ancient line !  
 His natures two, his person one,  
 Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find  
 And offspring is the same ;  
 Eternity and time are joined  
 In our IMMANUEL'S name.

3 Blest be the King, who comes to men  
 With peaceful news from heav'n !  
 Hosanna in the highest strain  
 To CHRIST the LORD be giv'n. BRACKENBURY.

**128.** *Mystery of the Incarnation of Christ.* 7s.

1 **GOD** with us ! O glorious name !  
 Let it shine in endless fame ;  
 God and man in Christ unite :  
 O, mysterious depth and height !

2 God with us ! His mighty love  
 Brought him from his courts above ;  
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire,  
 Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us ! But tainted not  
 With the first transgressor's blot ;  
 Yet did he our sins sustain,  
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain !

4 God with us ! O wond'rous grace !  
 We shall see him face to face ;  
 Then shall we Immanuel sing  
 As we ought our God and King.

RIPPON.

## 129. *Delighting in the Incarnation of Christ.* C.M.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,  
 My Jesus and my God ;  
 My soul would ever trust thy love,  
 And plead thy cleansing blood.

2 'Tis through the merits of thy death,  
 The Father smiles again,  
 'Tis by thine interceding breath,  
 The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
 My thoughts no comfort find ;  
 The holy, just, and sacred THREE,  
 Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
 My hope, my joy begins ;  
 His name forbids my slavish fear,  
 His blood removes my sins.

5 While some on their own works rely,  
 And some of wisdom boast ;  
 I love the incarnate mystery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

WATTS.

## 130. *Man honoured by the Incarnation of Christ.* L. M.

1 WHEN angels by transgression fell,  
 Justice consigned them all to hell ;  
 But mercy formed a wond'rous plan  
 To save and honour fallen man.

- 2 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,  
Assumed our flesh to bleed and die ;  
And still he makes it his abode ;  
Although he fills the throne of God.
- 3 Our next of kin, our brother now,  
Is he to whom the angels bow ;  
They join with us to praise his name,  
But *we* the nearest interest claim.
- 4 But O, how faint our praises rise,  
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies,  
That we, who share his richest love,  
So cold, and unconcern'd should prove.
- 5 O glorious hour, it comes with speed,  
When we from sin and darkness freed,  
Shall see the God who died for man,  
And praise him more than angels can !

FOWLER.

131. *Wonders connected with the Incarnation  
of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 GREAT was the myst'ry of that grace,  
That chose, from Adam's fallen race,  
Ten thousand thousand sons to praise  
Its glories through eternal days.
- 2 By man came death, sin, hell, and shame ;  
By man the resurrection came ;  
Our Jêsus bruised the serpent's head,  
And all his legions captive led.
- 3 Great was the myst'ry, truly great,  
That hell's designs should hell defeat ;  
Herein eternal wisdom shined,  
For Satan wrought what God designed.
- 4 Behold the myst'ry of that love,  
When Jesus left his throne above,  
Laid down his life and precious blood,  
To bring rebellious man to God !
- 5 Here the divine perfections meet,  
Mercy and truth each other greet ;  
Justice and peace, in Jesus see,  
Unite in sweetest harmony.

KENT.

136. *Christ the antitype of Melchisedek.* C. M. D

- 1 **THOU** dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
     We love to hear of thee ;  
 No music's like thy charming name,  
     Nor half so sweet can be.  
 O let us ever hear thy voice,  
     In mercy to us speak ;  
 And in our Priest we will rejoice,  
     Thou great Melchisedek.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
     While in this world we stay ;  
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,  
     When all things else decay.  
 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
     With all thy favoured throng,  
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
     And Christ shall be our song. CENNICK.

137. *Christ the King of Saints.* C. M.

- 1 **COME**, ye that love the Saviour's name,  
     And joy to make it known,  
 The Sov'reign of your heart proclaim,  
     And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned  
     With glories all divine ;  
 And tell the wond'ring nations round  
     How bright those glories shine.
- 3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,  
     In him unite their rays ;  
 You that have seen his lovely face,  
     Can you forbear his praise ?
- 4 When in his earthly courts we view  
     The glories of our King ;  
 We long to love as angels do,  
     And wish like them to sing.
- 5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?  
     Lord, teach our songs to rise !  
 Thy love can animate the strain,  
     And bid it reach the skies.

60, happy period ! glorious day !  
 When heaven and earth shall raise,  
 With all their pow'rs, the raptured lay,  
 To celebrate thy praise.

STEELE.

138. *Christ the King of Zion.*

8. 7. 4.

1 JOIN to praise the King of Zion,  
 King of righteousness and peace ;  
 Hail him, all his happy subjects ;  
 Never let his praises cease !  
 Ever hail him ;  
 Let his honours still increase.

2 Gird thy sword on, mighty Saviour,  
 Make the word of truth thy car ;  
 Prosper in thy course majestic,  
 All success attend thy war ;  
 Gracious Victor,  
 See thy saints before thee bow.

3 Blest are all that touch thy sceptre,  
 Blest are all that love thy reign ;  
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,  
 Rescued from its galling chain ;  
 Saints and angels,  
 All who know thee, bless thy name.

RYLAND.

139. *Christ the King of Glory.*

148th.

1 IN sweet exalted strains  
 The King of Glory praise ;  
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,  
 Through everlasting days :  
 He, with a look, the world controuls,  
 And by his smile preserves our souls.

2 Great King of Glory, come,  
 And with thy favour crown  
 This temple as thy home,  
 This people as thy own :  
 Beneath this roof, O deign to show  
 How God can dwell with men below.

- 3 Here may thine cars attend  
 Our interceding cries,  
 And grateful praise ascend  
 All fragrant to the skies :  
 Here may thy word melodious sound,  
 And spread celestial joys around.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons  
 And daughters sound thy praise,  
 And shine like polish'd stones,  
 Through long succeeding days :  
 Here, Lord, display thy saving power,  
 And cause us wonder and adore.

FRANCIS

## 140.

*Christ the King of Kings.*

C. M.

- 1 **WHENCE** those unusual bursts of joy,  
 Whose sound through heaven rings ?  
 They welcome Jesus to the sky,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 2 Look up, ye saints, and while ye gaze,  
 Forget all earthly things ;  
 Unite to sing the Saviour's praise,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 3 When here, he bore our sin and shame ;  
 And thence our comfort springs :  
 'Tis meet we should exalt his name,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."
- 4 We hope, ere long, beyond those clouds,  
 Borne on immortal wings,  
 To join with heaven's exulting crowds,  
 And crown him " King of Kings."

KELLY.

## 141.

*Kingdom of Christ.*

148th.

- 1 **REJOICE**, the Lord is King,  
 Your God and King adore ;  
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
 And triumph evermore !  
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
 Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice.

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love ;  
When he had purged our stains,  
He took his seat above.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice !
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven,  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,  
Rejoice ; again I say, Rejoice !
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,  
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,  
And take his servants up  
To their eternal home !  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,  
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

142.

*Kingdom of Christ.*

148th.

- 1 MY dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing,  
Thine is the power, behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.
- 2 Now bid my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down,  
Great Captain, lead me forth  
To conquest and a crown :  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 3 Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on :  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
His matchless power, and saving grace.

WATTS.



**143.** *Kingdom of Christ everlasting.* L. M.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell !  
All power in heav'n and earth is his,  
His glories are unspeakable.
- 2 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord !  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends ;  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.
- 3 When death thy servants shall invade,  
When pow'rs of hell thy church annoy ;  
Controuled by thee, their rage shall help  
The cause they labour to destroy.
- 4 For ever reign, victorious King,  
Wide through the earth thy name be known ;  
Call me with all thy saints to sing  
Eternal praises near thy throne. DODDRIDGE

**144.** *Laws of the Kingdom of Christ.* S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is Zion's King,  
Let Zion in him trust ;  
'Midst friends and foes his goodness sing,  
And of his mercy boast.
- 2 He rules on Zion's hill,  
With laws of peace and grace ;  
Laws that bespeak his kindness still,  
And human pride abase.
- 3 Let saints his sceptre own,  
His righteous laws obey ;  
Acknowledge him the Lord alone,  
And walk the heav'nly way. GADSBY

**145.** *Increase of the Kingdom of Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **L**ET every land a tribute bring,  
To Jesus our almighty King ;  
His power and sovereignty confess,  
And trust his finished righteousness.
- 2 His Kingdom formed of Adam's race,—  
His throne, the throne of truth and grace,  
His name, his honour, and his peace,  
Extending wide, must still increase.

- 3 "He must increase," for Heaven's decree  
Has made him lord of earth and sea :—  
"He must increase," till, at his feet,  
His conquered enemies submit.
- 4 "He must increase," by gathering in,  
His ransomed tribes from death and sin,  
Till thrones, and powers, and empires fall,  
And Jesus shall be all in all. IRONS.

146. *Christ our Priest and King.* L. M.

- 1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood ;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus our exalted King ;  
Be everlasting praise addrest,  
And every saint his glory sing. WATTS.

147. *Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.* 148th.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names,  
Of wisdom, love, and power ;  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore :  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.
- 2 Great Prophet of our God,  
My tongue would bless thy name,  
By thee the joyful news,  
Of our salvation came :  
The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered his blood and died :  
My guilty conscience seeks,  
No sacrifice beside :  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.

148-49      OFFICES OF CHRIST.

- 4    Let all the ransomed throng,  
      With cheerful voices sing,  
      The praises of their God,  
      The honours of their King :  
'Tis Christ has vanquished all their foes,  
His power and love no mortal knows.

WATTS.

148. *Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King.* C. M.

- 1    LORD Jesus, we thy name adore,  
      Our Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
      We own thy truth, revere thy power,  
      And thy salvation sing.
- 2    Thou, the great Prophet of the Lord,  
      Dost heav'nly doctrine preach ;  
      And by thy life-restoring word,  
      All needful wisdom teach.
- 3    Thou art both Priest and sacrifice,  
      Our hope is in thy blood,  
      No longer would our souls despise  
      Th' incarnate WORD OF GOD.
- 4    Thou art our King, we own thy right,  
      To rule us by thy laws ;  
      Subdue our hearts by saving might,  
      And guard us from our foes.
- 5    By thee we ever would be taught,  
      And learn thy doctrine well ;  
      And be to sweet subjection brought,  
      As well as saved from hell.

FOWLER.

149.                      *Christ our Surety.*                      C. M.

- 1    OUR sins were laid upon his head ;  
      From us the burden fell :  
      Beneath our sorrows Jesus bled,  
      And we are freed from hell.
- 2    Jehovah's all-pervading eye,  
      That tries the reins and heart,  
      Could in his soul no blemish see ;  
      Yet did he make him smart.

3 Although within his holy breast  
 No blemish could be found,  
 With names that had the law transgressed,  
 His heart was graven round.

4 There justice read our legal debt,  
 And summ'd the vast amount;  
 And Jesus placed, without regret,  
 All to his own account.

5 Justice, that held the flaming sword,  
 And found his bosom bare,  
 No drop of mercy could afford,  
 Because our guilt was there.

SWAIN.

## THE ATONEMENT.

150.

*Atonement of Christ.*

C. M.

1 [IN vain we seek for peace with God  
 By methods of our own :  
 Dear Jesus, nothing but thy blood  
 Can bring us near the throne.

2 The threat'nings of a broken law  
 Impress our souls with dread ;  
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
 It strikes our spirits dead.

3 But thine illustrious sacrifice  
 Hath answer'd these demands,  
 And peace and pardon from the skies  
 Come down by Jesus' hands.

4 Here all the ancient types agree,  
 The Altar and the Lamb ;  
 And Prophets in their visions see  
 Salvation in his name.

5 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;  
 'Tis at thy cross we rest ;  
 For ever be thy love adored,  
 Thy name for ever blest.

WATTS.

**151.** *Acceptance through the Atonement.* **L. M**

- 1 **H**OW shall the sons of men appear,  
Great God, before thine awful bar ?  
How may the hell-deserving find  
Acceptance with th' eternal mind ?
- 2 Not vows, nor groans, nor constant cries,  
Not the most costly sacrifice,  
Nor infant blood profusely spilt,  
Can expiate a sinner's guilt.
- 3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, thine alone,  
Hath sovereign virtue to atone :  
Here we will rest our only plea,  
When we approach, great God, to thee !

STENNETT.

**152.** *Sufficiency of the Atonement.* **8.8.6.**

- 1 **F**ROM whence this fear and unbelief ?  
Hast thou, O Father, put to grief  
Thy spotless Son for me ?  
And will the righteous Judge of men,  
Condemn me for that debt of sin,  
Which, LORD, was charged on thee ?
- 2 Complete atonement Jesus made,  
And to the utmost farthing paid,  
Whate'er his people owed :  
How then can wrath on me take place,  
Now sheltered in his righteousness  
And sprinkled with his blood ?
- 3 As Christ has my discharge procured,  
And freely in my room endured,  
The whole of wrath divine ;  
Payment God cannot twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine.
- 4 Turn then, my soul, into thy rest ;  
The merits of thy great High Priest,  
Speak life and liberty :  
Trust in his efficacious blood,  
Nor fear thy banishment from God,  
Since Jesus died for thee.

TOPLADY.

153.

*Efficacy of the Atonement.*

L. M.

- 1 **THY** blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,  
Can make this rocky heart to melt,  
Thy blood can pardon all my sin,  
And make the leper clean within.
- 2 'Tis on th' atonement of that blood,  
I now approach to thee, my God,  
My hope, my plea alone is this,  
My Jesus died, and I am his.
- 3 On his rich blood my faith is found,  
Through him my inward joys abound ;  
Soon shall I reach th' eternal shore,  
Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

CENNICK.

154.

*Faith in the Atonement.*

S. M.

- 1 **NOT** all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than theirs.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand,  
On that dear head of thine ;  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear ;  
When hanging on th' accursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice,  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

WATTS.

155. *Glorying in the Atonement.*

7s.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,  
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,  
Through the true atoning blood,  
Of the precious Lamb of God.
- 2 Glory be to Christ on high,  
Who for sinners came to die,  
All Jehovah's wrath endured,  
Life to guilty man secured.
- 3 Now the law's demands are paid,  
All its precepts Christ obeyed :  
Glory to redeeming grace,  
Shining in Immanuel's face.
- 4 Glory to the sacred **THREE**,  
Who are One, and all agree  
In their record of the Son,  
Who hath Satan's power outdone.

BURDER.

## REDEMPTION.

156. *Redemption typified.*

L. M.

- 1 **O** ISRAEL, blest beyond compare !  
Unrivalled all thy glories are ;  
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,  
And calls thine interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour ; he thy Lord ;  
His shield is thine ; and thine his sword :  
Review, in ecstasy of thought,  
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy passage through the sea ;  
He through the desert is thy guide,  
And heaven for Canaan will provide.
- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast,  
Such favours to their chosen host ;  
Their glories, which through ages shine,  
Are but dim shades and types of thine.

5 Eternal Spirit ! teach our tongue  
 Sublimer strains than Moses sung,  
 Proportioned to the sweeter name  
 Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

DODDRIDGE.

157.

*Redemption proclaimed.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**ARK ! in the wilderness a cry,  
 It shakes the mountains, rends the earth ;  
 The King appears, behold him nigh,  
 The God by nature, man by birth.
- 2 Run to and fro, ye heralds run,  
 Proclaim aloud, " Prepare the way !"  
 Redemption's glorious work's begun,  
 And who his potent arm shall stay ?
- 3 Make straight the path before his feet,  
 And every obstacle remove ;  
 Drop down, ye hills, your cumb'rous weight,  
 And bow before Redeeming Love.
- 4 Mountains of unbelief and sin  
 Before him crumble into dust,  
 Thy trembling heart shall then begin  
 The great Redeemer's work to trust.

HAWEIS.

158.

*Christ our Ransom.*

L. M.

- 1 " **I** COME," the great Redeemer cries,  
 " A year of freedom to declare,  
 " From debts and bondage to discharge ;  
 " Which grace, both Jews and Greeks shall share.
- 2 " A day of vengeance I proclaim,  
 " A storm of mighty wrath shall fall ;  
 " On me its thunders shall descend,  
 " My strength alone shall bear them all."
- 3 Stupendous favour ! matchless grace !  
 Jesus has died, that we might live :  
 Not worlds below, nor worlds above,  
 Could so divine a ransom give.
- 4 To him, who loved our ruined race,  
 And for our lives laid down his own,  
 Let songs of joyful praises rise  
 Sublime, eternal as his throne.

GIBBONS.



159.

*Christ our Redeemer.*

L. M.

- 1 " I KNOW that my Redeemer lives :"  
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives !  
 He lives ! He lives ! who once was dead,  
 He lives, my ever living head.
- 2 He lives, and loves me to the end,  
 He lives, on whom my hopes depend ;  
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,  
 He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 3 He lives, to silence all my fears ;  
 He lives, to wipe away my tears ;  
 He lives, to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 4 He lives, and grants me daily breath,  
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;  
 He lives, my mansion to prepare ;  
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 5 He lives, all glory to his name !  
 He lives, my Jesus still the same !  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 " I know that my Redeemer lives."

MEDLEY.

160.

*Redemption by Christ.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 OF him, of Christ, th' eternal Word,  
 Of him, the self-existent Lord,  
 Are all things great and small ;  
 By him the worlds at first were made,  
 And he by his almighty aid,  
 Upholds, maintains them all.
- 2 By him, his people's living Head,  
 His church was raised from the dead,  
 In trespasses and sins :  
 By him they were redeemed to God  
 And washed in his most precious blood,  
 Anew their life begins.
- 3 To him, the first, the last, the end,  
 Let constant praises here ascend,  
 From all that know his name :  
 Ye favoured saints, ye angels bright,  
 Shew forth his glory and his might,  
 For evermore, Amen.

PARSONS.

161. *Redemption set forth.* L. M.

- 1 **REDEEMED** from sin, and death, and hell,  
Redeemed to God, with God to dwell ;  
Redemption is that precious theme,  
Which all the saints of God esteem.
- 2 How much did God his people prize,  
Who made his Son the sacrifice ;  
How near we lay the Saviour's heart,  
Who groaned beneath such bitter smart.
- 3 How precious is Immanuel's blood,  
Which flowed a sin-atonement flood ;  
How precious is our Jesus' name,  
Who took our nature, bore our shame.
- 4 Yes, we must sure that Saviour love,  
Who in our hearts redemption prove ;  
Redemption is the only way  
In which we can the Lord obey. FOWLER.

162. *Wonders of Redemption.* L. M.

- 1 **PROCLAIM** inimitable love !  
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
Puts off the beams of bright array,  
And veils the God in mortal clay !
- 2 He that distributes crowns and thrones,  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans :  
The Prince of Life resigns his breath—  
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 3 But see the wonders of his power !  
He triumphs in his dying hour !  
And while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dashed the rising hopes of hell :
- 4 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,  
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood ;  
Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love. WATTS.

163. *Finished Redemption.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 **HARK !** the voice of Love and Mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary !  
See ! it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth and veils the sky !  
“ It is finished ! ”  
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

167.

*Salvation by Grace.*

L. M.

1 SALVATION ! O the rapturous sound !

For Adam's fallen, guilty race ;  
 Come, let us spread the news around,  
 How God hath saved us by his Grace.

2 Among his saints shall we abide,  
 Among his sons obtain a place ;  
 Elect, redeemed, sanctified,  
 And saved, through faith alone, by Grace.

3 O for the hour when we within  
 His courts above shall see his face ;  
 From pain, from sorrow, and from sin,  
 Completely saved, and saved by Grace.

WESLEY.

168.

*The same.*

S. M.

1 GRACE, 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to the ear ;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
 To save rebellious man ;  
 And all redemption's works display  
 The grace which drew the plan.

3 Grace first inscribed my name  
 In God's eternal book ;  
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,  
 Who all my sorrows took.

4 Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heav'nly road ;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.

5 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
 And made my eyes o'erflow :  
 'Tis grace has kept me to this day,  
 And will not let me go.

6 Grace all the work shall crown,  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

DODDRIDGE.

169.

*Salvation proclaimed.*

C. M.

1 **SALVATION !** O the joyful sound,  
 What pleasure to our ears !  
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,  
 At hell's dark door we lay ;  
 But we are raised by grace divine,  
 To see the gospel day.

3 **Salvation !** let the echo fly,  
 The spacious earth around ;  
 While all the armies of the sky,  
 Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

170.

*Fountain of Salvation.*

C. M.

1 **THERE** is a fountain filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, though vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away !

3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.

5 Soon must this lisping, stammering tongue,  
 Lie silent in the grave ;  
 Then shall I sing the blissful song,  
 My Jesus died to save.

COWPER.

171.

*Way of Salvation.*

L. M.

1 **JESUS** my all, to heaven is gone,  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way till him I view.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment,  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way that once I sought,  
And mourned because I found it not ;  
Oppress'd with sin and unbelief,  
I sought, but could not find relief.
- 4 The more I strove against their power,  
I sinned, and stumbled but the more ;  
At length I heard my Saviour say,  
Come hither, soul, I **AM THE WAY**.
- 5 Lo, glad I come, for thou, blest Lamb,  
Wilt freely take me as I am ;  
Myself to thee, dear Lord, I give,  
And thine own righteousness receive.
- 6 Now will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say—" **BEHOLD THE WAY TO GOD !**"

CENNICK.

- 1 **W**HEN I the name of Jesus hear,  
My rising joys abound ;  
Salvation from my every sin,  
Flows from the blissful sound.
- 2 Saved from the devil, death, and hell,  
Saved from the curse of God ;  
Saved from my ev'ry guilty fear,  
Through the Redeemer's blood.
- 3 Sins against heav'nly light and love,  
Sins of a crimson die,  
Lose their deep stains in Calv'ry's flood,  
And there are washed away.
- 4 Now, O ye saints, arise and sing.  
Sing the dear Saviour's worth ;  
Sing like the saved sons of God,  
The sons of heav'nly birth.

WILLIAMS.

173. *Fulness and freeness of Salvation.* 148th.

- 1 **SALVATION** ! precious sound !  
 To sinners vile and lost :  
 God has the ransom found—  
 My soul, make him thy trust.  
 Let Jesus wear the crown of crowns,  
 For he it is that heals thy wounds.
- 2 Once in the horrid pit,  
 In bonds and fetters too ;  
 Nor shall I e'er forget,  
 The soul-transporting view—  
 He shewed to me his pierced side,  
 And said " thou art my chosen bride."
- 3 Salvation's still my theme !  
 Salvation full and free !  
 Jesus, thy precious name  
 Is Paradise to me ;  
 My everlasting friend thou art,  
 Thy ways of love revive my heart.

WILLIAMS.

174. *Salvation desired.* C. M.

- 4 **HELP** and salvation, Lord, I crave ;  
 For *both* I greatly need :  
 None else these blessings can bestow ;  
 From thee they must proceed.
- 2 *Help* me to cleave to Christ alone !  
 Where else can sinners fly ?  
*Save* me from all self-righteousness,  
 And every idol nigh.
- 3 *Help* me to live upon thy word,—  
 The Christian's daily food ;  
*Save* me from unbelief, that foe—  
 That bar to every good.
- 4 *Help* me to conquer all my foes,  
 Satan, the world, and sin ;  
*Save* from temptation's snares without,  
 And this base heart within.

- 5 *Help* me to wait the time decreed,  
 And then meet death with joy :  
*Save* me from all the ills of life,—  
 The dread of death destroy.

RIPPON.

## 175.

*Salvation finished.*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, an unexampled Friend,  
 One of exalted fame,  
 A great salvation undertakes,  
 And finishes the same.
- 2 Hell trembled at the grand design,  
 Opposed th' eternal Son ;  
 But he pursued the glorious work,  
 'Till the great *All* was done.
- 3 Justice was *fully* satisfied ;  
 Atonement *fully* made ;  
 The law was *fully* magnified,  
 And wond'rous love displayed.
- 4 Salvation through his finished work,  
 Strikes my attentive ear ;  
 While I believe the record true,  
 I lose each guilty fear.
- 5 'Tis *finished*—what a sweet report,  
 What pleasure it affords !  
 O what a cordial to my heart  
 Are Jesus' dying words.

STEVENS.

## 176.

*God magnified in our Salvation.*

L. M.

- 1 GOD of salvation, we adore  
 Thy saving love, thy saving power ;  
 And to our utmost stretch of thought  
 Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,  
 The sword by which our sins are slain :  
 And while abased in dust we bow,  
 We sing the grace that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each thought of human pride,  
 Let God alone be magnified :  
 His glory let the heavens resound,  
 Shouted from earth's remotest bound.

4 Saints, who his full salvation know,  
Saints, who but taste it here below,  
Join every angel's voice to raise  
Harmonious, never-ending praise. DODDRIDGE.

177. *Rejoicing in Salvation.* L. M.

1 **JUST** are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great rock of my secure abode ;  
Who is a God beside the Lord ?  
Or where's a refuge like our God ?  
2 'Tis he that girds me with his might ;  
Gives me his holy sword to wield :  
And while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.  
3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock !)  
The God of my salvation lives ;  
The dark designs of hell are broke ;  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.  
4 To *David* and his royal seed  
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;  
Thy love to saints in **CHRIST** their head,  
Shall never, never, never end. WATTS.

178. *Triumphing in Salvation.* C. M.

1 **ARISE**, my soul, my joyful powers,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.  
2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fixed my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.  
3 The arms of everlasting love  
Beneath my soul he placed,  
And on the rock of ages set  
My slippery footsteps fast.  
4 The city of my blest abode  
Is wall'd around with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands  
To shield the sacred place.



5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,  
 And all his legions roar ;  
 Almighty mercy guards my life,  
 And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,  
 And tunes of pleasure sing ;  
 Loud hallelujahs shall address  
 My Saviour and my King.

WATTS.

179. *Triumphing in Salvation.*

L. M.

1 NO shame nor confusion belongs  
 To those who to Jesus have fled,  
 His blood was the price of their wrongs,  
 His righteousness lifts up their head.

2 Then triumph, ye saved by grace,  
 The work is completed and done,  
 And cheerfully finish your race,  
 In faith looking up to the Son.

HAWES.

## SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

180. *Gethsemane.*

7s.

1 JESUS, while he dwelt below,  
 As divine historians say,  
 To a place would often go,  
 Near to Kedron's brook it lay :  
 In this place he loved to be,  
 And 'twas named Gethsemane.

2 Full of love to man's lost race,  
 On his conflict much he thought ;  
 Well he knew the destined place ;  
 And he loved the sacred spot :  
 Therefore 'twas he chose to be  
 Often in Gethsemane.

3 Came at length the dreadful night :  
 Vengeance, with its iron rod  
 Stood, and with amazing might  
 Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :  
 See, my soul, thy Saviour see,  
 Grov'ling in Gethsemane.

- 4 O! what wonders love hath done !  
 But how little understood !  
 God well knows, and God alone,  
 What produced that sweat of blood :  
 Who can thy deep wonders see,  
 Wonderful Gethsemane !
- 5 There my God bore all my guilt ;  
 This, through grace, can be believed :  
 But the sorrows which he felt,  
 Are too vast to be conceived :  
 None can penetrate through thee,  
 Doleful, dark Gethsemane.
- 6 Here's my claim, and here alone, •  
 None a Saviour more can need :  
 Deeds of righteousness I've none ;  
 No not one good work to plead :  
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
 Only in Gethsemane.

HART.

181.

*Behold the Man.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the Man, from heaven descend  
 The man on whom all worlds depend,  
 Wearing a crown of thorns :  
 Behold the God in manhood clothed ;  
 To sinners kind, by sinners loathed,  
 The object of their scorn.
- 2 "Behold the Man," O, Christian, see  
 The man that groaned, and died for thee :  
 Behold him, and admire :  
 With rev'rence for his sacred name,  
 With love enkindled to a flame,  
 Let all our souls aspire.
- 3 "Behold the Man," ye sons of men,  
 Who, soon on clouds will come again,  
 And worlds shall him surround.—  
 Approach the wounds, your sins have made,  
 And pardon seek, from him whose head,  
 Once, with rude thorns was crowned.

- 4 The Man who bore your sins and mine,  
 In whom all excellencies shine,  
 Holds pardons in his hand :  
 He wears no thorns, nor mock-robe now :  
 Heaven, earth, and hell, before him bow,  
 And wait his dread command.

IRONS.

182.

*Christ mocked.*

S. M.

- 1 “**HIMSELF** he cannot save.”  
 Insulting foe, 'tis true :  
 The words a gracious meaning have,  
 Though meant in scorn by you.
- 2 “Himself he cannot save,”  
 This is his highest praise :  
 Himself for others' sake he gave,  
 And suffers in their place.
- 3 'Tis love the cause unfolds,  
 The deep mysterious cause,  
 Why he, who all the world upholds,  
 Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 4 Let carnal men blaspheme,  
 And worldly wisdom mock :  
 The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,  
 And Christ himself my Rock.

KELLY.

183.

*Christ crucified.*

L. M.

- 1 **HE** dies, the great Redeemer dies,  
 All nature feels the piercing groans ;  
 An awful darkness shades the skies,  
 The rending earth, the Saviour owns.
- 2 Come, all ye saints—ye sons of God,  
 View the dear Lamb in dreadful pains ;  
 But see a fountain stream with blood,  
 And learn where endless pity reigns.
- 3 Here is compassion all divine,  
 The King immortal freely dies ;  
 But, O ! behold his glory shine,  
 And see him all triumphant rise.
- 4 Cease from your tears, ye saints, and tell  
 The great redemption of the Son ;  
 Who nobly conquer'd death and hell,  
 And leads to mansions round the throne.

184. *Christ the smitten Shepherd.* C. M.

1 **THUS** saith the Ruler of the skies,  
 "Awake, my dreadful sword ;  
 "Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,  
 "My fellow," saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance received the dread command,  
 And armed, down she flies ;  
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,  
 And bows his head and dies.

3 But O ! the wisdom and the grace  
 That join with vengeance now !  
 He dies to save our guilty race,  
 And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,  
 Who yielded to be slain,  
 That he could give his life away,  
 And take his life again.

5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high ;  
 The Saviour and the King ;  
 The merits of thy wond'rous death,  
 We will for ever sing.

WATTS.

185. *The Cross of Christ, foolishness to the world.* L. M.

1 **THE** cross of Jesus was, and is,  
 To them that perish, foolishness ;  
 But to the saints redeemed by blood,  
 The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

2 The trembling soul who feels within,  
 A heart replete with ev'ry sin ;  
 Unto the blood of sprinkling goes,  
 Where pardon, love, and mercy flows.

3 'Tis here, salvation is complete,  
 Here, love supreme, and justice meet ;  
 The highest act that God could shew  
 Of grace to guilty worms below.

4 No other way will God approve,  
 The curse of Sinai to remove ;  
 Or shew a smiling face on thee,  
 But through the cross of Calvary.

FOWLER.

186.

*Attraction of the Cross.*

S. N

- 1 **BEHOLD** th' amazing sight !  
The Saviour lifted high !  
Behold the Son of God's delight  
In anguish, bleed and die !
- 2 For whom, my soul, for whom  
Were all these sorrows borne ?  
Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
And meet that various scorn.
- 3 For us, for us, he bled,  
For sinners, 'twas he died :  
'Twas love, that bow'd his sacred head,  
To save his chosen bride.
- 4 Attracted by his cross,  
We sit at Jesus' feet ;  
Count all things here but dung and dross,  
And view his work complete.
- 5 Believing, we adore  
The riches of his love ;  
Would serve our Jesus evermore,  
And reign with him above.

DODDRIDGE.

187.

*Viewing the Cross.*

L. M.

- 1 **COME**, sinners, think on Jesus' worth,  
Think of his sorrows while on earth,  
Think of his love, and turn your eye  
To Calvary's cross, and see him die.
- 2 Who can those sufferings ever view,  
And evil courses still pursue ?  
Lord, may we now to Calvary move,  
Behold, repent, believe, and love.

BURNHAM.

188.

*Faith in Christ crucified.*

L. M.

- 1 **O'ERWHELMED** with guilt, and grief, and  
Go forth, my soul, to Calvary go, [woe,  
For Satan dreading fresh disgrace,  
Dares not approach that sacred place.

Behold with fixed and wondering eyes,  
The great atoning sacrifice;  
Christ bore thy hell, that he might be,  
A heaven, and more than heaven to thee.

Go view by faith, that crimson flood,  
Which quench'd the fiery wrath of God,  
That sovereign balm whose virtue flows,  
To heal thy wounds, remove thy woes.

BEDDOME.

189. *Love to Christ crucified.* L. M.

1 **WHEN** on the cross, my Lord I see,  
Yielding to death, for worthless me,  
Satan and sin, no more can move,  
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce through my heart,  
In ev'ry groan, I bear a part;  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded, and bathed in his own blood!  
Behold his side, and venture near,  
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my numerous pains;  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains:  
Only the Fountain-Head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

NEWTON.

190. *Sufferings of Christ.* L. M.

1 **WITH** mournful pleasure we record  
The sorrows of our dying Lord;  
While we review the griefs he bore,  
Our melting hearts his love adore.

2 His life was one continued chain  
Of deep affliction, toil, and pain;  
But in his death, what woes he felt,  
Bearing the load of human guilt.

3 Behold him on that dreadful day,  
When on the ground he prostrate lay;  
How did the awful billows roll,  
To overwhelm his holy soul!

- 4 The pains our suff'ring Lord endured,  
Our everlasting peace procured ;  
His dreadful stripes our healing prove,  
His sorrows all our griefs remove.
- 5 Our woes, the Prince of Life has borne,  
He felt the scourge, and cruel thorn ;  
The sorrows of his bleeding heart  
Pardon and life to us impart.

UP

## 191.

*Resting under the Cross.*

C

- 1 CHILDREN of promise, see what shade  
The cross doth us afford !  
It was for weary sinners made ;  
For all that love the Lord.
- 2 We hail thee, thou by Jews reviled ;  
To thee, we bow the knee :  
Hail, mighty God ! the promis'd child !  
The prophets sang of thee.
- 3 We are thy living witnesses,  
And testify that thou  
Art all our righteousness and peace,  
For we have proved thee so.
- 4 We sing thy righteousness and blood,  
And agonizing pain :  
We sing thy griefs, dear Son of God,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain.
- 5 While others sing the *unknown* God,  
We each will sing of thee ;  
Jesus hath washed me in his blood,  
In love he died for me.

TAYLOR

## 192.

*Delighting in the Cross.*

8.7

- 1 AT thy cross, my bleeding Saviour,  
I would ever wish to stay ;  
Here I find, through sovereign favour,  
All my sins are wash'd away.
- 2 O this precious crimson fountain,  
How divinely free it flows !  
This removes each sinful mountain,  
This will drown my hellish foes.

Here I find complete redemption,  
 In the Lamb's atoning blood ;  
 Satan flies when this I mention,  
 By it I draw near to God.

Abel's blood cried loud for vengeance,  
 Jesus' blood speaks life and peace ;  
 When in glory I behold Him,  
 Him I'll praise, and never cease.

UPTON.

193.

*Rejoicing in the Cross.*

8. 7. 4.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who died to save us,  
 Praise his name, for ever dear ;  
 Praise his blessed name, who gave us  
 Eyes to see, and ears to hear :  
 Praise the Saviour,  
 Object of our love and fear.

2 Praise we now, the grace abounding,  
 Which on Calv'ry was displayed ;  
 Let us all, the cross surrounding,  
 Join to praise our risen Head :  
 Praise him, praise him,  
 Who redeemed us from the dead.

REES.

194.

*Glorying in the Cross.*

L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross,  
 On which the Prince of glory died ;  
 My richest gain, I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the cross of Christ, my God :  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love, flow mingled down !  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a tribute far too small !  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all !

WATTS.



- 4 Lives again our glorious King !  
 " Where, O death, is now thy sting ?"  
 Once he died our souls to save ;  
 " Where's thy victory, boasting grave ?"
- 5 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head ;  
 Made like him, like him we rise,  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

## 199. *Comfort of Christ's Resurrection.* L. M.

- 1 YE mourning souls, dry up your tears,  
 Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears ;  
 And let your hearts with this revive,  
 That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 2 His saints he loves, and never leaves :  
 The chief of sinners he receives ;  
 Then let your hearts with this revive,  
 The sinner's Friend is yet alive.
- 3 He'll guard your souls from ev'ry ill,  
 His largest promises fulfil ;  
 Then let your hearts with this revive,  
 That Jesus Christ is yet alive.
- 4 Abundant grace will he afford,  
 Till you are present with the Lord,  
 And prove, what you have heard before,  
 That Jesus lives for evermore. HOSKINS.

## 200. *Christ's Resurrection the pledge of ours.* L. M.

- 1 WE sing his love, who once was slain,  
 Who soon o'er death revived again,  
 That all his saints through him might have  
 Eternal conquest o'er the grave.
- 2 The saints who now in Jesus sleep,  
 His own almighty power shall keep,  
 Till dawns the great illustrious day,  
 When death itself shall die away.
- 3 When Jesus we in glory meet,  
 Our utmost joys shall be complete ;  
 When landed on that heavenly shore,  
 Death and the curse shall be no more.

- 4 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,  
 And this delightful scene display,  
 When all thy saints from death shall rise,  
 Raptured in bliss, beyond the skies. HILL.

## ASCENSION AND EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

### 201. *Ascension of Christ.* S. M.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,  
 Your noblest music bring ;  
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,  
 And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh  
 To take away our guilt ;  
 Dwell on the merits of his blood,  
 That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 The waves of swelling grief  
 Did o'er his bosom roll,  
 And mountains of almighty wrath  
 Lay heavy on his soul.
- 4 Down to the shades of death,  
 He bowed his sacred head ;  
 Yet he arose by power divine,  
 To judge the quick and dead.
- 5 No more the bloody spear ;  
 The cross and nails no more ;  
 For hell itself shakes at his name,  
 And all the heav'ns adore.

### 202. *The same.* L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,  
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits ;  
 And angels chant the solemn lay :  
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !  
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way !"

203-4 ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

3 " Who is the King of Glory, who ?"  
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame ;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name !

4 " Who is the King of Glory, who ?"  
The Lord of hosts, of might possess'd ;  
The King of saints and angels too—  
God over all, for ever bless'd !

WESLI

203.

*Ascension of Christ.*

L.

1 SWEET is the savour of his name  
Who suffered in his people's stead ;  
His portion here, reproach and shame,  
He liveth now, he once was dead.

2 He once was dead, the very same  
Who made the worlds, by his own pow'r,  
Who now upholds the mighty frame,  
And keeps it till the final hour.

3 He once was dead, the very same  
Who soon will come with glory crown'd ;  
His breath shall kindle then a flame  
That shall consume the world around.

4 He once was dead, but now he lives,  
The risen and exalted Head  
Of all, to whom he mercy gives  
To know they live, though once were dead.

REES.

204.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sovereign King !  
Let all the saints their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high !  
His heav'nly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals join their strains :  
Loud let the church his honour sing ;  
In Zion Jesus reigns.

- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song ;  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

WATTS.

## LORD'S DAY.

205.

*The Sabbath.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath is begun ;  
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Regard the day thy God has bless'd.
- 2 Come, seek the Lord, whose love assigns  
So sweet a rest to weary minds ;  
Provides an antepast of heaven,  
And gives this day the food of seven.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And draw from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 This heavenly calm within the breast,  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest ;  
Which for the church of God remains,  
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 5 May all the minutes of the day  
In holy pleasures pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end. STENNETT.

206.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW welcome to the saints, when press'd  
With six days' noise, and care, and toil,  
Is the returning day of rest,  
Which hides them from the world awhile.
- 2 How happy if their lot is cast  
Where faithfully the gospel sounds !  
The word is honey to their taste,  
Renews their strength, and heals their wounds.

3 Though pinch'd with poverty at home,  
 With sharp afflictions daily fed,  
 It makes amends, if they can come  
 To God's own house for heavenly bread.

4 With joy they hasten to the place  
 Where they their Saviour oft have met ;  
 And while they feast upon his grace,  
 Their burdens and their griefs forget.

5 This highly favoured lot is ours,  
 May we the privilege improve ;  
 And find these consecrated hours  
 Sweet earnest of the joys above.

NEWTON.

## 207.

*The Lord's Day.*

C. M.

1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,  
 He calls the hours his own ;  
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day Christ rose, and left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell ;  
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King.  
 To David's holy Son ;  
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
 Salvation from thy throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The church on earth can raise ;  
 The highest heavens in which he reigns  
 Shall give him nobler praise.

WATTS.

## 208.

*Lord's Day Morning.*

C. M.

1 **COME**, let us join with sweet accord  
 In hymns around the throne :  
 This is the day our risen Lord  
 Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,  
 The brightest of the seven ;  
 Type of that everlasting rest  
 The saints enjoy in heaven.

**3 The Lord of Sabbaths let us praise  
In concert with the blest ;  
And in most sweet harmonious lays  
Employ this day of rest.**

NEWTON.

**209.**      *The Lord's-day welcomed.*

S. M.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise ;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes !**
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day ;  
Behold, we come to see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.**
- 3 One day within the place  
Where my dear Lord is seen,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.**
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And gladly sing herself away,  
To everlasting bliss.**

WATTS.

**210.**      *Thankfulness for the Sabbath.*

L. M.

- 1 THANKS to thy name, O Lord, that we  
One glorious Sabbath more behold ;  
Dear Shepherd, let us meet with thee,  
Among thy sheep, in this thy fold.**
- 2 To-day among thy tribes appear ;  
And let thy presence bless the throng ;  
Thy awful voice, let sinners hear,  
And bid the feeble heart, "be strong."**
- 3 Gather the lambs within thine arms,  
And satisfy their ev'ry need ;  
And those with young, defend from harms,  
And give them on thy truth to feed.**
- 4 Dear Lord, with sweet compassion look,  
Now let our wants thy bowels move :  
Come, Jesus, lead thy little flock,  
To the sweet pastures of thy love.**

211-12-13      LORD'S DAY.

211.      *The Sabbath, a day of rest.*      L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,  
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away ;  
Now let our noblest passions rise  
With ardour to their native skies.
- 2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,  
With heavenly light upon us shine ;  
And let our waiting souls be blest,  
On this sweet day of sacred rest.
- 3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,  
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,  
With all the ransomed, we shall spend  
A Sabbath which shall never end.

REES.

212.      *Sweetness of the Sabbath.*      L. M.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To shew thy love, by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
O may the Spirit fill my breast !  
And all my soul in tune be found  
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 When to thy glory I remove,  
My soul shall be all life and love ;  
And ev'ry power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

WATTS.

213.      *Blessings of the Sabbath.*      C. M.

- 1 HAIL, happy day ! thy blest return  
Affords our souls repose ;  
We welcome in the glorious morn  
That Christ the Lord arose.
- 2 'Tis thine own day, victorious Lord !  
The day we love to see ;  
Grant we may feed upon thy word,  
And in the Spirit be.

- 3 To-day we would behold thy power,  
And see thy glory shine ;  
To-day we would thy grace adore,  
And feel thy love divine.
- 4 To-day we would in fervent prayer  
The sacred hours employ ;  
On Jesus cast our ev'ry care,  
In him find peace and joy.
- 5 To-day we would with rapture sweet,  
Our songs of honour raise ;  
And sink as nothing at thy feet,  
Dissolved in love and praise.

PARSONS.

214.

*The Eternal Sabbath.*

L. M.

- 1 **THINE** earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
But there's a nobler rest above ;  
To that our longing souls aspire,  
With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place,  
No groans shall mingle with the songs  
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
No cares to break the long repose,  
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints, 'midst all your pains,  
For us an endless rest remains ;  
Soon shall we leave this weary road,  
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

DODDRIDGE.

215.

*The Sabbath, a type of Heaven.*

L. M.

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath bless'd ;  
The day to us in mercy giv'n,  
The holy Sabbath of his rest,  
The pledge and type of rest in heav'n.
- 2 This day within thy courts, O Lord,  
Thy saints delight to seek thy face ;  
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,  
Unfold their wants, and prove thy grace.



## 216-17

## LORD'S DAY.

- 3 May we throughout this sacred day,  
     Be blest with teachings all divine ;  
 To Jesus look, the living way,  
     To him by faith, our all resign.
- 4 May we by ev'ry Sabbath grow  
     In grace, humility, and love ;  
 Each Sabbath find sweet rest below,  
     And long for sweeter rest above.     HAWTREY.

## 216.

*Love to the Sabbath.*

L. M.

- 1 I FAIN would love the day of rest,  
     Would still esteem this day the best,  
 But oft, alas ! with grief I say,  
     " How barren is my soul to-day."
- 2 True—I frequent the house of prayer,  
     I go, and sit with others there ;  
 I hear, and sing, and seem to pray,  
     But oft my mind is call'd away.
- 3 I fain would see the Saviour near,  
     Of him would think, and speak, and hear ;  
 But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,  
     And draw my soul from what is good.
- 4 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief ;  
     Yet bring thy worthless worm relief :  
 Revive thy work within my soul,  
     And all my foes and fears controul.     KELLY.

## 217.

*Lord's Day Evening.*

C. M.

- 1 WHEN, O dear Jesus ! when shall I  
     Behold thee all serene !  
 Bless'd in perpetual Sabbath-day,  
     Without a veil between ?
- 2 Assist me while I wander here,  
     Amidst a world of cares ;  
 Incline my heart to pray with love,  
     And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Thy Spirit, O my Father ! give,  
     To be my guide and friend ;  
 To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
     Where Sabbaths never end.     CENNICK.

218.

*Lord's Day Evening.*

C. M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, and precious to my soul,  
Are these sweet days of love ;  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,  
When I shall rest above !
- 2 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace,  
Mine Ebenezers here I raise,  
And prize the means of grace.
- 3 These are the sweet and precious days  
On which my Lord I've seen ;  
And oft when feasting on his word,  
Delighted I have been.
- 4 I long for that most solemn hour,  
When from this clay undrest,  
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,  
And made for ever blest.

MASON.

## OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

219.

*Opening a place of Worship.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God,  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he, from his radiant throne,  
Avow our temples for his own ?
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise ;  
Long may they echo to thy praise !  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,  
With all the graces of his train ;  
While power divine his word attends  
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,  
When God, the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
Thousands were born to glory here.

DODDRIDGE

220. *Opening a Place of Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 SACRED to thy eternal name,  
Great God, these walls we raise ;  
Let heralds here thy truth proclaim,  
And saints shew forth thy praise.
- 2 This day, begins the solemn sound  
Of sacred worship here ;  
This day let joy and peace abound,  
And thou our God be near.
- 3 Gracious Redeemer, mighty King,  
Enter with all thy train ;  
Thy choicest blessings with thee bring,  
And long may they remain.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
Thou author of all grace,  
Reveal a dying Saviour's love  
To numbers in this place.
- 5 Call sinners by thy word of grace,  
Who knew thee not before :  
So shall we bless thee for this place,  
And God in Christ adore.

PAICE.

221. *The same.*

C. M.

- 1 COME, Jesus ! come, and bless this place !  
'Tis open'd in thy name ;  
Descend with show'rs of heavenly grace,  
And consecrate the same.
- 2 Eternal God, our prayer attend,  
Diffuse thy love around :  
As to the burning bush, descend,  
And make it holy ground !
- 3 Lord, let thy glory fill the place,  
Yea, fill each sinner's heart ;  
Come, thou incarnate Prince of Peace,  
And never more depart.
- 4 Dear Saviour, now thy work begin,  
Thy potent arm display :  
Let some poor rebel dead in sin,  
Be made alive to-day !

- 5 Within these walls, let thousands, Lord,  
Through grace be born of thee ;  
And in this place, thy name record,  
Till time no more shall be.

CAVE.

**222.** *Opening a Place of Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, here,  
Thy presence now display ;  
As thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Shew us some token of thy love,  
Thy people's hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 And may the Gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforced by sovereign grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

NEWTON.

**223.***The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**ERE let us join our solemn songs,  
In cheerful and united praise,  
And take his name upon our tongues,  
Who reigns to everlasting days !
- 2 Lord ! 'tis thy providential hand  
Opens to us this house of prayer ;  
O let it please thee to command  
Thy gracious blessing on us here !
- 3 Let this attempt to praise thy name,  
Be own'd and bless'd with power divine ;  
Let sacred joy our souls inflame,  
And heavenly glories on us shine.
- 4 Long may thy truth be publish'd here,  
And unborn multitudes be found  
To tread thy courts with holy fear,  
And know the gospel's joyful sound.

- 5 Here feed thy saints with living bread,  
 The poor relieve, the weak restore,  
 Backsliders heal, and raise the dead.  
 Thy name to praise for evermore. MEDLEY.

## PUBLIC WORSHIP.

224.

*Opening of Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear  
 My friends devoutly say,  
 "In Zion let us all appear,  
 "And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;  
 The church adorned with grace,  
 Stands like a palace built for God,  
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to his courts with joys unknown,  
 The holy tribes repair;  
 The son of David holds his throne,  
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;  
 And while his awful voice  
 Divides the sinners from the saints,  
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
 And joy a constant guest!  
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace,  
 Be her attendants blest!
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
 While life or breath remains;  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns. WATTS.

225.

*The same.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 LORD, how lovely is thy temple,  
 How delightful is the place,  
 Where thy beauties shine resplendent,  
 Where thou dost display thy grace,  
 How endearing  
 Are the smiles of Jesus' face!

- 2 Here we sing, and love, and wonder ;  
 Here we join to praise the Lord ;  
 Pouring out our souls to Jesus ;  
 We enjoy a rich reward ;  
 For the Saviour  
 Does the weakest prayer regard.
- 3 Ev'ry breathing is accepted,  
 When the soul to Jesus moves ;  
 Prayers of all the truly humble  
 Jesus cordially approves ;  
 All the contrite,  
 Jesus listens to and loves.

BURNHAM.

## 226.

*Opening of Worship.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,  
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !  
 With strong desire my spirit faints  
 To meet the assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the souls that find a place,  
 Within the temples of thy grace ;  
 There they behold thy gentler rays,  
 And seek thy face and sing thy praise.
- 3 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
 God is their strength, and through the road  
 They lean upon their helper, God.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
 Till all before thy face appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there.

WATTS.

## 227.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW in the sacred house of God,  
 We all once more appear,  
 To sing his praises—hear his word,  
 And worship him in prayer.
- 2 O Lord, our spirits solemnize,  
 While in thy courts we stand ;  
 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,  
 And bow to thy command.

## 228-29 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 When we approach the throne of grace,  
O may we sweetly find,  
The beauties of Immanuel's face,  
Break forth on ev'ry mind.
- 4 Lord, when we hear thy sacred word,  
Apply it by thy power ;  
Then ev'ry truth shall we regard,  
And thy great name adore.
- 5 May the bright beams of sovereign love  
With heav'nly splendour shine,  
And may this place a Bethel prove,  
To every child of thine.

BURNHAM.

## 228. *Opening of Worship.* 7s.

- 1 LORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow :  
In compassion now descend,  
For on thee our souls depend.
- 2 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, from hence we would not go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those that weep and mourn ;  
Let the time of joy return ;  
All that are cast down lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;  
Heal the sick, the captives free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HAMMOND.

## 229. *Pleasures of Worship.* S. M.

- 1 HOW charming is the place,  
Where my Redeemer God,  
Unveils the beauties of his face,  
And sheds his love abroad.

- 2 Not the fair palaces,  
To which the great resort,  
Are once to be compared with this,  
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within thy blest abode,  
Among the children of thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

STENNETT.

230. *Pleasures of Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 LORD, we esteem the favour great,  
And give the praise to thee ;  
That we can thus together meet,  
And none to make us flee.
- 2 O let the visits of thy love,  
The purest joys impart ;  
Let all our deadness now remove,  
And zeal fill ev'ry heart.
- 3 Zeal to confess the Saviour's name,  
In spite of earth and hell !  
Thy loving-kindness to proclaim,  
And all thy goodness tell !
- 4 Lord, let thy people's light so shine,  
That all the world may see  
And own its origin divine,  
And give the praise to thee.

KELLY.

231. *Prayer for the Divine presence.* 148th

- 1 ONCE more, dear God of grace,  
Thine earthly courts we tread ;  
We come to see thy face,  
And banquet with our Head :  
We long, we faint, we pant for thee,  
And hope that with us thou wilt be.



## 232-33 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Though base and vile we are,  
Nor goodness have to bring :  
We cannot well despair,  
While Jesus is our King :  
He welcomes all by sin opprest,  
Upon his grace to come and feast.
- 3 With Christ we would be fed,  
By faith upon him live,  
We seek no other bread,  
And thou hast this to give :  
Lord, we would feed on this rich food,  
And drink indeed, thy precious blood. GADSBY.

### 232. *For the Divine presence.* L. M.

- 1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word ;  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above ;  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,  
With sov'reign power and energy ;  
And may we in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal,  
Teach us to know and do thy will ;  
Thy Spirit send, thy love display,  
And guide us to the realms of day.

FAWCETT.

### 233. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy in Worship.* C. M.

- 1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne,  
With honour can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.

- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
 Their bended knees the ground ;  
 But God abhors the sacrifice  
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Then shall I stand before thy face,  
 And find acceptance there.

WATTS.

## 234. *Humility in Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 **BEHOLD** us, Lord, with humble fear  
 Approach thy temple gate ;  
 Though most unworthy to draw near,  
 Or in thy courts to wait.
- 2 But, trusting in thy boundless grace,  
 To us so freely given,  
 We worship in thy holy place,  
 And lift our souls to heaven.
- 3 Lead us in all thy righteous ways,  
 Nor let our footsteps slide :  
 Make straight thy path before our face,  
 Our Guardian and our Guide.
- 4 No more to sin, our souls shall yield,  
 Defended from above ;  
 And kept and covered with the shield  
 Of thy almighty love.

SEELEY.

## 235. *Prayer for Help.*

C. M.

- 1 **FATHER**, to thee my soul I lift,  
 On thee my hope depends :  
 Convinced that every perfect gift  
 From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,  
 And power and wisdom too ;  
 Without the Spirit of thy Son  
 We nothing good can do.
- 3 We cannot speak one useful word,  
 One holy thought conceive,  
 Unless, thou ever-gracious Lord,  
 Thyself the blessing give.

- 4 From Jesus may we now receive  
 The power to pray and hear ;  
 By faith upon his fulness live,  
 And worship in his fear.

BURDER.

**236.** *For a Blessing in Public Worship.* 7s.

- 1 **I**N thy presence we appear,  
 Lord, we love to worship here,  
 When, within the veil, we meet  
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat !
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,  
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue ;  
 Then our joyful souls shall bless  
 Thee, the Lord, our righteousness.
- 3 While to thee our prayers ascend,  
 Let thine ear in love attend ;  
 Hear us, when the Spirit pleads :  
 Hear ! for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy word is heard with awe,  
 And we tremble at thy law,  
 Let thy Gospel's wond'rous love  
 Every doubt and fear remove.
- 5 While thy servant shall proclaim  
 Peace and pardon through thy name,  
 In his message let us own  
 Jesus speaking from his throne.

SEELEY.

**237.** *Prayer for the Divine influence.* C. M.

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come  
 To worship at thy feet ;  
 O pour thy Holy Spirit down  
 On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
 To hear the Saviour's voice ;  
 Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,  
 Now make our hearts rejoice.
- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
 And understand thy word ;  
 To feel thy blissful presence near,  
 And trust our living Lord.

4 This house with grace and glory fill,  
 This congregation bless ;  
 Thy great salvation now reveal,  
 Thy glorious righteousness.

UPTON.

238. *Adoration of the Redeemer.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy saints assemble here,  
 Thy power and goodness to declare :  
 O may these happy seasons prove  
 That we have known redeeming love.
- 2 And while of mercies past we speak,  
 And sing of endless joys to come,  
 Let thy full glories on us break,  
 And every thought give Jesus room.
- 3 No other food may we desire ;  
 No other theme our bosoms fire ;  
 But sov'reign, rich, redeeming love,  
 While here, and when we dwell above !
- 4 Thine everlasting love we sing,  
 The source whence all our pleasures spring ;  
 How deep it sinks ! how high it flows !  
 No saint can tell, no angel knows !
- 5 Its length and breadth no eye can trace,  
 No thought explore the bounds of grace ;  
 Like its dear Author's name it shines  
 In infinite unfolded lines !
- 6 The love which saves our souls from hell,  
 On this side heav'n we ne'er shall tell ;  
 But when we reach bright Canaan's plains,  
 We'll sound it in immortal strains. SWAIN.

239. *For a Blessing on the Word.* C. M.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
 Thy power to us make known ;  
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
 And break the heart of stone.
- 2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,  
 And bid the sleeper rise ;  
 And let his guilty conscience dread  
 The death that never dies.

240-41      PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 3 To each a sense of guilt impart,  
    And then remove the load ;  
    Quicken, and wash the troubled heart  
    In thy atoning blood.
- 4 Our desp'rate state through sin declare,  
    And speak our sins forgiven ;  
    Our hearts by holiness prepare,  
    That we may dwell in heaven.      NICHOLSON.

240.      *For a Blessing on the Word.*      L. M.

- 1 **T**HY blessing, gracious God, afford,  
    And let success attend thy word :  
    Let humble souls thy truth receive,  
    Let sinners hear thy voice, and live.
- 2 Save us from Satan's cursed snares,  
    And from the world's distracting cares ;  
    Now we within thy courts appear,  
    Help us digest the truths we hear.
- 3 With holy love, and godly fear,  
    May we the joyful tidings hear ;  
    And credit to the gospel give,  
    As that blest word by which we live.
- 4 Thy sov'reign power, O God impart,  
    And write thy law upon our heart,  
    Wisdom divine, on us bestow,  
    And cause us practise what we know.

FAWCETT.

241.      *Power of the Word of God.*      7s.

- 1 **Q**UICK and powerful is the word,  
    Sharper than a two-edg'd sword ;  
    In the Lord Jehovah's hand,  
    Nothing can its force withstand.
- 2 How its power was felt of old,  
    They who felt its power have told ;  
    Many were the wonders wrought,  
    Multitudes were fed and taught.
- 3 Mighty God ! whose word it is,  
    Hear our prayer, and grant us this ;  
    What thy power has done before,  
    Now descend and do once more.

KELLY.

**242.**      *Power of the Word of God.*      L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God applies his word with power,  
     The rebel can resist no more :  
 Once he despised his present fears,  
 But now his folly owns, with tears.
- 2 O Lord, how wonderful thy word !  
     'Tis sharper than the two-edg'd sword :  
 It cuts the haughty spirit down,  
 And makes his guilt and vileness known.
- 3 'Tis quick and powerful within,  
     And strikes at every root of sin ;  
 And when our wretchedness we feel,  
 The Word, which gave the wound, will heal.

SEELEY.

**243.**      *The same.*      L. M.

- 1 **N**OW may the gospel's conq'ring power,  
     Be felt by all assembled here ;  
 So shall this prove a joyful hour,  
 And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard,  
     Speak in the word, and speak with power ;  
 So shall thy glorious name be feared,  
 By those who never feared before.
- 3 Lord, pity those who lie in sin !  
     O save them from the sinner's doom ;  
 Open the ark, receive them in,  
 And save them from the wrath to come.
- 4 So shall thy people joyful be,  
     The angels too will louder sing,  
 And both ascribe the praise to thee ;  
 To thee, the everlasting King.

KELLY.

**244.**      *Special Love of God.*      S. M.

- 1 **A**T TEND Jehovah's voice,  
     Ye saints, with one accord,  
 And let your troubled hearts rejoice  
     To hear his gracious word.

## 245-46 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 The Lord his people loves,  
In them he doth delight,  
They are the persons he approves,  
And precious in his sight.
- 3 For them the Saviour died,  
On Calv'ry bowed his head :  
For them the Lord was crucified ;  
For sinners Jesus bled.
- 4 For them Immanuel lives,  
And pleads before the throne :  
To them his grace and Spirit gives,  
And makes his cov'nant known.
- 5 From them he'll ne'er depart,  
Nor e'er withdraw his love :  
They're graven on his hands and heart,  
And soon shall dwell above. HOSKINS.

## 245. *Excellency of Public Worship.* 7s.

- 1 LORD of Hosts ! how lovely fair,  
E'en on earth, thy temples are :  
Here thy waiting people see  
Much of heaven, and much of thee.
- 2 From thy gracious presence flows  
Bliss that softens all our woes ;  
While thy Spirit's holy fire,  
Warms our hearts with pure desire.
- 3 Here we supplicate thy throne,  
Here thou mak'st thy glories known ;  
Here we learn thy righteous ways,  
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus, with festive songs of joy,  
We our happy lives employ ;  
Love, and long to love thee more.  
Till from earth to heaven we soar. TURNER.

## 246. *The Manna.* C. M.

- 1 THE manna, favoured Israel's meat,  
Was gathered day by day ;  
When all the host was served, the heat  
Dissolved the rest away.

- 2 'Twas daily bread, and would not keep,  
But must be still renewed ;  
Faith never wants a hoard or heap,  
But trusts the Lord for food.
- 3 The truths by which the soul is fed,  
Must thus be dealt afresh ;  
For notions resting in the head,  
Will only feed the flesh.
- 4 However true, they have no life,  
Or unction to impart,  
They breed the worms of pride and strife,  
But cannot cheer the heart.
- 5 Dear Lord, while waiting we are found,  
Our daily manna give ;  
O ! let it fall on all around,  
That we may eat and live. BRACKENBURY.

**247.** *Longing for the presence of God.* L. M.

- 1 **L**OOK from on high, great God, and see  
Thy saints still pressing after thee :  
Revive thy gracious work again,  
Nor let us languish or complain.
- 2 Dear Lord, thy cheering grace impart,  
Bind up and heal the broken heart ;  
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,  
And let our foes prevail no more.
- 3 Thy presence in thy house afford,  
To every heart apply thy word ;  
That sinners may their danger see,  
And now begin to mourn for thee.

**248.** *Prayer for Minister and People.* 8. 7. 4.

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wond'rous love !  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve !  
Bless, O-bless them,  
From thy shining courts above.



## 249-50-51 PUBLIC WORSHIP.

- 2 Now thy gracious word directs them,  
To the sacred Gospel-feast :  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;  
Every soul be JESUS' guest !  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promised rest. TOPLADY.

## 249. *Prayer for Minister and People.* 8.7.4.

- 1 COME, thou soul-transforming Spirit,  
Bless the sower and the seed :  
Let each heart thy grace inherit,  
Raise the weak, the hungry feed :  
From the Gospel,  
Now supply thy people's need.
- 2 Help us all to ask the blessing,  
Which thou waitest now to give :  
May we all, thy love possessing,  
Joyfully the truth receive ;  
And for ever  
To thy praise and glory live. NICHOLSON.

## 250. *The same.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, while thy Servant shall proclaim  
Redemption through a Saviour's name,  
O may thy Spirit now impart  
Salvation to the sinner's heart.
- 2 To thy great Name, O Lord, we cry,  
Come, and thy precious word apply ;  
Then shall poor sinners sweetly feel  
What a dear Saviour can reveal. BURNHAM.

## 251. *Before Sermon.* L. M.

- 1 LORD, in the temples of thy grace,  
Thy saints behold thy smiling face ;  
And we have seen thy glory shine  
With power and majesty divine.
- 2 Return, O Lord, our spirits cry,  
Or graces droop, and comforts die :  
Return, and let thy glories rise,  
And fill our souls with sweet surprise.

3 O fill with light, and joy, and love,  
Thy courts below like those above ;  
Triumphant songs, we'll join to raise,  
Till heaven and earth resound thy praise.

STEELE.

252.

*Before Sermon.*

148th.

1 **H**OW highly blest are they  
Who love and serve the Lord,  
Who jointly to him pray,  
And listen to his word !  
His word, which makes the simple wise,  
Where all our hope and comfort lies.

2 O may it now descend,  
Like gentle showers of rain !  
May every soul attend !  
And may it long remain !  
Lord, give us food for many days,  
And fill our hearts with love and praise.

FELLOWS.

253.

*The same.*

L. M.

1 **T**HE food on which thy children live,  
Great God, is thine alone to give ;  
And we, for grace received, would raise  
Immortal songs of love and praise.

2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,  
Dear Jesus, are thy grace and thee !  
To the full fountain of our joys  
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For these we wait upon thee, Lord !  
For these we listen to thy word ;  
Descend, like gentle showers of rain,  
Nor let one soul attend in vain.

FELLOWS.

254.

*The same.*

L. M.

1 **J**EHOVAH, from his throne above,  
Sends down sweet messages of love ;  
Thrice happy they whose hearts are found,  
Attentive to the joyful sound.

2 Jesus proclaims salvation here,  
And brings eternal mercy near :  
Free grace doth now to all abound,  
Who know the gospel's *joyful sound*.

3 While we pass through this wilderness,  
Shine on us, Lord, with beams of grace :  
And let thy light our steps surround,  
While we attend the *joyful sound*.

BODEN.

255.

*After Sermon.*

8. 7. 4.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace :  
Let us each thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace.

O refresh us,  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
May the fruits of thy salvation,  
In our hearts and lives abound !  
Ever faithful,  
To the truth may we be found.

256.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 LORD, help us on thy word to feed,  
In peace, dismiss us hence ;  
Be thou, in every time of need,  
Our refuge and defence.

2 We now desire to bless thy name,  
And in our hearts record,  
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,  
The goodness of the Lord.

HART.

257.

*The same.*

L. M.

1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord ;  
Help us to feed upon thy word :  
Our faith confirm, our sins forgive,  
And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good ;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood :  
Give every fettered soul release,  
And bid us all "depart in peace."

HART.

258.

*After Sermon.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **H**OW precious, Lord, thy sacred word ;  
     What light and joy it doth afford  
     To souls in deep distress !  
     Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,  
     Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,  
     Thy promise leads to rest.
- 2 Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,  
     And warn us where our danger lies ;  
     But 'tis thy Gospel, Lord,  
     That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
     Converts the soul, and conquers sin,  
     And gives a free reward.

EAST.

259.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what thy servant has advanced,  
     According to thy word,  
     Make it appear to all our souls  
     Worthy of high regard.
- 2 O may we feel the Gospel's pow'r ;  
     Its truths may we digest ;  
     And of its treasures may we all  
     Be happily possessed.

BURNHAM.

260.

*The same.*

148th.

**O**N what has now been sown,  
     Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;  
     The power is thine alone  
     To make it spring and grow :  
     Do thou the gracious harvest raise,  
     And thou, alone, shalt have the praise.

NEWTON.

261.

*The same.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **L**ORD, before we leave thy temple,  
     Sweetly seal each waiting heart ;  
     Soon shall we appear in glory,  
     One with thee, no more to part.  
     Reign in glory,  
     Praising God with all the heart.

262-63

GRACE

- 2 There in all triumphant splendour,  
We shall thy great love explore ;  
And through one eternal Sabbath  
Shout thy Name for evermore.  
All in raptures,  
We shall wonder and adore.

BURNHAM.

262.

*After Sermon.*

S. M.

- 1 GREAT God, before we part,  
Attend our earnest prayer,  
O seal the Gospel on the heart  
Of each assembled here.
- 2 And if we meet no more,  
On Zion's sacred ground,  
O may we reach the happy shore,  
Where God our Saviour's found !

UPTON.

GRACE OF GOD.

263.

*Abounding Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 GRACE ! how melodious is the sound !  
What music to our ear !  
Spread the sweet accent far around,  
That heaven and earth may hear.
- 2 Where sin, abounding sin, hath reigned,  
Grace reigns, abounding more ;  
Behold an ocean here, without  
A bottom or a shore !
- 3 Grace be our theme, the glad'ning theme,  
Of our astonished strains ;  
Grace, free, abounding grace, to man,  
Through Christ the Saviour reigns.
- 4 And shall we still persist in sin,  
That grace may yet abound ?  
Forbid it, Lord, nor let the thought  
Within our hearts be found.

BOYCE.

264.

*Grace acknowledged.*

C. M.

- 1 IF I, ere worlds began to move,  
Was *chosen* in the Lamb ;  
'Twas the effect of sovereign love ;  
" By grace I'm what I am."
- 2 If I'm *redeemed* by Jesus' blood,  
From sin, and wrath, and shame ;  
And made a son, an heir of God ;  
" By grace I'm what I am."
- 3 If by the Saviour's righteousness,  
I'm *justified* from blame ;  
Then let me to his praise confess,  
" By grace I'm what I am."
- 4 If I am *called* to know the Lord,  
And love his holy name ;  
And prove the sweetness of his word ;  
" By grace I'm what I am."
- 5 Soon shall I join the ransomed throng  
To praise Immanuel's name ;  
And chant my everlasting song ;  
" By grace I'm what I am."

PAICE.

265.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 'T'WAS grace alone, 'twas grace divine  
That changed this sinful heart of mine ;  
'Tis by the grace of God the Lamb,  
I am, this moment, what I am.
- 2 No merit of my own I boast,  
I'm but a worm of earth and dust ;  
'Twas he that made me, freely gave  
Each gift, each grace, that now I have.
- 3 Left to myself, I still had been  
Averse to good, a slave to sin ;  
Help me, dear Lord, to keep in view,  
Thy grace, and my own vileness too.

PARSONS.

266.

*Amazing Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 LORD ! when I read the traitor's doom,  
To " his own place " consign'd,  
What holy fear, and humble hope,  
Alternate fill my mind !

26:

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26

267-68

GRACE

- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,  
But saved by matchless grace;  
Or else the lowest, hottest hell  
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudged,  
And thitherward rush'd on;  
And there in my eternal doom  
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! (what wond'rous matchless love!)  
I call a place my own,  
In Zion, where thy mercy shines,  
And at thy gracious throne.
- 5 A place is mine among thy saints,  
A place at Jesus' feet,  
And I expect in heaven a place  
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God! thy sovereign grace  
To all around I'll tell,  
Which made a place in glory mine,  
Whose just desert was hell.

267.

*Efficacious Grace.*

RYLAND.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN sinners see their awful state,  
They know not where to fly;  
Soon they behold the mercy-seat,  
And there for mercy cry.
- 2 Now the bless'd Spirit of our God  
Shews them a bleeding Christ,  
Who drowns their sins in precious blood,  
And gives them gospel rest.
- 3 'Tis then they seek the things above,  
And walk in Wisdom's ways;  
Their souls are all dissolved in love,  
And sweetly filled with praise.

268.

*Lydia's heart opened.*

BURNHAM.

L. M.

- 1 POSSESS'D by all the pow'rs of sin,  
The heart of Lydia long had been,  
But grace, to make an entrance there,  
The standard of the cross did rear.

- 2 Then was an arrow sent from God,  
Dipp'd in the Lamb's atoning blood :  
And straight her marble heart became.  
Like yielding wax before the flame.
- 3 Jesus was preached and lifted high,  
The Spirit did the truth apply ;  
Till all her pow'rs, once dead in sin,  
Arose to let her Saviour in.
- 4 This was the day and hour decreed,  
A day of love and pow'r indeed ;  
At Jesus' feet, we see her fall,  
The gospel tidings reach'd her soul.
- 5 Calling by grace will ever prove  
The doctrine of eternal love,  
For thousands heard what Lydia did,  
From whom the gospel scheme was hid. KENT.

269.

*Grace evincible.*

L. M.

- 1 NOT words alone it cost the Lord,  
To purchase pardon for his own,  
Nor will a soul by grace restored,  
Return the Saviour words alone.
- 2 With golden belts, the priestly vest,  
And rich pomegranates border'd round,  
The need of holiness express'd,  
And called for fruit as well as sound.
- 3 Easy indeed it were to reach  
A mansion in the courts above,  
If swelling words, and fluent speech,  
Might serve instead of faith and love.
- 4 But none shall gain the blissful place,  
Or God's unclouded glory see,  
Who talk of free and sovereign grace,  
Unless that grace has made them free.

270.

*Fountain of Grace.*

7s.

- 1 BLESSED fountain, full of grace,  
Grace for sinners, grace for me ;  
To this source alone I trace  
All I am, and hope to be.



2 What I am, as one redeem'd,  
 Saved and rescued by the Lord ;  
 Hating what I once esteem'd,  
 Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be, ere long,  
 When I take my place above,  
 When I join the heavenly throng,  
 When I see the God of love.

4 When I see him as he is,  
 No corruption shall be found :  
 O how sweet a truth is this,  
 Grace did more than sin abound !

EAST.

## 271.

*Free Grace.*

L. M.

1 **S**ELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,  
 And boast their moral dignity :  
 But if I lisp a song of praise,  
 Each note shall echo, Grace, Free Grace.

2 'Twas grace that quickened me when dead ;  
 'Twas grace my soul to Jesus led ;  
 Grace brings a sense of pardoned sin,  
 And grace subdues my lust within.

3 Grace reconciles to ev'ry loss,  
 And sweetens ev'ry painful cross ;  
 Defends my soul when danger's near,  
 By grace alone I persevere.

4 When from this world, my soul removes  
 To mansions of delight and love,  
 I'll cast my crown before his throne,  
 And shout Free Grace, Free Grace alone.

GADSBY.

## 272.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 **L**ET me, my Saviour and my God,  
 On sovereign grace rely :  
 And own 'tis free, because bestow'd  
 On one so vile as I.

2 Election ! 'tis a truth divine ;  
 For, Lord, I plainly see,  
 Had not thy choice prevented mine,  
 I ne'er had chosen thee.

- 3 Free Grace alone can wipe the tears  
 From my lamenting eyes :  
 And raise my soul from guilty fears,  
 To joy that never dies.
- 4 Free Grace can death itself outbrave,  
 And take its sting away ;  
 Can sinners to the utmost save,  
 And them to heaven convey.

TAYLOR.

273.

*Fulness of Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace ! ( how sweet the sound )  
 That saved a wretch like me !  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved ;  
 How precious did that grace appear  
 The hour I first believed !
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,  
 I have already come :  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.
- 4 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease ;  
 I shall possess within the veil,  
 A life of joy and peace.

NEWTON.

274.

*Humbling Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour's love once truly known,  
 The strongest holds of sin pulls down ;  
 Humbles the sinner at his feet,  
 And makes his wounds and passion sweet.
- 2 Our works no longer then we praise,  
 Nothing extol, but Jesus' grace ;  
 Free and unmerited we prove  
 The boundless height and depth of love.
- 3 While thus we learn the needful part,  
 Love fills and warms the humble heart ;  
 While on his suffering form we muse  
 Our heavy load of sin we lose.

4 All blessings from the cross proceed,  
Thither we look in time of need ;  
Receive our help, and gladly own  
The work to be the Lord's alone.

KENDAL.

## 275.

*Humbling Grace.*

8. 8. 6.

1 **T**HE more, through grace, myself I know,  
The more content I am to bow,  
And lie at Jesus' cross :  
By faith I feel his cleansing blood ;  
I wait on him for every good,  
And count my gain but loss.

2 Content and glad, O may I be,  
To have salvation, Lord, from thee,  
E'en as a sinner poor !  
I nothing have, I nothing am ;  
My treasure's wholly in the Lamb,  
Both now, and evermore.

FOWLER.

## 276.

*Influence of Grace.*

C. M.

1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart !  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires arise  
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

5 Make me to walk in Wisdom's way,  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
It leads to realms of endless day,  
It leads to thine abode.

WATTS.

277.

*Irresistible Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL ! mighty Jesus, how divine  
Is thy victorious sword !  
The stoutest rebel must resign  
At thy commanding word.
- 2 The strongest holds of Satan yield  
To thy all-conqu'ring hand ;  
When once thy glorious arm's revealed,  
No creature can withstand.
- 3 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give,  
They pierce the hardest heart ;  
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,  
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 4 Still gird thy sword upon thy thigh,  
Ride with majestic sway ;  
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,  
And make thy foes obey.
- 5 And when thy vict'ries are complete,  
Then all the chosen race  
Shall round the throne of glory meet,  
To sing thy conqu'ring grace.

WALLIN.

278.

*Means of Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE dew descends at God's command  
To keep his chosen plants alive ;  
They shall, though in a thirsty land,  
Like willows by the waters thrive.
- 2 But chiefly when his people meet  
To hear his word, or seek his face,  
The gentle dew with influence sweet  
Descends, and nourishes their grace.
- 3 But ah ! what numbers still are dead,  
Though under means of grace they lie !  
The dew still falling round their head,  
And yet their hearts untouch'd and dry.
- 4 Dear Saviour, hear us when we call,  
To wrestling prayer an answer give ;  
Descend as dew upon us all,  
That we may to thy glory live.

NEWTON.

279.

*Methods of Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW various, and how wise the ways  
The Saviour doth pursue,  
In dealing with a chosen race  
And forming them anew.
- 2 Some feel the piercing law of God,  
While vengeance seems to reign,  
With bitter cries they mercy seek,  
But all appears in vain.
- 3 At length the Lord of Glory comes,  
To wipe their streaming eyes,  
Sweetly applies the healing blood,  
And guilt and terror dies.
- 4 Others are drawn with cords of love,  
And run with eager pace,  
Soon they behold their smiling God,  
And feel the sealing grace.
- 5 Others are led more gently on,  
Yet prayerful and sincere,  
Kindly upheld with cheering hopes,  
But seldom free from fear.
- 6 Lord, look upon our waiting souls,  
And all our doubts remove ;  
Enter each heart, and reign alone  
The God of truth and love.

BURNHAM.

280.

*Preserving Grace.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour, and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies,  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present his saints,  
Unblemished and complete ;  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed,  
Shall meet around his throne ;  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom, and power belongs ;  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

WATTS.

281.

*Preserving Grace.*

C. M.

1 ON life's tempestuous ocean, glides  
A vessel built by God :  
Midst rocks, and shoals, and swelling tides,  
She spreads her sails abroad.

2 Her mariners Jehovah chose,  
Her pilot is the Lord :  
She touches Islands as she goes,  
Sinners to take on board.

3 Truth is her compass, love her sail,  
And heavenly grace her store ;  
The Spirit's influence the gale,  
That wafts her to the shore.

4 Nor winds, nor waves, her progress check,  
Her course she must pursue :  
And though she often fears a wreck,  
She's saved with all her crew.

5 On boards, and broken pieces tost,  
And death each hour at hand :  
Yet none, who trust to Christ, are lost,  
But all come safe to land.

6 Each soul to Christ the Lord, is given,  
And purchas'd with his blood :  
The vessel is insured in heaven,  
And God will make it good.

IRONS.

282.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 FIRM as the heav'ns, thy promise stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;  
If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2 His honour is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep ;  
All that his heavenly Father gave,  
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
His fav'rites from his breast ;  
In the dear bosom of his love,  
They must for ever rest.

WATTS.

## 283.

*Reigning Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,  
And teach our stamm'ring tongues  
To make his sov'reign, reigning grace,  
The subject of our songs !
- 2 Grace reigns to pardon crimson sins,  
To melt the hardest heart ;  
And from the work it once begins,  
It never can depart.
- 3 The world and Satan strive in vain  
Against the chosen few ;  
Secured by Grace's conqu'ring reign,  
They all shall conquer too.
- 4 Lord, when this fleeting life is o'er,  
May we behold thy face ;  
We'll shout thy praise for evermore,  
And sing thy reigning grace.

NEWTON.

## 284.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 MY soul through grace now findeth rest,  
For in my Jesus I am bless'd ;  
On him, by faith I stay my mind,  
And perfect peace in him I find.
- 2 His reigning grace I sweetly prove,  
And triumph in electing love ;  
In Jesus' righteousness I shine,  
And know that he is ever mine.
- 3 His streaming and atoning blood,  
Has reconciled my soul to God ;  
Has purged my guilt and sins away,  
And in oblivion now they lay.

- 4 If sought for, they shall not be found,  
 Oh ! how delightful is the sound ;  
 My great, my black, my dreadful score,  
 My God remembers them no more.      STEVENS.

285.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **R**ICH grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
 Directly come who will,  
 Just as you are : for Christ receives  
 Poor helpless sinners still.
- 2 'Tis grace, each day, that feeds our souls,  
 Grace keeps us inly poor ;  
 And O that nothing else but grace  
 May rule us evermore.

286.

*Renewing Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,  
 Unconscious of its load !  
 The heart, unchanged, can never rise  
 To happiness and God.
- 2 Can aught beneath a power divine  
 The stubborn will subdue ?  
 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine,  
 To form the heart anew.
- 3 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,  
 'Tis thine alone to give ;  
 Lord, chase the shades of death away,  
 And bid the sinner live.
- 4 'Tis thine the affections to recal,  
 And upwards bid them rise ;  
 Now make the scales of error fall  
 From sinners' darkened eyes.
- 5 Renew these sinful hearts of ours,  
 Maintain the life divine ;  
 So shall our passions, and our powers,  
 Almighty Lord, be thine.      STEELE.

287.

*Restoring Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **S**EE, at the footstool of his Lord,  
 A fallen saint by grace restored ;  
 That, from the saints, designed to show,  
 Eternal love can ne'er withdraw.



- 2 Here, self-condemned behold he lies,  
Nor dares to heav'n lift up his eyes ;  
While down his cheeks in torrents roll,  
The deep contrition of his soul.
- 3 Once on the mount with Christ he stood,  
And found that season sweet and good !  
Yet now from thence he must retire,  
To wade through tribulation's fire.
- 4 Here Peter found himself to be  
Weak as the infant on the knee ;  
And deeply humbled at his throne,  
Confess'd he stood by grace alone.
- 5 " Go, feed my lambs," saith Jesus, " now  
" I've thee restored, and tell them how,  
" By fire, I purge their dross and tin,  
" And love their *souls*, but not their *sin*."

KENT.

## 288.

*Riches of Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 GOD, in the riches of his grace,  
Did from eternity ordain  
A seed elect, of Adam's race,  
Eternal glory should obtain.
- 2 God, in the riches of his grace,  
Hath Abram's seed exalted high,  
While sinning angels, from his face,  
Reserv'd to wrath, in fetters lie.
- 3 God, in the riches of his grace,  
Hath to the charge of Jesus laid  
The sins of all that chosen race,  
Whose debt of suffering Jesus paid.
- 4 God, in the riches of his grace,  
Hath in the gospel, Christ displayed ;  
Whose blood hath sealed the sinner's peace,  
And bruised the envenomed serpent's head.
- 5 God, in the riches of his grace,  
We'll to eternity adore ;  
And wonders still on wonders trace,  
But ne'er his depth of love explore.

KENT.

289.

*Riches of Grace.*

S. M.

- 1 **YE** saints of God, rejoice,  
And his free mercies trace ;  
Arise, and sing with heart and voice,  
The riches of his grace.
- 2 Sing his electing love,  
To some of Adam's race ;  
Their foes, from them can ne'er remove  
The riches of his grace.
- 3 Sing how he sent his Son  
To suffer in their place ;  
Who by his coming, has made known  
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Sing how he calls his own,  
And does their sins erase ;  
And thus by pard'ning love are shewn  
The riches of his grace.
- 5 Sing in the Saviour's name,  
Till you behold his face ;  
And then for ever you'll proclaim  
The riches of his grace.

PAICE.

290.

*Salvation by Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **NOW** to the power of God supreme,  
Be everlasting honours giv'n,  
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that began,  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n ;  
By his obedience, so complete,  
Justice is pleas'd and peace is giv'n.

WATT'S

## 291.

*Salvation by Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ONG ere the day that Adam fell,  
The cov'nant stood in all things well ;  
Grace had secured in Jesus then,  
Millions untold of chosen men.
- 2 By grace their names were all enroll'd  
As chosen sheep within its fold :  
And grace secures their standing there,  
In lines of love divinely fair.
- 3 'Twas all of grace from first to last,  
The deed was done, the pardon pass'd ;  
Secure in Christ were all its heirs,  
The curse was his ;—remission theirs.
- 4 Great God of Grace ! forgive the lays,  
That fall so far beneath thy praise :  
By grace we hope to sing ere long,  
Eternal love in sweeter song.

KENT.

## 292.

*Sovereign Grace.*

S. M.

- 1 **G**RACE moved the Triune God  
Lost sinners to redeem ;  
Grace is the source of every good,  
And grace shall be my theme.
- 2 Grace, what a pleasing sound !  
How it delights my ear !  
Its pow'r revives my languid hope,  
And scatters all my fear.
- 3 Through grace I conquer hell,  
And break infernal chains ;  
Through grace my soul aspires to heav'n,  
Where the Redeemer reigns.
- 4 Grace the good work begins,  
And grace completes the same ;  
Grace shall constrain my soul to raise,  
Hosannas to the Lamb.  
From his abounding grace,  
Daily I draw supplies ;  
Grace is the never-ceasing spring  
Of all my sacred joys.

293.

*Subduing Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN first to make my heart his own,  
The Lord revealed his mighty grace ;  
Self reigned, like *Dagon*, on the throne,  
But could not long preserve its place.
- 2 It fell, and owned the pow'r divine ;  
(Grace can with ease, its right maintain)  
But soon this wretched heart of mine  
Contrived to set it up again.
- 3 Once more the Lord his name proclaimed,  
And brought the hateful idol low ;  
Then self like *Dagon*, broken, maim'd,  
Seem'd to receive a mortal blow.
- 4 Yet self is not of life bereft,  
Nor ceases to oppose his will ;  
Though but a maimed stump be left,  
'Tis *Dagon*, 'tis an idol still.
- 5 Lord, must I always guilty prove,  
And idols in my heart have room ?  
O ! let the fire of heav'nly love,  
This self with all its works consume.

BRACKENBURY.

294.

*Sufficient Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 **O**PPRESSED with unbelief and sin,  
Fightings without, and fears within ;  
While earth and hell with force combin'd,  
Assault and terrify my mind.
- 2 What strength have I against such foes,  
Such hosts and legions to oppose ?  
Alas ! I tremble, faint, and fall ;  
Lord, save me, or I give up all.
- 3 Thus sorely press'd, I sought the Lord,  
To give me some sweet cheering word,  
Again I sought, and yet again ;  
I waited long, but not in vain.
- 4 O ! 'twas a cheering word indeed !  
Exactly suited to my need ;  
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,  
"Thy weakness my great pow'r displays."

- 5 Now I despond, and mourn no more,  
 I welcome all I feared before ;  
 Tho' weak, I'm strong ; tho' troubled, blest ;  
 For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

NEWTON.

## 295.

*Sufficient Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 COME bow, ye saints, before the Lord,  
 And bless him for his faithful word :  
 With joy approach his smiling face,  
 And sing his all-sufficient grace.
- 2 What debtors to his grace ye are !  
 Witness his kind, his daily care ;  
 How vast and how divinely true  
 His strength appears in every view !
- 3 'Tis from his grace your comforts come,  
 'Tis by his strength he'll guide you home ;  
 O who can tell the breadth and length  
 Of boundless grace, of heavenly strength !
- 4 Then let the feeblest saint rejoice,  
 And in these words lift up his voice :  
 " My grace sufficient is for thee,  
 " And I'll thy strength in weakness be."

MEDLEY.

## 296.

*Supporting Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue  
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
 Approve the song, and join the praise.
- 2 To God I cried when troubles rose,  
 He heard me, and subdued my foes ;  
 My rising fears he did controul,  
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by his hand ;  
 His words my fainting soul revive,  
 His Spirit keeps my faith alive.
- 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrows and from sins ;  
 The work that Wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

WATTS.

297.

*Throne of Grace.*

7a.

- 1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,  
But to Zion's throne of grace,  
By a way marked out with blood,  
Sinners now approach to God.
- 2 Not to hear the fiery law,  
But with humble joy to draw  
Water, by that well supplied,  
Jesus opened when he died.
- 3 Lord, there are no streams but thine  
Can assuage a thirst like mine !  
'Tis a thirst thyself did give,  
Let me therefore drink and live.

NEWTON.

298.

*Work of Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 ON us Jehovah's love was set,  
Before the world began ;  
In us he works, and none can let,  
Or interrupt his plan.
- 2 His work begun by sovereign grace,  
Upon the sinner's heart,  
The powers of hell can ne'er deface,  
By malice, nor by art.
- 3 This work the sinner's heart concerns,  
It gives him life divine,  
And when creation's fabric burns  
'Twill in perfection shine.
- 4 The plan was drawn by cov'nant love,  
The structure cannot fail ;  
God has enroll'd each saint above,  
And he will save them all.

IRONS.

## MERCY OF GOD.

299.

*Mercy and truth.*

8.7.4.

- 1 TRUTH and mercy meet together,  
Righteousness and peace embrace ;  
Each perfection of Jehovah,  
Meets and shines in Jesus' face ;  
Here the Father  
Can be just and save by grace.

- 2 What a field of consolation ;  
 Here no jarring notes are found ;  
 Zion has a full salvation,  
 And shall all her foes confound :  
 Each believer,  
 Has for hope a solid ground.
- 3 Justice has no loss sustained,  
 Truth remains in perfect light ;  
 Not an attribute is stained ;  
 All in one grand cause unite :  
 Saved sinners,  
 Must and shall in God delight.
- 4 Here's a cord which can't be broken !  
 O, my soul, with wonder tell,  
 God himself the word has spoken,  
 Zion in her Lord shall dwell :  
 And with Jesus,  
 Live in spite of earth and hell.

GADSBY.

## 300.

*Mercy and Truth.*

L. M.

- 1 MY God, beneath thy heav'nly wing,  
 Thy mercy and thy truth I sing ;  
 Still let this theme delight my soul,  
 And sweetly sound from pole to pole.
- 2 His mercy and his truth divine,  
 God shall send forth and make them shine,  
 Thrice happy soul ! that's brought to know  
 This sweet experience here below.
- 3 Mercy and truth shall still be nigh,  
 Mercy and truth his wants supply ;  
 Mercy and truth shall keep his soul,  
 Mercy and truth shall crown the whole.
- 4 Thus while on earth, my God, my king,  
 Thy mercy and thy truth I'll sing ;  
 And sing when glory shall appear,  
 Mercy and truth for ever there.

LANE.

## 301.

*Mercy celebrated.*

11s.

- 1 **THY** mercy, my God, is the theme of my song ;  
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue :  
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,  
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.
- 2 Thy mercy in Jesus, exempts me from hell ;  
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell ;  
'Twas Jesus my Lord, when he hung on the tree,  
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,  
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;  
Dissolv'd by thy sunshine, I fall to the ground,  
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here ;  
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair :  
But, thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,  
And he that first *made* me, still *keeps* me alive.
- 5 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,  
And the covenant love of thy crucified Son ;  
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine  
Seals mercy and pardon, and righteousness mine.

## 302.

*Divine Mercy.*

L. M.

- 1 **MY** grateful heart would now record,  
The boundless mercy of the Lord ;  
'Tis sovereign and divinely free,  
The source of every good to me.
- 2 'Tis like a stream that sweetly flows,  
To quench our thirst, to drown our woes ;  
A river large, a fountain wide,  
An ocean vast, a flowing tide.
- 3 Mercy upholds me in the way,  
Reclaims me when I go astray ;  
Mercy doth all for me provide,  
And nothing needful is denied.
- 4 Let mercy, Lord, prevent me still,  
And guard my soul from ev'ry ill ;  
Let mercy compass me around,  
And guide me safe to Canaan's ground.



5 Then, in the mansions of thy love,  
 Prepared for happy souls above ;  
 With loudest notes I'll sing and tell,  
 How mercy saved my soul from hell.

LANE.

## 303.

*Free Mercy.*

C. M.

1 **M**ERCY divine, is sov'reign, free,  
 And infinitely great ;  
 Ancient as vast eternity,  
 And most divinely sweet.

2 Pardon, and life, and heavenly joys,  
 Flow from this living spring ;  
 Streams of rich blessings ever rise,  
 To make us louder sing.

3 'Tis mercy buries all complaints,  
 Gives pleasures ever new ;  
 O how she triumphs o'er the saints,  
 And makes them triumph too.

4 Great God of mercy, roll along,  
 Mercy to every soul ;  
 May mercy be the blissful song,  
 Sounded from pole to pole.

BURNHAM.

## 304.

*Pleading for Mercy.*

C. M.

1 **L**ORD ! at thy feet we sinners lie,  
 And knock at Mercy's door ;  
 With heavy heart, and weeping eye,  
 Thy favour we implore.

2 On us the vast extent display  
 Of thy forgiving love ;  
 Take all our heinous guilt away ;  
 This heavy load remove.

3 'Tis mercy—mercy we implore ;  
 Now may thy pity move :  
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
 And thou thyself art Love.

4 Oh ! for thine own, for Jesus' sake,  
 Our numerous sins forgive !  
 Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,  
 And breaking, soon relieve.

**305.**      *Refuge in the Mercy of God.*

C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, 'tis to thy mercy-seat  
     My soul for shelter flies ;  
 'Tis here, I find a safe retreat,  
     When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 'Tis here, my faith resolves to dwell,  
     Nor shall I be afraid  
 Of all the powers of earth or hell,  
     If thou vouchsafe thy aid.
- 3 My cheerful hope can never die,  
     If thou, my God, art near ;  
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high,  
     And banish every fear.
- 4 My great protector, and my Lord,  
     Thy constant aid impart,  
 And let thy kind, thy gracious word,  
     Sustain my trembling heart.

STEELE.

**306.**      *Riches of Mercy.*

L. M.

- 1 **O**UR God, whose mercy's rich and free,  
     To guilty sinners, vile as we,  
 E'en when in sin, we all were dead,  
 Hath quicken'd us with Christ our head.
- 2 Salvation by free grace we sing,  
 Salvation through our God and King :  
 He raiseth from corruption's grave,  
 And thus displays his power to save.
- 3 He makes us sit with him on high,  
 Brings distant heavenly objects nigh,  
 He lifts our hearts and hopes above,  
 By sweet discoveries of his love.
- 4 That ages yet to come might trace  
 Th' exceeding riches of his grace,  
 In all his kindness to us-ward,  
 Through Jesus Christ, our dying Lord.

HOSKINS.

**307.**      *Mercy sought.*

104th.

- 1 **G**REAT God, how my soul is injur'd by sin,  
     O how are my pow'rs disordered within ;  
 Ah ! soon must the sinner lie down in despair,  
 Unless the rich mercies of Jesus appear.

- 2 Be merciful, Lord, be merciful now,  
 My hold of thy throne I cannot let go ;  
 My spirit is wounded, perplex'd is my mind,  
 Nor ought can relieve me till mercy I find.
- 3 Now speak, blessed Lord, speak loudly within,  
 And let me arise superior to sin ;  
 Slay all my corruptions, give now the release,  
 I'll then sing rejoicing in mercy and peace.

BURNHAM.

308.

*Voice of Mercy.*

L. M.

- 1 I HEAR a sound that comes from far :  
 It fills my soul with joy and love :  
 Not seraphs' voices sweeter are,  
 That echo through the courts above.
- 2 'Tis mercy's voice that strikes my ear,  
 From Calvary it sounds abroad ;  
 It soothes my soul, and calms my fear :  
 It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 3 And is it true that many fly  
 The sound that bids my soul rejoice ?  
 And rather choose with fools to die,  
 Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?
- 4 With such, I own I once appeared,  
 But now I know how great their loss ;  
 For sweeter sounds were never heard  
 Than mercy utters from the cross.

KELLY.

## REGENERATION AND CONVERSION.

309.

*Regeneration.*

L. M.

- 1 AS blows the wind, and in its flight  
 Escapes the glance of keenest sight ;  
 So are the wonder-working ways  
 Of God's regenerating grace.
- 2 As nothing can its power withstand,  
 But Him who holds it in his hand,  
 So are the soul's corruptions slain,  
 When once that soul is born again.

- 3 And as the herbs, the flowers, and trees,  
Are seen to bend beneath the breeze,  
So visible the change we view,  
When grace doth thus the heart renew.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, and impart  
Thy secret virtue to each heart ;  
And let this be the happy hour,  
To show thy mighty quick'ning power.

COBBIN.

310.

*The New Birth.*

L. M.

- 1 ASSIST my soul, my God, my King,  
Thine everlasting love to sing ;  
And joyful spread thy praise abroad,  
As one, through grace, that's born of God.
- 2 O may this love my soul constrain,  
To make returns of love again ;  
That I, while earth is mine abode,  
May live like one that's born of God.
- 3 May I thy praises daily shew,  
Who hath created all things new ;  
And washed me in a Saviour's blood,  
To prove that I am born of God.
- 4 And when th' appointed hour shall come,  
That thou wilt call me to my home,  
Joyful I'll pass the chilling flood,  
And die as one that's born of God.
- 5 Then shall my soul triumphant rise,  
To its blest mansion in the skies,  
And in that glorious, bright abode,  
Shall sing as one that's born of God.

MEDLEY.

311.

*Conversion.*

7s.

- 1 JESUS draws the chosen race  
By his sweet resistless grace ;  
Causing them to hear his call,  
And before his pow'r to fall.
- 2 From the blissful realms above,  
Swift as light'ning flies his love ;  
Draws them to his tender breast ;  
There they find the Gospel rest.

## 312-13

## REPENTANCE.

3 Then how eagerly they move  
In the happy paths of love !  
How they glory in the Lord,  
Pleased with Jesus' sacred word !

4 When the Lord appears in view,  
Old things cease, and all is new ;  
Love divine o'erflows the soul,  
Love doth every sin controul.

BURNHAM.

## 312.

*Conversion.*

C. M.

1 O WHY did Jesus shew to me  
The beauties of his face ?  
Why to my soul did he convey  
The blessings of his grace ?

2 O ! how could he so sweetly smile,  
On such a wretch as I ;  
I who his name did once revile,  
And all his truth deny !

3 But 'twas because he loved my soul,  
Because he died for me,  
Because that nothing could controul  
His great, his firm decree.

4 Lord, for thy manifested grace,  
I'll raise a cheerful song ;  
Till I shall see thy brighter face  
Midst the celestial throng.

STEVENS.

## REPENTANCE.

## 313.

*Repentance preached.*

L. M.

1 REPENT, ye sons of men, repent :  
Hear the good tidings God has sent ;  
Of sinners saved, and sins forgiven,  
And beggars raised to reign in heaven.

2 In guilt's dark dungeon when we lay ;  
Mercy cried, "*Spare ;*" and Justice, "*Slay.*"  
But Jesus answer'd, "Set them free ;  
"Yea, pardon *Them ;* and punish *Me.*"

3 God sent his Son to die for us,  
That he might save us from the curse ;  
He took our weakness, bore our load ;  
And bought us with his precious blood.

4 Salvation is of God alone,  
Life everlasting in his Son,  
And he, that gave his Son to bleed,  
Will freely give us all we need.

HART.

**314.** *True Penitence.*

C. M.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus ! at thy feet  
A guilty rebel lies ;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence ;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm :  
Forbid it, that Omnipotence,  
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt ;  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord !  
And all my sins forgive :  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

STENNETT.

**315.** *The Penitent accepted.*

L. M.

1 THE mighty God will not despise  
The contrite heart for sacrifice ;  
The deep-fetch'd sigh, the secret groan  
Rises accepted to the throne.

2 He meets with tokens of his grace,  
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;  
His bowels yearn when sinners pray,  
And mercy bears their sins away.

- 3 When fill'd with grief ; o'erwhelm'd with shame,  
 He, pitying, heals their broken frame ;  
 He hears their sad complaints, and spies  
 His image in their weeping eyes. BEDDOME.

## 316.

*Joys occasioned by Repentance.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise  
 Through all the courts of Paradise,  
 To see a prodigal return,  
 To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
 The fruit of his eternal love :  
 The Son with joy looks down and sees,  
 The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
 The soul which he has form'd anew ;  
 While saints and angels join to sing  
 The growing empire of their King. WATTS.

## 317.

*The same.*C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE'S joy in heaven, and joy on earth,  
 When prodigals return,  
 To see desponding souls rejoice,  
 And haughty sinners mourn.
- 2 " Come, saints, and hear what God has done,"  
 Is a reviving sound ;  
 O may it oft refresh our souls,  
 And cause our joys abound.
- 3 Often, O Sovereign Lord, renew  
 The wonders of this day,  
 That Jesus here may see his seed,  
 And Satan lose his prey.
- 4 Great God ! the work is all thine own ;  
 Thine be the honour too :  
 Let every heart and every tongue  
 Give Thee the glory due. RIPPON.

## JUSTIFICATION AND SANCTIFICATION.

**318.** *Justification not of Works.* L. M.

- 1 **I**N vain do fallen sinners try  
By works themselves to justify ;  
Thy righteousness, O God, exceeds  
Men's duties, and their brightest deeds.
- 2 Proud Pharisees shall strive in vain  
The law's perfection to attain ;  
While sinners, self-condemn'd, receive  
The gift of righteousness, and live.
- 3 Jesus, thy life hath clearly shewed  
What means the righteousness of God ;  
On thee thy people's hope is laid,  
By thy obedience righteous made.
- 4 And where thy righteousness is giv'n,  
Thy Spirit sanctifies for heav'n ;  
And still renews us by his grace,  
Till perfected in holiness.

TOPLADY.

**319.** *Justification by Grace.* L. M.

- 1 **SINNERS** are justified by grace,  
Through the Redeemer's righteousness ;  
This is a glorious robe indeed,  
Wrought out for Abr'ham's chosen seed.
- 2 Jehovah in his wise decree,  
Did all his chosen people see,  
As justified in his dear Son,  
Long ere old time his race begun.
- 3 When through the Spirit, they believe,  
The pleasing witness they receive,  
That they are freely justified,  
Through him, that for them bled and died.
- 4 Now they rejoice in pard'ning blood,  
And triumph in the Son of God ;  
With joy and wonder they confess,  
"Christ is the Lord our Righteousness."

BURNHAM.



320.

*Justification by Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS acquits, and who condemns ?  
Cease, Satan, from thy fruitless strife :  
Thy malice cannot reach our names,  
To blot them from the book of life.
- 2 This is eternal life to know  
God, and the Lamb for sinners giv'n ;  
Nor will the Saviour let us go,  
The ransom'd citizens of heaven.
- 3 Us to redeem, his life he paid,  
And will not he his purchase have ?  
Who can behold Immanuel bleed,  
And doubt his willingness to save ?
- 4 Surely the Son hath made us free,  
Who earth, and heaven, and hell commands ;  
Our cause of triumph this—that we  
Are graven on the Saviour's hands.
- 5 To him who washed us in his blood,  
And lifts apostate man to heaven ;  
Who reconciles our souls to God,  
Be everlasting glory given.

TOPLADY.

321.

*Happiness of the Justified.*

S. M.

- 1 THEY who are justified,  
Whose sins are all forgiv'n,  
They, who renewed by sov'reign grace,  
Are qualified for heav'n ;
- 2 May triumph in their God,  
And tune to praise their breath,  
Amidst the roughest storms of life,  
Amidst the floods of death :
- 3 Th' eternal God is theirs,  
And they are ever his,  
The children of adopting grace,  
The heirs of endless bliss.
- 4 Garments of joy and praise,  
Rich robes of righteousness,  
More bright, more lasting than the sun,  
Are their ennobling dress.

GIBBONS.

322.

*Fruits of Justification.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HRISE happy souls, in Jesus found,  
And freely justified :  
They shall with endless life be crown'd  
By him they crucified.
- 2 The law on them has no demand,  
Yet they its precepts love,  
For, justified by grace they stand,  
And wait for joys above.
- 3 No condemnation is proclaim'd  
Against this chosen race :  
Nor shall they ever be asham'd,  
Before Jehovah's face.
- 4 They, by the Holy Spirit taught,  
Both live, and walk by faith ;  
Till home to glory they are brought,  
As God's own promise saith.
- 5 Nor curse, nor wrath, nor death, nor hell,  
Can their blest souls destroy ;  
With Christ, their surety, they shall dwell,  
In everlasting joy.

IRONS.

323.

*Sanctification implored.*

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of love and peace,  
From whom all comfort flows,  
And who in his rich grants of bliss,  
Nor bound, nor number knows.
- 2 The Holy influence of his grace  
Diffuse through all our frame,  
And purge out all the dross of sin  
By a celestial flame.
- 3 Not all the good the world can boast,  
With this one mercy vies,  
A growing likeness to our God,  
And meetness for the skies.

GIBBONS.

## PARDON.

324.

*The Pardoning God.*

6. 8s.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders ! all thy ways  
Are matchless, wond'rous, and divine ;  
But the fair glories of thy grace,  
More wond'rous and unrivall'd shine :  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?  
Or, who has grace so rich and free ?
- 2 Angels and men, resign their claim,  
To pity, mercy, grace, and love :  
These glories crown Jehovah's name,  
Who reigns below and reigns above.  
Who is a pard'ning God, like thee ?  
Or, who has grace so rich and free ?
- 3 What love but thine, all-gracious God,  
Could pardon sins of deepest die,  
And wash them in the precious blood,  
Which Jesus shed on Calvary ?  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?  
Or, who has grace so rich and free ?
- 4 Well may this rich, this matchless grace,  
This wond'rous miracle of love,  
Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
And all the angelic choirs above.  
Who is a pard'ning God like thee ?  
Or, who has grace so rich and free ?

DAVIES.

325.

*Pardoning Love by Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
Has wandered from the Lord !  
How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, " Return : "  
Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
O take the wanderer home !

- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
And bid my crimes remove?  
And shall a pardon'd rebel live,  
To speak thy wond'rous love?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,  
How glorious, how divine!  
That can to life and bliss restore  
So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,  
Dear Saviour, I adore;  
O keep me at thy sacred feet,  
And let me rove no more.

STEELE.

326.

*Pardon spoken by Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 MY Saviour, let me hear thy voice  
Pronounce the words of peace!  
And all my warmest powers shall join  
To celebrate thy grace.
- 2 With gentle smiles call me thy child,  
And speak my sins forgiv'n;  
The accents mild shall charm mine ear  
All like the harps of heav'n.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy hand shall lead,  
The darkest path I'll tread;  
Cheerful I'll quit these mortal shores,  
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 When dreadful guilt is done away,  
The Saviour's love we know;  
His love, which pardons all our crimes,  
Shall crowns of life bestow.

DODDRIDGE.

327.

*Pardon sought*

S. M.

- 1 FATHER, our sins forgive;  
With present pardon bless:  
And let our souls the kiss receive  
Which seals our inward peace.
- 2 Accept us in thy Son,  
Who bore our sins away,  
Who all our debts discharg'd alone,  
And left us nought to pay.

TOPLADY.

- 1 **N**OTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can relieve us from our guilt,  
Nothing else from sin release us,  
Nothing else the heart can melt.
- 2 Law and terrors do but harden,  
All the while they work alone,  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations  
Flow from thee, the sovereign good :  
Love, and faith, and hope, and pardon,  
All are given through thy blood.
- 4 Teach us, by thy blessed Spirit,  
How to mourn, and not despair ;  
Let us, leaning on thy merit,  
Wrestle hard with God in prayer.
- 5 Softly to thy garden lead us,  
To behold thy bloody sweat :  
Though thou from the curse hast freed us,  
Let us not the cost forget.

HART.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd  
And covered with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities ;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
His humble joy, and holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
Which cancels all his num'rous sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shines.

WATTS.

330.

*Full Pardon.*

C. M.

1 **L**OVE through eternal ages lives,  
 And reigns supreme in heav'n,  
 Love dwells on earth, and most forgives  
 Where's most to be forgiv'n,

2 Her favour'd lot be mine, I pray,  
 Who wept at JESUS' feet ;  
 To see him smile, and hear him say,  
 " I all thy sins remit."

3 Then JESUS' name, and JESUS' love,  
 Shall be my constant song,  
 While here below, and when above  
 With the celestial throng.

BRACKENBURY.

331.

*Blessedness of Pardon.*

L. M.

1 **H**OW greatly blest, supremely blest,  
 Is he, of pard'ning grace possest,  
 His guilty fears for ever fled,  
 And hope's bright beams around him spread.

2 Now, Abba Father, cries the child,  
 To God in Jesus reconciled ;  
 Boldly appears before the throne,  
 And claims the blessings as his own.

3 Though in himself a sinner poor,  
 He knows no condemnation more ;  
 The blood once shed for ever pleads ;  
 The friend of sinners intercedes.

4 In peace with God his days are past,  
 By faith upheld he meets his last ;  
 Quits the dull clod to mount the skies,  
 And in the Saviour's image rise.

5 Ah, Lord ! I long with these to prove,  
 The glories of redeeming love ;  
 Increase my faith, arise and shine,  
 And all these blessings shall be mine.

HAWEIS.

332.

*The joy of Pardoned Sin.*

L. M.

1 **A**ND now my doubts and fears subside,  
 And peace in crystal streams abound ;  
 I joy in him who bled and died,  
 To heal my every mortal wound.

- 2 What hath God wrought, my soul, for thee!  
 Extol his name, his love adore ;  
 Though sin aboundeth like a sea,  
 And with tremendous billows roar.
- 3 His love a boundless ocean is,  
 That neither shore nor bottom knows ;  
 Where solid and perpetual peace  
 In waves of full salvation flows.
- 4 Tell what the Lord for thee hath done ;  
 The Father's cov'nant be thy boast :  
 Exalt the love of Christ the Son,  
 And grace of God the Holy Ghost.

BAILEY.

## FAITH.

333.

*Abraham's Faith.*

L. M.

- 1 OBEIENT to his God's command,  
 And influenc'd by faith alone,  
 The Patriarch left his native land,  
 Went out, and sought a place unknown.
- 2 A better heritage he sought,  
 A city built by God on high ;  
 Thither by faith he raised his thought,  
 And fix'd on heav'n his stedfast eye.
- 3 Whose firm foundations never move,  
*Jerusalem* was all his care ;  
 The new *Jerusalem* above,  
 His treasure and his heart was there.
- 4 Lord, we would hearken to thy call,  
 And walk by faith while here below ;  
 Would seek that everlasting all  
 Which those shall find, who Jesus know.

BRACKENBURY.

334.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 WHEN Abraham up Moriah went,  
 His only son to slay,  
 (Fair type of him whose heart was rent,  
 The debt of sin to pay.)

- 2 "See here the wood, the knife, the flame,"  
Said Isaac to his Sire,  
"But where, O Father, where's the Lamb,  
The victim to expire?"
- 3 His faith surmounting every fear,  
The father thus replies;  
"God will himself the Lamb prepare,  
For this burnt sacrifice."
- 4 Jesus, our Great High Priest he saw,  
The sin-atoning Lamb;  
Caught in the thicket of the law,  
As was the entangled ram.
- 5 But O, when Jesus bowed his head,  
The weight of sin to bear,  
"Awake, O sword!" Jehovah said,  
"Nor him my fellow spare!"
- 6 Thus in the type we now behold,  
The sinners surety there;  
And bless the love, and grace untold,  
That did the Lamb prepare.

KENT.

335.

*Assurance of Faith.*

11s.

- 1 YE favoured in Zion, enabled to say,  
"My sins by my Saviour, are all done away."  
This blessing of blessings conferr'd upon you,  
Is sought for by many, but found by as few.
- 2 While you are exulting in God, as your own,  
And see your salvation as firm as his throne,  
The weakling in Zion, still sinking with fear,  
Is stumbling and halting 'twixt doubt and despair.
- 3 Yet, glory to Jesus, our Shephërd and Friend,  
The sheep of his pasture his arm shall defend;  
Their hope it may waver, their faith become dim;  
Yet hell shall ne'er sever his people from him.

WILLIAMS.

336.

*Jesus the Author of Faith.*

148th.

- 1 JESUS, the Author is  
Of true and living faith,  
This blessed grace he gives,  
And saves our souls from death;  
By faith in him, we live, and view  
The wonders God alone can do.



- 2 The principle of faith,  
 From Jesus we receive ;  
 And all the pow'r it hath,  
 The Lord the Saviour gave :  
 'Tis Jesus gives us faith to view  
 The wonders God alone can do.
- 3 By faith we view the Lamb,  
 As our atoning Priest ;  
 Faith enters into him,  
 And finds eternal rest :  
 Believing, we rejoice, and view  
 The wonders God alone can do.
- 4 Nor death, nor sin, nor hell,  
 Against this faith can stand ;  
 She eyes the Saviour well,  
 And Jesus holds *her* hand :  
 He gives her pow'r to live, and view  
 The wonders God alone can do.

GADSBY.

### 337. *Faith bringeth nigh to God.* L. M.

- 1 NO sinner can draw nigh to God,  
 Unless through faith in Jesus' blood :  
 Law terrors only make us fly ;  
 Mercy, sweet mercy, brings us nigh.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
 Can make a wounded conscience whole :  
 Faith is the grace—and faith alone,  
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.
- 3 O may thy grace its power display !  
 Let sin and death no longer reign ;  
 Save me in thine appointed way,  
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

WATTS.

### 338. *Excellency of Faith.* C. M.

- 1 FAITH is the grace by which we rise  
 Where Christ our Lord is gone ;  
 Up to our Father's throne it flies.  
 And brings all blessings down.

- 2 By faith the Saviour we receive,  
And pardon through his blood ;  
The dead in sin, when they believe,  
Arise, and walk with God.
- 3 Faith is the grace by which we stand,  
When foes beset our way ;  
Is quick to learn the Lord's command,  
And eager to obey.
- 4 The world it conquers, works by love,  
And purifies the soul ;  
These holy fruits will amply prove,  
That Christ has made us whole.
- 5 By faith the tempter we repel ;  
The pow'rs of hell defy,  
And Satan's fiery darts can quell,  
While we on Christ rely.
- 6 Faith the last enemy can meet,  
Devoid of dread or fear ;  
Our Father's will in death is sweet,  
For glory then is near.

HAWTREY.

339.

*The Exercise of Faith.*

S. M.

- 1 **B**LEST souls ! who fear the Lord,  
Who mourn the want of light,  
Who yield obedience to his word,  
Yet walk in gloomy night.
- 2 Trust his unchanging love,  
Who walks behind the cloud ;  
Though heaven, and earth, and seas remove,  
Thy hurt is not allow'd.
- 3 Trust him when sorrows rise,  
And providences frown,  
Thy cov'nant God, who built the skies,  
Will send thee comfort down.
- 4 Trust in thy Father's hand,  
All thy concerns below ;  
His purpose shall unshaken stand,  
Though storms and tempests blow.

- 5 With Jesus trust thy soul,  
And on his cov'nant think ;  
He who can winds and waves controul,  
Will never let thee sink.

IRONS.

## 340.

*Foundation of Faith.*

L. M.

- 1 FAITH has for its foundation broad,  
A stable rock on which to stand,  
The truth and faithfulness of God :  
All other grounds are sinking sand.
- 2 His promises so firmly stand,  
Engrav'd with an immortal pen,  
In our Redeemer's mighty hand,  
All hell's attempts to rase are vain.
- 3 Did faith with none but truth advise,  
My steady soul would move no more  
Than lofty hills when tempests rise,  
Or solid rocks when billows roar.
- 4 I would when dying comforts fly,  
As much as when they present were,  
Upon thy faithful word rely ;  
Help, Lord, for here I daily err.

LEACH.

## 341.

*Faith in God.*

C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious name,  
Still pregnant with delight ;  
It scatters round a cheerful beam,  
To gild the darkest night.
- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,  
And droop like withering flowers ;  
Nor time, nor death, can break that band,  
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 3 My cares, I cast them on the Lord,  
Who faithful is, and just ;  
Well may I trust my all with him,  
With whom my soul I trust.

DODDRIDGE.

## 342.

*Faith in the Covenant.*

L. M.

- 1 MY cov'nant God, my gracious King,  
Thy truth and faithfulness I sing ;  
For ever sure thy promise stands,  
I'm safe in thy Almighty hands.

- 2 Although my house occasions grief,  
I in thy cov'nant find relief :  
Nor can the pow'rs of hell remove  
My confidence in Jesus' love.
- 3 In him there's all that I require,  
He's my salvation, my desire ;  
Though dark the ways I'm call'd to pass,  
I all shall overcome at last.
- 4 My soul, take courage, forward press,  
Relying on his cov'nant grace ;  
He will sustain my latest breath,  
And warm my chilling heart in death.

PARSONS.

343.

*Faith in the Promise.*

104th.

- 1 **T**HO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,  
Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,  
The promise assures us, "the Lord will provide."
- 2 When Satan appears to stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears,—we triumph by faith :  
He cannot take from us, tho' oft he hath try'd,  
That heart-cheering promise, "the Lord will  
provide."
- 3 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,  
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain ;  
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,  
This answers all questions, "the Lord will pro-  
vide."
- 4 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,  
Our trust we repose in Jesus' great name :  
In this our strong tow'r for safety we hide,  
The Lord is our pow'r, "the Lord will provide."
- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,  
This word of his grace shall comfort us through :  
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,  
We hope to die shouting, "the Lord will pro-  
vide."

NEWTON.

# 344. *Faith in the Word of God.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears like mountains rise,  
And fainting hope almost expires,  
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—  
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord ?  
And can my hope—my comfort die,  
Fix'd on thy everlasting word ;  
That word which built the earth and sky ?
- 3 As my immortal Saviour lives,  
So my immortal life is sure ;  
His word a firm foundation gives ;  
Here let me build and rest secure.
- 4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell ;  
Immoveable the promise stands ;  
Not all the powers of earth or hell,  
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

STEELE.

# 345. *Language of Faith.* 104th.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief ! my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear :  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform ;  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my guide,—  
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *his* to provide ;  
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,  
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to think,  
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.
- 4 Why should I complain of want or distress,  
Temptation or pain ?—he told me no less ;  
The heirs of salvation, I know from his word,  
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.
- 5 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food ;  
Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song !

NEWTON.

346.

*Life of Faith.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, earth cannot give  
A taste of true delight ;  
By faith in him who loved thee, live,  
Be strong in Jesus' might.
- 2 The life of faith will arm the soul,  
Against ten thousand foes ;  
The rage of earth and hell controul,  
Whenever they oppose.
- 3 The life of faith is life divine,  
'Tis heaven begun below ;  
May but this precious life be mine,  
I'll all things else forego.
- 4 'Tis peace in war, in storms 'tis calm,  
'Tis riches to the poor,  
It brings, for every woe, a balm,  
And points to heavenly store.

IRONS.

347.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith in Christ, I daily live,  
'Midst all my griefs and snares ;  
And death, encountered in his sight,  
No form of horror wears.
- 2 On thy dear cross I fix mine eyes,  
Then raise them to thy seat ;  
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,  
At the Redeemer's feet.
- 3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms ;  
Be dead to every sin ;  
And tell the boldest foes without,  
That Jesus reigns within.
- 4 My life with his connected stands,  
Nor asks a surer ground ;  
He keeps me in his gracious arms,  
Where heaven itself is found.

DODDRIDGE.

348.

*Living Faith.*

C. M.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls that dream of heaven,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead ;  
None but a living faith unites  
To Christ the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial pow'r ;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

WATTS.

## 349.

*Living Faith.*

S. M.

- 1 THE just by faith shall live,  
Nor fear the pow'rs of hell ;  
All blessings that a God can give,  
In Christ most richly dwell.
- 2 By faith in Jesus' blood,  
The just shall live indeed ;  
Shall have a settled peace with God,  
And from their sins be freed.
- 3 When sense and reason fail,  
And all things dark appear,  
By faith, the just shall say 'tis well,  
Jehovah will appear.
- 4 By faith in Christ, as God,  
As Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
The just shall live, and live to prove,  
That death has lost its sting.

GADSBY.

## 350.

*Nature of True Faith.*

C. M.

- 1 FAITH looks to Calv'ry's lofty tree,  
Discerns the Saviour's face ;  
And with delight *she* doth survey  
The wonders of his grace.
- 2 This precious faith, which comes from God,  
Leads always to the Lamb ;  
And is much pleaséd with pard'ning blood,  
And drinks the healing balm.

- 3 Faith says, "My Jesus still is mine,"  
 Though gloomy clouds arise ;  
 Fastens on promises divine,  
 And soars above the skies.
- 4 Delights in great Jehovah's voice,  
 Dwells on the Saviour's blood ;  
 In truth eternal doth rejoice,  
 And ventures all with God.

## 351.

*Necessity of Faith.*

C. M.

- 1 SINNERS, in Jesus must believe,  
 Or die beneath God's law :  
 But not one soul will come to Christ,  
 Unless the Father draw.
- 2 True faith, it is a precious grace,  
 By it Christ dwells within ;  
 And when forgiveness it receives,  
 It breaks the reign of sin.
- 3 When it lays hold upon that robe,  
 Which covers sinners o'er,  
 It turns the soul from self and sin,  
 The Saviour to adore.
- 4 He that in Jesus Christ believes,  
 Hath all his sins forgiv'n ;  
 From his rich fulness he receives  
 The grace that leads to heav'n.

PAICE.

## 352.

*Origin and acts of Faith.*

C. M.

- 1 FAITH owes her birth to sov'reign grace,  
 And lives beneath the throne ;  
 Where grace maintains her dwelling place,  
 And reigns supreme alone.
- 2 The precious cleansing blood of Christ,  
 Is a delightful theme ;  
 When faith is lifted up the high'st,  
 She sings of none but him.
- 3 Faith owns the sceptre through the cross,  
 And yields obedience true ;  
 Counts all things else but dung and dross,  
 To keep the Lamb in view.

STEVENS.



353.

*Faith proved.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, am I thine ? then thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love ;  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword—the hand is thine.
- 2 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near, and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more controul  
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

WATTS.

354.

*Faith renewed.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith in Christ, the soul receives  
New life, though dead before ;  
And he, who in his name believes,  
Shall live to die no more.
- 2 Preserve the power of faith alive  
In those who love thy Name ;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.
- 3 Thy grace and mercy first prevailed  
From death to set us free ;  
And often since, our faith had fail'd,  
Unless renewed by thee.

SEELBY.

355.

*Faith represented.*

C. M.

- 1 **M**ORE piercing than the eagle's sight,  
Faith views the worlds unknown ;  
Surveys the glorious realms of light,  
Sees Jesus on the throne.

- 2 It hears the mighty voice of God,  
And ponders what he saith ;  
His word and works, his gift and rod,  
Have each a voice to faith.
- 3 It feels the touch of heav'nly pow'r,  
And from that boundless source,  
Derives fresh vigour every hour,  
To run its daily course.
- 4 The truth and goodness of the Lord  
Are suited to its taste ;  
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board  
To faith's perpetual feast.
- 5 It smells the dear Redeemer's name,  
Like ointment poured forth ;  
Faith only knows, or can proclaim,  
Its savour, or its worth.
- 6 'Till saving faith possess the mind,  
In vain of sense we boast ;  
We are but senseless, tasteless, blind,  
And deaf, and dead, and lost.

356.

*Salvation by Faith.*

L. M.

- 1 NOT by the laws of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n ;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Your souls must ever be distress'd  
Until you enter into rest—  
The rest of faith, when "*you shall cease  
From your own works, as God from his.*"
- 3 Near to my Shepherd let me keep,  
Who died a ransom for his sheep ;  
And ever lay my guilty head  
On him who suffer'd in my stead.

REED.

357.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy matchless ways,  
In bringing souls to thee ;  
We sing and shout eternal praise,  
For grace so full and free.

2 Thy grace pervades the prison's gloom.  
And shines with lustre there ;  
Thy power can bring a jailor home,  
With trembling, hope, and fear.

3 "What must I do," the jailor cries,  
"To save my sinking soul?"  
"Believe on Christ," the word replies,  
"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

4 Believe, believe, the gospel cries,  
This is the living way ;  
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,  
And shine to perfect day.

HOSKINS.

## 358.

*Strong-hold of Faith.*

L. M.

1 **A** MIDST the wealth of Bible stores,  
And gems the eye of faith explores,  
None with such joy and comfort fill,  
As Jesus' cov'nant *shall* and *will*.

2 Why are not feeble saints destroy'd ?  
Why are not promises made void,  
And sin my utter ruin prov'd ?  
His *shalls* and *wills* remain unmov'd.

3 The weak become both strong and bold,  
While on these words faith keeps her hold,  
Mountains must melt, and waves be still,  
Obeying Jesus' *shall* and *will*.

4 These potent words subdued my heart,  
And made the love of sin depart :—  
Christ said, "my purpose I'll fulfil,  
"You *shall* submit, and reign I *will*.

IRONS.

## 359.

*Faith tested.*

L. M.

1 **I** N vain men talk of living faith,  
When all their works exhibit death ;  
When they indulge some sinful view  
In all they say, and all they do.

2 The true believer fears the Lord,  
Obeys his precepts, keeps his word ;  
Commits his ways to God alone,  
And seeks his will before his own.

- 3 A barren tree, that bears no fruit,  
Brings no great glory to its root ;  
When on the boughs rich fruit we see,  
'Tis then we cry, " a goodly tree."
- 4 Never did men by faith divine  
To selfishness and sloth incline ;  
The Christian works with all his power,  
And grieves that he can do no more.

HART.

### 360. *Faith the Gift of God.*

S. M.

- 1 FAITH ! 'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd,  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God.
- 2 Jesus it owns a King,  
An all-atoning Priest ;  
It claims no merit of its own,  
But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 To him it leads the soul,  
When fill'd with deep distress ;  
Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Since 'tis thy work alone,  
And that divinely free,  
Come, Holy Spirit, and make known,  
The pow'r of faith in me.

BEDDOME.

### 361. *The same.*

C. M.

- 1 OF all the gifts thine hand bestows,  
Thou giver of all good ;  
Not heaven itself a richer knows,  
Than my Redeemer's blood.
- 2 Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,  
From the same hand we gain ;  
Else, sweetly as it suits our case,  
That gift had been in vain.
- 3 We praise thee, and would praise thee more,  
To thee our all we owe ;  
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r,  
That made him precious too.

COWPER.

362.

*The preciousness of Faith.*

C. M.

- 1 **F**AITH adds new joys to earthly bliss,  
And saves us from its snares ;  
Fresh aid in every duty brings,  
And softens all our cares.
- 2 Faith mortifies the love of sin,  
Kindles the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heavenly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its power  
The healing balm to give ;  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 4 Faith holds the precious promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps our feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 5 On him unmov'd my soul would rest,  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
To endless glory rise.

TURNER.

363.

*Trial of Faith.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN God his precious faith bestows,  
On us whom sin had turned aside ;  
Who is there that its value knows,  
Before it has been sharply tried ?
- 2 Soon as our thoughts to heaven aspire,  
And we in wisdom's ways are found,  
Temptation, raging like a fire,  
Will then beset us all around.
- 3 But if by faith our Lord we view,  
While in the furnace thus we stand,  
Its trial will be precious too,  
And to our future comfort tend.
- 4 If in affliction's furnace cast,  
O may it prove our hope's divine ;  
And if the trial long should last,  
May faith and patience brighter shine.

- 5 Thus may our faith at last be found,  
 And works of love from dross made clear ;  
 And to Jehovah's praise redound,  
 When Christ in glory shall appear. PARSONS.

**364.**      *The Triumph of Faith.*      8s.

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,  
 Of covenant mercy I sing ;  
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,  
 My person and off'ring to bring :  
 The terrors of law and of God,  
 With me can have nothing to do ;  
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,  
 Hide all my transgressions from view.
- 2 The work which his goodness began,  
 The arm of his strength will complete ;  
 His promise is Yea and Amen,  
 And never was forfeited yet :  
 Things future, nor things that are now,  
 Not all things below nor above,  
 Can make him his purpose forego,  
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- 3 My name from the palms of his hands,  
 Eternity will not erase ;  
 Imprest on his heart it remains,  
 In marks of indelible grace :  
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n ;  
 More happy, but not more secure,  
 The glorified spirits in heaven. TOPLADY.

## HOPE.

**365.**      *Hope against Hope.*      148th.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! to thee I'll make  
 My griefs and sorrows known ;  
 And with an humble hope  
 Approach thy awful throne :  
 Though by my sins deserving hell,  
 I'll not despair ;—for, who can tell ?

- 2    Endanger'd or distrest,  
       To thee alone I'll fly,  
       Implore thy powerful help,  
       And at thy footstool lie.  
 My case bemoan, my wants reveal,  
 And patient wait ;—for, who can tell ?
- 3    My heart misgives me oft,  
       And conscience storms within ;  
       One gracious look from thee  
       Will make it all serene :  
 Satan suggests that I must dwell  
 In endless flames ;—but, who can tell ?
- 4    Vile unbelief, be gone ;  
       Ye doubts, no longer stay ;  
       God hath an ear to hear,  
       While I've an heart to pray :  
 If he be mine, all will be well—  
 For ever so ;—and, who can tell ?

BEDDOME.

## 366.

*Hope beyond the Grave.*

L. M.

- 1    **E**TERNAL God ! my life, my hope,  
       To whom but thee, should I look up ;  
       Who but thyself deserves my love ;  
       On earth below, in heav'n above ?
- 2    My God, my strength, I feel thy pow'r ;  
       Thy arm supports me ev'ry hour ;  
       Thy peace I feel ; and thee I view  
       As my eternal portion too.
- 3    Death, that makes nature shrink and fear,  
       While thou art by, a smile doth wear ;  
       Waits for thy word to loose my cord,  
       And let me fly to thee, my Lord.
- 4    Thrice happy hour, when I shall be  
       Releas'd from earth, and soar to thee,  
       My rock, my portion, and my bliss,  
       To gaze for ever on thy face.

PARSONS.

## 367.

*Hope encouraged.*

L. M.

- 1    **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind ?  
       Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?  
       Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?  
       Am I not safe if God is nigh ?

- 2 He holds all nature in his hand !  
That gracious hand on which I live,  
Does life, and time, and death command,  
And has immortal joys to give.
- 3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,  
On him alone my hopes recline ;  
The wond'rous glories of his name,  
How wide they spread, how bright they shine !
- 4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !  
Unchanging faithfulness and love !  
Here let me trust, while I adore,  
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

STEELE.

368.

*Foundation of Hope.*

C. M.

- 1 **I**N every trouble sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies !  
My anchor-hold is firm in him  
When swelling billows rise.
- 2 His comforts bear my spirits up ;  
I trust a faithful God :  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in a Saviour's blood.
- 3 Loud hallelujahs sing my soul,  
To thy Redeemer's name ;  
In joy, in sorrow, life, and death,  
His love is still the same.

COOMBES.

369.

*God of Hope.*

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR Jesus is the God of hope,  
He works it by his pow'r,  
It holds the weak believer up,  
In each distressing hour.
- 2 The darkest cloud, hope pierces through,  
And waits upon the Lord,  
Expects to prove that all is true,  
Throughout the sacred word.
- 3 True hope looks out for blessings great :  
And though they're long delay'd,  
Yet hope's determin'd still to wait  
Until they are conveyed.



# 370-71

## HOPE.

- 4 Hope long will wait, and wait again,  
And ne'er can give it up,  
Till the blessed Lamb, who once was slain,  
Appears the God of hope. BURNHAM.

# 370.

## *Gospel Hope.*

L. M.

- 1 MY soul, hast thou a Gospel hope  
Of everlasting joy ?  
Thou canst not sink with such a prop,  
Though earth and hell annoy.
- 2 Hope is the offspring of a King,  
Akin to faith and love ;  
It stoops, and on its heavenly wing,  
Wafts trembling souls above.
- 3 Christ is its strength, its object heaven,  
Its fruit is holiness ;  
By sovereign grace alone, 'tis given  
To sinners in distress.
- 4 With such a hope, from such a source,  
And founded on a rock,  
Through terror's vale, I'll speed my course,  
Nor dread the heaviest shock. IRONS.

# 371.

## *Hope Immoveable.*

L. M.

- 1 IMMOVEABLE our hope remains,  
Within the veil our anchor lies !  
Jesus, who wash'd us from our stains,  
Shall bear us safely to the skies.
- 2 Strong in his strength, we boldly say,  
For us Immanuel shed his blood ;  
Who then shall tear our shield away,  
Or part us from the love of God ?
- 3 Founded in Christ, secure we stand,  
His love will order all things well,  
We soon shall gain the promis'd land,  
Triumphant o'er the pow'rs of hell.
- 4 The winds may roar, the floods may beat,  
The rains impetuously descend ;  
Yet will he not his own forget,  
But love and save them to the end.

372.

*Hope in Christ.*

S. M.

- 1 **G**OD'S Holy Law, transgress'd,  
Speaks nothing but despair ;  
Burden'd with guilt, with grief oppress'd,  
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,  
Nor works which we have done,  
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,  
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found  
In Jesus' precious blood :  
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,  
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the Cross,  
The spotless victim dies :  
This is salvation's only source,  
Hence all our hopes arise.

SEELEY.

373.

*Hope in God.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, this sad dismay ?  
Why cast thy confidence away ?  
Why throbs this agonizing breast  
With fears that break my peace and rest ?
- 2 What though a pond'rous load of care  
Oppress my mind, must I despair ?  
Shall not omnipotence prevail ?  
Or can eternal goodness fail ?
- 3 Will God, my God, refuse his aid,  
When on himself my trust is staid ?  
Indulg'd so long his love to know,  
Will all his kindness leave me now ?
- 4 Suppress'd be every anxious sigh,  
And be my hope exalted high ;  
Jehovah's name I yet shall praise,  
And own the justice of his ways.

EAST.

374.

*Hope in the Covenant.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove  
To rend my soul from thee my God ?  
But everlasting is thy love,  
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,  
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace ;  
Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

WATTS.

375.

*Hope in the Promise.*

L. M.

- 1 ENCOURAG'D by thy gracious word,  
Only on thee I wait, O Lord ;  
On me bestow thy mercy free,  
Whose expectation is from thee.
- 2 On thee I wait, in thee I hope,  
Thy promise bears my spirit up,  
Nor shall my hope ashamed be,  
My expectation is from thee.
- 3 One look, one smile of love impart,  
To comfort and revive my heart,  
For I have no where else to flee,  
My expectation is from thee.

LANE.

376.

*Legal Hope.*

L. M.

- 1 WHEN legal hope my mind possess'd,  
My soul could in the precept rest ;  
Though bound by sin, I thought me free,  
And lived a boasting Pharisee.
- 2 Thus in my fond conceit I stood,  
A stranger to myself and God ;  
My heart, a cage of birds unclean,  
In every thought and act obscene.
- 3 But, glory to eternal grace,  
The law reveal'd my desp'rate case :  
Bound hand and foot, with chains of sin,  
A worthless wretch defiled within.

4 I heard its threats, was fill'd with dread,  
Trembling I stood, while thus it said,  
"From hence, from death there's no reprieve,  
"Thy soul must die, or do and live."

5 Then naked to the cross I fled,  
Where Jesus once for sinners bled,  
And fill'd with sorrow, sins, and fear  
Was glad to take my refuge there.

KENT.

377.

*Lively Hope.*

C. M.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine  
Reserv'd against that day;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And fadeth not away.

5 Saints by the power of God are kept,  
Till their salvation come;  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

WATTS.

378.

*Hope of Heaven.*

C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Though earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Yet I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

3 Should cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall,  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll,  
 Across my peaceful breast.

WATTS.

379.

*Hope of the Righteous.*

C. M.

1 AS parched in the barren sands,  
 Beneath a burning sky ;  
 The worthless bramble with'ring stands,  
 And only grows, to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,  
 Who makes the world his trust ;  
 And dares his confidence to place  
 In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,  
 And dries his moisture up ;  
 He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,  
 Then dies without a hope.

4 But happy he whose hopes depend  
 Upon the Lord alone ;  
 The soul that trusts in such a Friend,  
 Can ne'er be overthrown.

5 Though gourds should wither, cisterns break,  
 And creature-comfort die ;  
 No change his solid hope can shake,  
 Or stop his sure supply.

380.

*Rejoicing in Hope.*

8. 8. 6.

1 COME, Lord ! and help us to rejoice  
 In hope that we shall hear thy voice,  
 Shall one day see our God ;  
 Shall cease from all our painful strife,  
 Handle and taste the Word of Life,  
 And feel the sprinkled blood.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,  
We stand, and from the mountain-top  
See all the promis'd land ;  
A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,  
And guarded by his hand.
- 3 Oh ! when shall we at once go up !  
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,  
But the good land possess :  
When shall we end our ling'ring years,  
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,  
An howling wilderness.
- 4 O dearest Joshua ! bring us in ;  
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,  
Our unbelief remove ;  
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide ;  
And, Oh, with all the sanctified,  
Give us a lot of love !

381.

*Rejoicing in Hope.*

7s.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing,  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
In the way the fathers' trod ;  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon with them shall happy be.
- 3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
You on Jesus's throne shall rest ;  
There your seat is now prepared,  
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Christ, who has your battle won,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive we would go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

CENNICK

382.

*Salvation by Hope.*

8. 7.

- 1 **E**V'RY saint is saved by hoping  
In the great Redeemer's blood ;  
Round his footstool view them stooping,  
Humbly to adore their God.
- 2 Hope reviews the dying Saviour,  
Yields sweet succour to the saint ;  
Daily waits for promis'd favour,  
Never leaves the soul to faint.
- 3 Hope, and faith, and love agreeing,  
All exalt the heavenly Lamb ;  
He has raised them into being,  
And they glorify his name.
- 4 While by faith the soul is reading,  
"Jesus died for sinful men,"  
Hope desires, with fervent pleading,  
Feelingly to say, Amen.

STEVENS.

383.

*Waiting in Hope.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE saints should never be dismay'd,  
Nor sink in hopeless fear ;  
For when they least expect his aid,  
The Saviour will appear.
- 2 Blest proofs of power and love divine,  
That meet us in his word !  
May every deep-felt care of mine  
Be trusted with the Lord.
- 3 Wait for his seasonable aid,  
And though it tarry, wait :  
The promise may be long delayed,  
But cannot come too late.

COWPER.

## KNOWLEDGE.

384.

*Saving Knowledge.*

L. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour ! make me wise to see  
My sin, and guilt, and remedy ;  
'Tis said, of all thy blood has bought,  
"They shall of Israel's God be taught."

- 2 Their plague of heart thy people know ;  
They know thy name, and trust thee too ;  
They know the gospel's blissful sound,  
The path where endless joys abound.
- 3 They know the Father and the Son,—  
Theirs is eternal life begun ;  
Unto salvation they are wise,—  
Their grace shall into glory rise.
- 4 Lord, help me to declare to-day,  
Though *many* things I cannot say,  
“ One thing I know,” all praise to thee,  
“ Though *blind* I was—yet now I *see*.”

RIPPON.

385.

*Knowledge of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 TO know my Jesus crucified  
By far excels all things beside ;  
All earthly good I count but loss,  
And triumph in my Saviour's cross.
- 2 Knowledge of all terrestrial things  
Ne'er to my soul true pleasure brings ;  
No peace, but in the Son of God,  
No joy, but through his pard'ning blood.
- 3 O could I know and love him more,  
And all his wond'rous grace explore,  
Ne'er would I covet man's esteem,  
But part with all, and follow him.
- 4 Although my trials should increase,  
I would not wish their number less,  
But still be bold in thy great cause,  
And feel my heav'n in thine applause.

BURNHAM.

386.

*True Wisdom.*

L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the man who finds the grace,  
The blessing of God's chosen race ;  
The wisdom coming from above,  
The faith that sweetly works by love.
- 2 Happy, beyond description, he,  
Who knows, “ the Saviour died for me,”  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heav'nly understanding gains.



- 3 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are paths of peace ;  
Wisdom, to silver we prefer ;  
And gold is dross compared with her.
- 4 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
In whose obedient heart she reigns ;  
He owns, and will for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

387.

*Knowledge imperfect.*

C. M.

- 1 **THY** way, O God ! is in the sea ;  
Thy paths I cannot trace ;  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 As through a glass I dimly see  
The wonders of thy love ;  
How little do I know of thee,  
Or of the joys above !
- 3 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;  
I bless thee for the sight :—  
When will thy love the rest reveal,  
In glory's clearer light ?
- 4 With rapture shall I then survey  
Thy rich and boundless grace ;  
And spend an everlasting day  
In wonder, love, and praise.

FAWCETT.

388. *Desiring an Increase of Knowledge.* C. M.

- 1 **O** GIVE me, Saviour, give me still  
My poverty to know ;  
Increase my faith, each day in grace  
And knowledge may I grow.
- 2 Open still more the mystery  
Of thy dear bleeding cross ;  
And for this precious pearl let me  
Count all things else but loss.
- 3 O how transcendent is that grace  
Which thou dost then bestow,  
When nothing in myself I feel  
But misery and woe !

- 4 'Tis then indeed, my gracious Lord,  
 Thy suffering state I see,  
 And through that veil with joy behold  
 Thy tenderest love to me.

**389.**     *Knowledge vain without Grace.*     L. M.

- 1 **O**NE awful word which Jesus spoke  
 Against the tree which bore no fruit,  
 More piercing than the lightning's stroke,  
 Blasted and dry'd it to the root.
- 2 The fig-tree by its leaves was known,  
 But having not a fig to show,  
 It brought a heavy sentence down,  
 "Let none hereafter on thee grow."
- 3 Too many, who the gospel hear,  
 Whom Satan blinds, and sin deceives,  
 We to this fig-tree may compare,  
 They yield no fruit, but only leaves.
- 4 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,  
 Unless combin'd with faith and love,  
 And witnessed by a gospel-walk,  
 Will not a true profession prove.
- 5 Without the fruit the Lord expects  
 Knowledge will make our state the worse ;  
 The barren trees he still rejects,  
 And soon will blast them with his curse.

## PRAYER.

**390.**     *Prayer answered.*     L. M.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and every grace ;  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;  
 But it has been in such a way  
 As almost drove me to despair.

- 3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour  
At once he'd answer my request,  
And by his love's constraining power  
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel  
The hidden evils of my heart,  
And let the angry powers of hell  
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd ;  
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"  
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,  
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

NEWTON.

## 391.

*Boldness in Prayer.*

S. M.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the throne of grace !  
The promise calls me near ;  
There Jesus shews a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,  
Which sprinkled round I see,  
Provides for those who come to God  
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold ;  
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,  
What else can he withhold ?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love ;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine ;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

NEWTON.

## 392.

*The same.*

S. M.

- 1 **FATHER**, we seek thy grace,  
In thine appointed way ;  
Unveil to us thy lovely face,  
And teach us how to pray.

- 2 The promise makes us bold,  
When at thy throne we bow ;  
In humble faith we hold thee, Lord,  
To thine engagements now.
- 3 We plead thy promise made ;  
'Tis from conditions free :  
"In bonds of everlasting love  
"I'll be a God to thee."
- 4 Here we repose our trust,  
'Tis here our hopes recline ;  
Eternal truth and righteousness,  
Appear in every line.
- 5 'Tis like a living spring  
Of water sweet and clear ;  
There's not an *if* to foul the stream,  
Or *peradventure* there.
- 6 Himself he'll not deny,  
By oath and promise bound,  
Here raise your expectations high,  
'Tis sure and solid ground.

KENT.

393.

*Prayer commanded.*

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer,  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For his grace and power are such  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove my load of sin,  
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

- 5 Shew me what I have to do,  
 Every hour my strength renew,  
 Let me live a life of faith,  
 Let me die thy people's death.

NEWTON.

394.

*Encouragement to pray.*

L. M.

- 1 SINNERS, expos'd to endless woe,  
 Arise, and to King Jesus go,  
 Your guilt confess, his favour seek,  
 And wait to hear what God will speak.
- 2 Fear not the law, 'tis grace that reigns,  
 Jesus, the sinner's cause maintains,  
 He ransom'd rebels with his blood,  
 And now he intercedes with God.
- 3 To him approach in fervent prayer,  
 And if you perish, perish there,  
 Resolv'd at Jesus' feet to lie,  
 Suing for mercy till you die.
- 4 Like Esther, venture near his throne,  
 And make your supplications known,  
 Tell him the cause of all your grief,  
 And he will grant you quick relief.

HOSKINS.

395.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,  
 In coming to the mercy-seat !  
 Yet, who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
 But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;  
 Gives exercise to faith and love,  
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
 Success was found on Israel's side ;  
 But when through weariness they failed,  
 That moment Amalek prevailed.
- 4 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;  
 Prayer keeps the Christian's armour bright ;  
 And Satan trembles when he sees  
 The weakest saint upon his knees.

COWPER.

# 396. *Encouragement to pray.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HO would not to the Lord draw near,  
In the delightful path of prayer?  
Since praying souls he dearly loves,  
And of their prayers so much approves.
- 2 Then let us not from prayer refrain,  
Knowing we shall not seek in vain ;  
For Zion's God will lend an ear  
To the most weak and broken prayer.

BURNHAM.

# 397. *Exhortation to Prayer.* C. M.

- 1 **C**OME boldly to the throne of grace,  
Our great High Priest is there ;  
Come, venture to that holy place,  
Beneath his guardian care.
- 2 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
The centre of his love,  
Where sweet attractions never cease,  
To draw our hearts above.
- 3 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
Where Jesus kindly pleads,  
Jehovah will regard our case,  
Since Jesus intercedes.
- 4 Come boldly to the throne of grace,  
With all your wants and fears ;  
The Saviour's hand shall kindly chase  
Away the mourner's tears.

LEACH.

# 398. *The same.* S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye who love to pray,  
On Jesus cast your care,  
For praying souls shall ever find  
He loves to answer prayer.
- 2 See, how he looks and smiles,  
From yonder shining throne ;  
Pleas'd he attends your every prayer,  
And sends rich blessings down.
- 3 And, whither should we fly,  
But to the throne of grace ?  
'Tis there we prove celestial joys,  
And find substantial peace.

- 4 Lord, from thy throne behold  
Thy saints assembled here,  
Whose hearts ascend with warm desire  
To feel thy presence near.
- 5 Through all the gloom of sin,  
May thy rich mercy blaze ;  
And make it known thou hearest prayer,  
And worthy art of praise. BURNHAM.

## 399.

*Fervent Prayer.*

C. M.

- 1 O GOD of Bethel ! by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our fervent prayers we now present  
Before thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers ! be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around !  
Till all our wanderings cease ;  
And at our Father's lov'd abode,  
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,  
Thy mercy we implore ;  
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,  
Thy goodness we'll adore. LOGAN.

400. *Prayer for a day of Humiliation..* L. M.

- 1 A WAKE, Almighty arm, awake,  
And for thy chosen people's sake,  
Shew thyself strong, and kind to save  
From death, and darkness, and the grave.
- 2 Hast thou not made opposers fly,  
Didst thou not raise thy banner high,  
In ages past, when Zion's foes  
Against her peace in armies rose ?

- 3 Didst thou not make a wond'rous way  
Across the deep, the pathless sea.  
For thy redeemed, that they might pass  
To Canaan, the long promis'd place ?
- 4 And art thou not, O Lord, the same,  
And is not mercy still thy name ?  
O ! for thy mercy's sake arise,  
And send assistance from the skies.
- 5 Awake, Almighty arm, awake !  
Nor let thy grace thy church forsake :  
Thou wilt arise for Zion's plea,  
For Zion still is dear to thee.

STEEVENS.

## 401.

*Prayer for Humility.*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Saviour of my soul,  
Be thou my heart's delight ;  
Ever to me the same remain,  
My joy by day and night.
- 2 Hungry and thirsty after thee  
May I be found each hour,  
Humble in heart, and happy kept,  
By thine almighty power.
- 3 O may I never once forget,  
What a poor worm I am,  
From death and hell redeem'd by blood,  
The blood of God's dear Lamb !
- 4 May thy blest Spirit in my heart,  
Most sweetly shed abroad,  
The love of my incarnate God,  
Who bought me with his blood.
- 5 The mystery of redeeming love,  
Be ever dear to me ;  
And may the flesh and blood of Christ,  
My daily manna be.

## 402.

*Prayer for Mercies..*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, who bought us with his blood,  
And makes our souls his care,  
Was known of old, as Israel's God,  
And answer'd Jabez' prayer.



- 2 Teach us O Lord, like him to plead  
For mercies from above :  
O come and bless our souls indeed,  
With light, and joy, and love.
- 3 The gospel's promis'd land is wide,  
We fain would enter in :  
But we are press'd on every side  
With unbelief and sin.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,  
Let us possess the whole,  
That Satan may no longer boast  
He can thy work controul.
- 5 Oh ! may thy hand be with us still,  
Our guide and guardian be,  
To keep us safe from every ill,  
Till death shall set us free.

WILLIAMS.

## 403.

*Prayer for Preservation.*

L. M.

- 1 A CHILD of sorrow from the womb,  
A man of sorrow to the tomb,  
Conceived in sin, and born to grief,  
Like Jabez, Lord, I seek relief.
- 2 Lord God of hosts, who hearest prayer,  
On thee alone I cast my care :  
Saviour, if thou thy blessing grant,  
I all possess, I nothing want.
- 3 Keep me from evil to the end,  
From sin, and Satan, Lord, defend,  
Nor let impatience add to pain,  
And faster bind the galling chain.
- 4 My heart enlarged by thy love,  
To thee its faithfulness shall prove ;  
Supported by thy mighty hand,  
I all my fears and foes withstand.

HAWKES.

## 404.

*Prayer for Relations.*

L. M.

- 1 KIND souls, who for the miseries moan  
Of those who seldom mind their own ;  
But treat your zeal with cold disdain,  
Resolved to make your labours vain.

- 2** Lord, every barren soul revive,  
And keep thy children all alive ;  
Gazing on Calv'ry's wond'rous tree,  
There the atoning Saviour see ;  
Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
We pray to feel the life of God.
- 3** Jesus, thy quick'ning grace impart,  
And sweetly soften every heart ;  
To feel the gospel's joyful sound,  
And find forgiving love abound ;  
Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
We pray to feel the life of God.
- 4** Saviour, for life, for life we pray,  
More of thy life, and more convey ;  
Abounding life, O Lord, bestow,  
A heav'nly life we pant to know :  
Cleans'd in the fountain of thy blood,  
We pray to feel the life of God. BURNHAM.

## 409. *Prayer for the Divine Presence.* L. M.

- 1** MY God, when I thy mercies view,  
Thy grace to me, and saving pow'r,  
My weakness and my danger too ;  
Thy presence with me I implore.
- 2** O leave me not to anxious cares,  
Nor leave me, O thou great I AM,  
To inbred foes, or Satan's snares ;  
Nor leave me in the hand of man.
- 3** Be with me, and upon me shine,  
Through every trial by me stand ;  
Nor ever leave me to repine,  
While under thine afflicting hand.
- 4** Leave me not comfortless ; let faith  
Keep sight of thee, while on my road :  
And leave, O leave me not, in death  
To mourn thy absence, O my God.

**410.** *Prayer for the Divine Presence.* L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, our indulgent Saviour come,  
     Illustrious conqueror o'er the tomb ;  
 Here thine assembled servants bless,  
 And fill our hearts with sacred peace.
- 2 Thy presence grant, most gracious Lord !  
     With all the joy thy smiles afford ;  
 Reveal the beauties of thy face,  
 And make us feel thy vital grace.
- 3 Enter our hearts, Redeemer blest,  
     Enter thou ever-honoured guest,  
 Not for one transient hour alone,  
 But there to fix thy lasting throne. DODDRIDGE.

**411.** *The same.* C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, let me see thy beauteous face !  
     It yields a heav'n below ;  
 And angels round the throne will say  
     'Tis all the heav'n they know.
- 2 A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee  
     Would more delight my soul  
 Than this vain world, with all its joys,  
     Could I possess the whole. RIPPON.

**412.** *Prayer for the Divine Remembrance.* C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my kind and gracious friend,  
     Simply I look to thee ;  
 Now in the bowels of thy love,  
     Dear Lord, remember me.
- 2 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,  
     Yet thy salvation's free ;  
 Then, in thy all-abounding grace,  
     Dear Lord, remember me.
- 3 Remember thy pure word of grace,  
     Remember Calv'ry's tree ;  
 Remember all thy dying groans,  
     And then remember me.
- 4 Howe'er forsaken, or despis'd,  
     Howe'er oppress'd I be,  
 Howe'er forgotten here on earth,  
     Do thou remember me.

- 2 Though deaf to every warning given,  
They scorn to walk with you to heaven ;  
But often think, and sometimes say,  
“ *They’ll never go, if that’s the way.*”
- 3 Though they the Holy Ghost resist,  
Or ridicule your faith in Christ :  
Though they blaspheme, oppose, contemn,  
And hate you for your love to them :
- 4 One secret way is left you still  
To do them good, against their will ;  
Here they can no obstruction give,  
You may do this without their leave.
- 5 Fly to the throne of grace, by prayer,  
And pour out all your wishes there ;  
Effectual fervent prayer prevails,  
When every other method fails,

HART.

405.      *Prayer for success in War.*      L. M.

- 1 YE chosen sons of Jacob met,  
To supplicate the throne of grace,  
Look to Jehovah, nor forget  
His former kindness to our race.
- 2 What though *Sennacherib* intend,  
To make God’s *Israel* a prey,  
Our God will his own cause defend ;  
And praying saints shall win the day.
- 3 Let the *Philistines* come to fight,  
Like *Samuel*, lift your voices high,  
And God will put your foes to flight ;  
For praying Christians cannot die.
- 4 Should *Amalek* your way oppose,  
Like *Moses*, lift your hands to heaven,  
So shall you overcome your foes,  
And certain victory be given.
- 5 O, were our land in such a case  
As *Israel’s* tribes in those times were ;  
The Lord would be our resting place,  
Nor should we have one ground for fear.

PAICE

- 2 "There," says the Saviour. "will I be,"  
 Amid this little company ;  
 To them unveil my smiling face,  
 And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
 Relying on thy faithful word ;  
 Now send thy Spirit from above,  
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

STENNETT.

420.

*Prayer Meeting.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,  
 " My love and mercy to repeat,  
 " And tell what I have done ;  
 " There will I be," saith God, " to bless  
 " And every burdened soul redress,  
 " That worships at my throne."
- 2 Though few in number, yet we claim  
 The promise made in Jesus' name ;  
 It stands divinely free :  
 Thou art our Father, and our Friend,  
 Thy tender mercies can extend  
 To sinners such as we.
- 3 Guilt, from the troubled soul remove,  
 Constrain the soul, by love, to love,  
 Release from slavish fear ;  
 Then, though in tents of sin we groan,  
 We'll sing like those around thy throne,  
 Till thou shalt bring us there.

KENT.

421.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 INDULGENT Father ! gracious Lord !  
 By whose kind providence we meet :  
 We come, encouraged by thy word,  
 To seek thee at thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Bend thy propitious ear we pray,  
 While we our wants to thee make known,  
 O do not turn our prayer away,  
 But send a gracious answer down.

5 And when I close my eyes in death,  
And human help shall flee ;  
Then, then my dear redeeming God,  
O then remember me.

BURNHAM.

413.

*Prayer for the King.*

C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH bids his people pray  
For Kings and earthly powers ;  
And mindful of this law, would we  
With fervour pray for ours.
- 2 Long may indulgent heaven pour,  
Its blessings on his head ;  
And in the paths of righteousness,  
Our King propitious lead ;
- 3 By ruling in the fear of God,  
May he a blessing prove ;  
And in his num'rous subjects find  
Both loyalty and love.
- 4 When he shall close his earthly reign,  
And lay his honours down,  
May he from God's own hand receive  
A never-fading crown.

PAICE.

414.

*Preparation of the Heart.*

C. M.

- 1 LORD ! teach thy servants how to pray,  
With rev'ence and with fear :  
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,  
We must, to Thee draw near.
- 2 O God of Grace ! we come to thee,  
Give broken, contrite hearts ;  
Give, what thine eye delights to see,  
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility—the sense  
Of godly sorrow give ;  
A strong desiring confidence  
To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice  
Which did for sin atone :  
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes  
On Christ, and him alone.

HAWTREY.

**415.**      *Prayer for Watchfulness.*

S. M.

- 1    **L**ORD, give the watchful heart,  
      The clear discerning eye,  
To see the treasures of thy grace,  
      And on thy truth rely.
- 2    O may we all take heed  
      Of each designing foe,  
Arise, and in the strength of faith,  
      Still after Jesus go.
- 3    More may we pant to know  
      The sin-subduing blood,  
And feel the soul-transforming grace,  
      To meeten us for God.
- 4    Lord, we would watch and pray,  
      Take heed to all our ways,  
At last appear at thy right hand,  
      There to resound thy praise.

BURNHAM.

**416.**      *Humble Prayer.*

C. M.

- 1    **A**SSIST me, Lord, to seek thy face,  
      Obedient to thy call,  
To seek the presence of thy grace,  
      My strength, my life, my all.
- 2    All I can wish is thine to give ;  
      My God, I ask thy love,  
That greatest bliss I can receive,  
      That bliss of heaven above.
- 3    The path to thy divine abode,  
      Through a wild desert lies ;  
A thousand snares beset the road,  
      A thousand terrors rise.
- 4    Satan and sin unite their art  
      To keep me from my Lord ;  
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,  
      And guide me by thy word.
- 5    My guardian, my almighty Friend,  
      On thee my soul would rest ;  
On thee alone my hopes depend,  
      Be near, and I am blest.

STEELE.

- 3 That we are guilty, we confess,  
Deserving only wrath from thee ;  
Yet Jesus' blood and righteousness,  
Afford a never-failing plea.
- 4 Blest Spirit, solemnize each heart,  
While thus we meet to sing and pray,  
Thy gracious influence impart,  
To guide our feet, and guard our way.
- 5 Our Zion bless, O Prince of Peace,  
May no contentions there be found !  
Our numbers, gifts, and grace increase,  
Let peace prevail, and love abound.

SKILLINGTON.

422.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 GREAT source of Light, without a shade,  
Who hast in love this promise made,  
" Where'er I find a praying few,  
With them I'll meet, and bless them too."
- 2 Thy presence, Lord, made Salem blest,  
'Twas call'd thy sacred place of rest ;  
And when thy glory here we see,  
As Salem was, this house shall be.
- 3 Where thou shalt deign to shew thy face,  
Amidst the subjects of thy grace,  
The meanest house at once shall be  
A temple sanctified by thee.
- 4 Here let our prayers, like incense rise,  
Of sweet perfume toward the skies ;  
Our converse bless, from care set free,  
While we, in spirit, worship thee.

KENT.

423.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,  
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;  
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.



- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,  
Oh, rend the heavens ! come quickly down,  
And make our waiting hearts thine own.

COWPER.

## 424.

*Prayer Meeting.*

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, great and wise,  
Now with thy cheering beams arise,  
And to each longing, waiting heart,  
Thy gracious influence impart.
- 2 While thus we meet around thy throne,  
O make thy gracious presence known ;  
May we with thee communion find,  
And to our services be kind.
- 3 Since 'tis to worship at thy feet,  
We now professedly do meet ;  
O may we worship in thy fear,  
And find it pleasant to be here.

PAICE.

## 425.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to leave the world awhile,  
And seek the presence of our Lord !  
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,  
And come according to thy word.
- 2 From busy scenes we now retreat,  
That we may here converse with thee ;  
Great God ! behold us at thy feet !  
Let this the " gate of heaven be."
- 3 " Chief of ten thousand," now appear,  
That we by faith may see thy face !  
O speak, that we thy voice may hear,  
And let thy presence fill the place.

KELLY.

426.

*Prayer Meeting.*

L. M.

- 1 **C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,  
O God ! on all assembled here :  
Behold us with a Father's love,  
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 **C**ommand thy blessing, Jesus, Lord !  
May we thy true disciples be :  
Speak to each heart the mighty word,  
Say to the weakest, " Follow me."
- 3 **C**ommand thy blessing in this hour,  
Spirit of Truth ! and fill this place  
With humbling and exalting power,  
With quick'ning and confirming grace.
- 4 **O** Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !  
One true Eternal God confest ;  
May nought in life, or death, divide  
The saints in thy communion blest.

HAWTREY.

427.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU say'st, dear Jesus, all thy saints,  
Who love thy face to see,  
Shall have, while in this vale of tears,  
Kind visits oft from thee.
- 2 **T**hen let my soul with thee converse,  
Who art my chief delight ;  
For sure the world can't ease my heart  
If banish'd from thy sight.

428.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,  
And join us all in one ;  
And in our meetings every where,  
Be thou our aim alone.
- 2 **R**eign thou sole monarch of our hearts,  
Without a rival reign,  
Till we shall join the church above,  
To praise the Lamb once slain.



431-32

L. M.

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PARSONS.

C. M.

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BURNHAM

429.

*Nature of Prayer.*

C. M.

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And say, " Behold, he prays."
- 4 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,  
In word, and deed, and mind,  
When with the Father and the Son,  
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 5 O Thou, by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
The path of prayer thyself hast trod :  
Lord ! teach us how to pray. MONTGOMERY.

430.

*Prayer of Hannah.*

148th.

- 1 **W**HEN Hannah, press'd with grief,  
Pour'd forth her soul in prayer ;  
She quickly found relief,  
And left her burden there ;  
Like her, in every trying case  
Let us approach the throne of grace.
- 2 When she began to pray,  
Her heart was pain'd and sad ;  
But, ere she went away,  
Was comforted and glad :  
In trouble, what a resting place  
Have they who know the throne of grace.
- 3 Though men and devils rage,  
And threaten to devour,  
The saints, from age to age,  
Are safe from all their power ;  
Fresh strength they gain to run their race,  
By waiting at the throne of grace. NEWTON.

431.

*Prayer of Jabez.*

L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT thou would'st thy servant bless,  
Eternal God of love and peace ;  
Indeed, and of a truth, I pray,  
Bless me, O Lord, from day to day.
- 2 Bless me with faith in Jesus' blood,  
Bless me with love to thee, my God !  
Bless me with grace thy will to do,  
O, bless me all my journey through.
- 3 Blest of the Spirit may I be,  
With light thy holy word to see ;  
Blest with a heart to understand  
The wonders of Jehovah's hand.
- 4 Thine hand be with me all through life,  
Thine hand be with me when in death ;  
Thine hand be with me when I rise,  
To bear me up above the skies.
- 5 Keep me from evil, Lord, I pray,  
O keep me in the narrow way ;  
O keep me in an humble mind,  
Lord, keep my will to thine resign'd.

PARSONS.

432.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **THUS** Jabez prayed to God alone,  
Bless me indeed with grace ;  
Let show'rs of blessings now come down,  
And fill my soul with peace.
- 2 O that thou would'st enlarge my coast,  
My narrow heart expand ;  
And make my soul for ever boast,  
In thy supporting hand.
- 3 Keep me, dear Lord, from ev'ry ill,  
By thine unerring word,  
Lest pungent grief in me prevail,  
As having grieved my Lord.
- 4 Thus Jabez call'd on God most high,  
To be in all things blest ;  
The God of Israel heard his cry,  
And granted his request.

BURNF

## 433.

*Prayer of Jacob.*

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow :  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name :  
Yet the question gives a plea  
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Once a sinner near despair,  
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer,  
Mercy heard and set him free ;  
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 4 Many days have passed since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 5 Thou hast help'd in every need ;  
This emboldens me to plead ;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last.
- 6 No, I must maintain my hold,  
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

NEWTON.

## 434.

*Prayer of Simeon.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Simeon in the temple came,  
And took the Saviour in his arms ;  
How sweet, and joyful was his frame,  
While he beheld Immanuel's charms.
- 2 He blest his God, and calmly said,  
" Lord, let thy servant now depart ;  
" Of death I cannot be afraid,  
" With Jesus in my arms and heart.
- 3 " Thy great salvation I have seen,  
" Now let me close my peaceful eyes  
" On earth, and every mortal scene,  
" And mount aloft to Paradise."

- 4 Lord ! I would make this prayer my own,  
 I've seen by faith my Saviour's face ;  
 I long to cast my blood-bought crown  
 At his dear feet, and him embrace.

PARSONS.

435.

*Power of Prayer.*

L. M.

- 1 **A** LAS ! Elisha's servant cried,  
 When he the Syrian army spied ;  
 But he was soon releas'd from care ;  
 In answer to the prophet's prayer.
- 2 Wond'ring, he saw with other eyes  
 A greater army from the skies !  
 A fiery guard around the hill  
 More strong to save, than that to kill.
- 3 When Satan and his host appear,  
 Like him of old, I faint and fear ;  
 Like him by faith with joy I see  
 A greater host engaged for me.
- 4 The saints espouse my cause by prayer,  
 Jehovah makes my soul his care ;  
 Mine is the promise seal'd with blood,  
 And Jesus lives to make it good.

NEWTON.

436.

*Spirit of Prayer.*

C. M.

- 1 **E** TERNAL Spirit ! mighty Lord !  
 Jehovah is thy name ;  
 Thy glories here will we record,  
 And sing thy wond'rous fame.
- 2 Of heavenly love, thou art the pledge,  
 The witness and the seal ;  
 O that in prayer, when we engage,  
 We may thine influence feel !
- 3 Our faint attempts, Lord, kindly own,  
 And for us intercede :  
 Hear every sigh, and every groan,  
 Which from our hearts proceed.
- 4 Great Searcher of the heart ! to thee  
 Let every prayer ascend :  
 Thou know'st the Spirit's mind, and we  
 Upon his help depend.

MEDLEY.



437.

*Throne of Grace.*

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD ! there is a throne of grace,  
There we now would seek thy face ;  
Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer  
Of the soul that seeks thee there.
- 2 Though our language simple be,  
Words are nothing, Lord, with thee ;  
To the broken, contrite heart,  
Thou wilt joy and peace impart.
- 3 Saviour, for us intercede,  
While the promises we plead,  
And, while we the blessing gain,  
Thine the glory shall remain.

COBBIN.

438.

*Seeking relief.*

C. M.

- 1 **W**E come, dear Jesus, to thy throne,  
To open all our grief ;  
Now send thy promis'd mercy down,  
And grant us quick relief.
- 2 Ne'er didst thou say to Jacob's seed,  
" Seek ye my face," in vain ;  
And can'st thou now deny thine aid,  
When burden'd souls complain ?
- 3 The same thy power, thy love the same,  
Unmov'd the promise shines ;  
Eternal truth surrounds thy name,  
And guards the precious lines.
- 4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,  
And unbelief arise,  
We'll wait around his footstool still,  
For Jesus hears our cries.

BODEN.

439.

*Prayer to Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **O** COME, thou wounded Lamb of God,  
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood ;  
Give us to know thy love, then pain  
Is sweet, and life, or death is gain.
- 2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee :  
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

- 3 O Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable.
- 4 First-born of many brethren thou,  
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow ;  
Help us to thee our all to give,  
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

440.

*Prayer to Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Saviour, and our Friend,  
On whom we cast our every care ;  
On whom for all things we depend,  
Inspire, and then accept our prayer.
- 2 Fill every soul with humble fear,  
Our utter helplessness reveal :  
Satan and sin are always near,—  
Thee, may we always nearer feel. DODDRIDGE.

441.

*The waiting Soul.*

C. M.

- 1 I WAIT the visits of thy grace,  
My Saviour, and my God,  
O come and shew thy smiling face,  
And wash me in thy blood.
- 2 O whither can I go to get  
A pardon for my sin,  
But only to my Saviour's feet,  
And wait and call on him.
- 3 O that I could but once by faith  
Behold him on the tree,  
And see him languish there to death,  
And shed his blood for me.
- 4 O that I might but once be found  
In that blest wedding dress,  
Which in my ears doth often sound,  
My Saviour's righteousness.
- 5 'Tis this alone can give me ease,  
And heal my wounded heart,  
My Saviour's blood and righteousness,  
His sufferings and smart.

442.

*Pray without ceasing.*

L. M.

- 1 **PRAYER** was appointed to convey  
 The blessings God designs to give :  
 Long as they live should Christians pray,  
 For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
 He speaks as prompted from within ;  
 The Spirit his petition writes,  
 And Christ receives and gives it in.
- 3 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,  
 If cares distract, or fears dismay ;  
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
 The remedy's before thee—pray.

HART.

## NAMES, CHARACTERS, AND RELATIONS OF CHRIST.

443.

*Christ All in All.*

L. M.

- 1 **IN** Christ I've all my soul's desire ;  
 His Spirit does my heart inspire  
 With boundless wishes large and high,  
 And Christ will all my wants supply.
- 2 Christ is my hope, my strength, and guide,  
 For me he bled, and groan'd, and died ;  
 He is my sun, to give me light,  
 He is my soul's supreme delight.
- 3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,  
 My wisdom, and my righteousness ;  
 My Saviour, and my constant friend,  
 On him alone I now depend.
- 4 Christ is my King, to rule and bless,  
 And all my troubles to redress ;  
 He's my salvation and my all,  
 Whate'er on earth shall me befall.
- 5 Christ is my strength and portion too,  
 My soul in him can all things do ;  
 Through him I'll triumph o'er the grave,  
 And sing his matchless power to save.

NICHOLSON.

444.

*Christ All in All.*

L. M.

- 1 **TRIUMPHANT** sing, ye favour'd saints,  
Renounce your fears, and long complaints ;  
Low at Immanuel's footstool fall,  
And view him as your *All in All*.
- 2 No arm of flesh we make our trust,  
Nor place our hope in worms of dust :  
Apollos, Peter, James, and Paul,  
Acknowledge Christ their *All in All*.
- 3 He arch'd the skies, he fix'd the sun !  
His glories through creation run !  
But ransom'd souls before him fall,  
And gladly own him *All in All*.
- 4 No righteousness but his we own ;  
No ransom but his blood alone :  
While on the Father's name we call,  
Our faith pleads Jesus *All in All*,

BODEN.

445.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **JESUS**, my Saviour and my God,  
Thy wond'rous love reveal ;  
Let angels spread thy name abroad,  
And men thy glories tell.
- 2 Let them with elevated voice,  
Harmonious anthems raise ;  
Be thou the spring of all their joys,  
The life of all their praise.
- 3 Be thou exalted in the heavens,  
And o'er this earthly ball ;  
Let creatures into nothing sink,  
And Christ be All in All.

BEDDOME.

446.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **CHRIST** is my all, my sure defence,  
Nor shall my soul depart from thence :  
He is my rock, my refuge too,  
In spite of all my foes can do !
- 2 Christ is my all, and he will lead  
My soul in pastures green to feed :  
'Tis he supplies my every want,  
And will all needful blessings grant.

- 3 Christ is my all ; where should I go ?  
 Without him I can nothing do !  
 Helpless and weak, a sinner great,  
 Yet in his righteousness complete.

ADAMS.

## 447.

*Christ All in All.*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS the Lord, my Saviour is,  
 My Shepherd and my God ;  
 My light, my strength, my joy, my bliss,  
 And I his grace record.
- 2 Whate'er I need in Jesus dwells,  
 And there it dwells for me :  
 'Tis Christ my earthen vessel fills  
 With treasures rich and free.
- 3 Mercy, and truth, and righteousness,  
 And peace, most richly meet  
 In Jesus Christ, the King of grace,  
 In whom I stand complete.
- 4 " O what a friend is Christ to me ! "—  
 No mortal tongue can tell ;  
 He died, he rose, he set me free  
 From Moses, wrath, and hell.
- 5 As through the wilderness I roam,  
 His mercies I'll proclaim ;  
 And when I safely reach my home,  
 I'll still adore his name.
- 6 Worthy the Lamb, shall be my song,  
 For he, for me was slain ;  
 And with me all the heav'nly throng  
 Shall join and say, Amen.

GADSBY.

## 448.

*Immanuel.*

L. M.

- 1 WHY should our souls be e'er cast down,  
 Why should our spirit daily moan ?  
 Immanuel's love is still the same,  
 I AM—is his unchanging name.
- 2 I AM—the promise-making Lord :  
 I AM—the true and faithful word :  
 I AM—the never-failing friend,  
 Whose loving-kindness knows no end.

- 3 What though our friends apostates prove,  
 He will support us with his love ;  
 What though our sins distress us sore,  
 He saves us with almighty pow'r !
- 4 How glorious is Immanuel's reign !  
 In him no sinner trusts in vain ;  
 Soon shall we praise his boundless grace,  
 For he's our God, our joy, our peace.

JUSTINS.

449.

*Jehovah-Jesus.*

L. M.

- 1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,  
 My praise shall climb to his abode ;  
 Thee, Saviour, by that name I call—  
 The great Supreme—the MIGHTY GOD.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
 Eternal ages saw him shine,—  
 He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty Ruler of the sky,  
 As when the six-days' work he made,  
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns JEHOVAH bears,  
 Salvation is his dearest claim :  
 That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,  
 And owns IMMANUEL for his name.

COWPER.

450.

*Jehovah-Jireh.*

L. M.

- 1 IN mounts of danger and of straits,  
 My soul for his salvation waits :  
 Jehovah-Jireh will appear,  
 And save me from my gloomy fear.
- 2 He in the most distressing hour  
 Displays the greatness of his pow'r,  
 In darkest nights he makes a way,  
 And turns the gloomy shade to day.
- 3 Jehovah-Jireh is his name,  
 From age to age he proves the same ;  
 He sees when I am sunk in grief ;  
 And quickly flies to my relief.

- 4 The Lord Jehovah is my guide,  
He doth and will for me provide ;  
And in the mount it shall be seen,  
How kind and gracious he hath been.

FRANKLIN.

451.

*Jehovah-Shalom.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, whose blood so freely stream'd  
To satisfy the law's demand :  
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,  
Before the Father's face I stand.
- 2 To reconcile offending man—  
Make justice drop her angry rod—  
What creature could have formed the plan,  
Or who fulfil it, but a God ?
- 3 No drop remains of all the curse,  
For sinners who deserv'd the whole ;  
No arrows dipp'd in wrath, to pierce  
The guilty, but returning soul.
- 4 Peace, by such means so dearly bought,  
What rebel could have hop'd to see ?  
Peace, by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought—  
His Sov'reign fasten'd to the tree.
- 5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare !  
For strife with earth and hell begins ;  
Confirm and gird me for the war,  
They hate the soul that hates his sins.
- 6 Let them in horrid league agree !  
They may assault, they may distress :  
But cannot quench thy love to me,  
Nor rob me of the Lord, my peace.

STEVENS.

452.

*The Name of Jesus.*

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear ;  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield and hiding place ;  
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought ;  
 But when I see thee as thou art,  
 I'll praise thee as I ought.

NEWTON.

453.

*The Name of Jesus.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, how lovely is thy name,  
 To virgin souls betroth'd to thee !  
 To all the poor, and sick, and lame,  
 Who thy salvation taste and see !
- 2 Like precious ointment poured forth,  
 Thy name perfumes a humble soul ;  
 And by its rich and fragrant worth  
 Revives and makes a sinner whole.
- 3 It brings the hungry soul a feast,  
 Where all delightful dainties meet ;  
 And when the royal cheer we taste,  
 Oh ! then thy Name is truly sweet !
- 4 Thy Name shall prove our joy and boast,  
 Our rock of hope, and bulwark strong,  
 Our anchor when the ship is toss'd,  
 Thy children's everlasting song.

454.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 THERE'S not a name beneath the skies,  
 Nor is there one in heav'n above,  
 But that of Jesus can suffice,  
 The sinner's burden to remove.
- 2 'Twas long before I knew this truth,  
 And learn'd to trust the Saviour's name,  
 In vanity I spent my youth :  
 The thought now fills my heart with shame.
- 3 But since I've known the life and pow'r,  
 With which his name is richly stor'd ;  
 The world can keep my heart no more,  
 Nor can its joys content afford.



- 4 The things I once esteem'd the most,  
 I now account as worthless dross :  
 Thy name, dear Saviour, is my boast,  
 For which the world appears but loss. EAST.

455. *The Name of Jesus.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the name adored above,  
 The name that saints supremely love,  
 The name which devils most abhor,  
 The name whence sinners comfort draw.
- 2 JESUS, no name is half so sweet ;  
 It makes angelic joys complete :  
 Revives the trembling contrite souls ;  
 And sins, and fears, and foes, controuls.
- 3 JESUS, thy name is my delight,  
 My food, my med'cine, strength, and light,  
 The armour I would ever wear,  
 My pledge of heaven, my glory there. IRONS.

456. *King of Kings.* 7s.

- 1 LO, the infant Saviour lies !  
 Angels call him only wise ;  
 To this name they join the words—  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 2 See, he stands at Pilate's bar !  
 Most despis'd of all by far ;  
 Still to him belong the words—  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 3 He who wears the crown of thorns,  
 He whom man reviles and scorns,  
 Claims exclusively the words—  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 4 On the cross 'tis still the same ;  
 Never does he yield his claim :  
 Clear his title to the words—  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."
- 5 Past the conflict of his love ;  
 See, he takes his place above !  
 On his vesture shine the words—  
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

457.

*Christ our Advocate.*

S. M.

- 1 **I**N heaven's imperial court,  
Where justice reigns and shines,  
Truth makes a constant, strict report,  
Of all the sinner's crimes.
- 2 But there's an Advocate,  
Whom all the saints employ,  
Who pleads their cause, secures their state,  
And thus affords them joy.
- 3 Oft as their sins appear  
Before their Father's eyes,  
Jesus, their Advocate, draws near,  
And pleads his sacrifice.
- 4 Their guilt has often stood  
Like mountains to oppose ;  
But that blest ocean, Jesus' blood,  
All mountains overflows.
- 5 The law its sentence reads,  
And conscience owns it true ;  
Our Advocate his merit pleads,  
And brings his clients through.

IRONS.

458.

*The same.*

S. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's throne  
Our Advocate appears,  
His prayer respects the chosen seed,  
And God propitious hears.
- 2 Not for the world he prays,  
But for that favour'd race,  
Predestinated to be sons,  
By rich, eternal grace.
- 3 The Father lov'd them well,  
And gave them to his Son ;  
Nor can the Son be satisfied,  
Unless they reach the throne.
- 4 Eternal love must hear,  
And grant the great request ;  
The souls redeem'd by blood, must be  
With full salvation blest.

HOSK

459.

*Christ our All.*

L. M.

- 1 IN Christ my treasure's all contained,  
By Him my feeble soul's sustained ;  
From Him I all things now receive,  
Through Him my soul shall ever live.
- 2 With Him I daily love to walk,  
Of Him my soul delights to talk ;  
On Him I cast my ev'ry care,  
Like Him one day I shall appear.
- 3 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day,  
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way :  
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart,  
With Him O never, never part.
- 4 Take Him for strength and righteousness,  
Make Him thy refuge in distress ;  
Love Him above all earthly joy,  
And Him in ev'ry thing employ.
- 5 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,  
To Him your highest praise belongs ;  
'Tis He who does your heav'n prepare,  
And Him you'll praise for ever there.

MEDLEY.

460.

*The same.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 HAD I ten thousand gifts beside,  
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,  
And build on him alone ;  
For no foundation is there giv'n  
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,  
But Christ the Corner-stone.
- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess ;  
Wisdom, and strength, and righteousness,  
And sanctity complete :  
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh,  
Before the Ruler of the sky,  
And all his justice meet.

WESLEY.

461.

*Christ our Brother.*

C. M.

- 1 OUR glorious Jesus knows his own,  
And keeps them with his eye ;  
His pity shall to each be shown,  
Their wants he will supply.

- 2 His mercy he will manifest,  
And they shall know his name ;  
Jesus will make his brethren blest,  
For he is still the same.
- 3 Though for a time he may conceal  
Th' affections of his heart,  
Soon will the Lord his love reveal,  
And bid our fears depart.
- 4 Chosen in Christ, and bought with blood,  
The saints are his delight :  
The sons and daughters of our God,  
Are precious in his sight.
- 5 Then wait, ye brethren of our Lord,  
And seek the Saviour's face ;  
Trust in his name, believe his word  
Of everlasting grace.

HOBKINS.

462.

*Christ our Brother.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN ev'ry scene this side the grave,  
Seems dark and cheerless to the eye  
How sweet at such a time to have  
" A brother for adversity."
- 2 When father, mother, all are gone,  
When bursts affection's closest tie ;  
How sweet to claim, as still our own,  
" A brother for adversity."
- 3 When frowns an angry world unkind,  
And hope's delusive visions fly ;  
How sweet at such an hour to find  
" A brother for adversity."
- 4 And who is this, whom still we find,  
When father, mother, husband die ;  
Still faithful, loving, tender, kind,  
" A brother for adversity."
- 5 Jesus, 'tis thou—ah ! who can trace  
Thy love unchanging, full, and free ?  
Or tell the riches of thy grace,  
" Thou brother for adversity !"

## 463-64

## CHARACTERS

- 6 Thy wounded hands and feet proclaim,  
That love and mercy meet in thee !  
That Jesus is the sweetest name,  
“ The brother for adversity.”

HAWTREY.

## 463.

*Christ our Captain.*

L. M.

- 1 **WHEN** souls are freed from Satan's hand,  
And join Immanuel's sacred band,  
A long, but certain war begins,  
With mighty foes, and mightier sins.
- 2 Jesus, their Captain, leads the way,  
And bids them fight and win the day ;  
He gives them armour for the war ;  
His presence strikes their foes with fear.
- 3 In Zion's camp, the trumpet's blown ;  
'Tis there our Captain's power is known :  
There Jesus gives his sov'reign word,  
And conquests great attend his sword.
- 4 Our Captain stood on Calvary,  
And gain'd eternal victory :  
He fought, he bled, he fell, he rose,  
And triumph'd o'er our numerous foes.
- 5 Now though the soldiers of the cross  
Must fight, yet they sustain no loss :  
Their Captain leads them to the field ;  
And ev'ry enemy must yield.
- 6 Ye saints, your conquer'd foes pursue ;  
Your Captain's honour keep in view :  
Your mightiest foes he'll trample down,  
Then place on you the conqu'ror's crown.

IRONS.

## 464.

*Christ our Foundation.*

L. M.

- 1 **CHRIST** is the sure foundation stone,  
Prov'd by his saints, who hence are gone ;  
Could we converse with them, they'd say,  
“ This precious stone did ne'er give way.”
- 2 “ It stood in every trying hour,  
We prov'd its strength, we prov'd its power,  
We prov'd it strong our souls to bear,  
Nor had we ever cause to fear.”

- 3 Other foundation there is none,  
But this one precious living stone ;  
Those laid by men, however wise,  
Are only refuges of lies.
- 4 The Lord, himself, this stone did lay,  
And tried it, but it ne'er gave way ;  
A sure foundation it will prove,  
To all the objects of his love.

FOWLER.

## 465.

*Christ our Friend.*

L. M.

- 1 COME, let us here rejoice to raise  
A sacred song of solemn praise ;  
What heart can fully comprehend  
The love of Christ, our heav'nly Friend.
- 2 O let us make his name our trust :  
He is a Saviour, wise and just ;  
On his almighty arm depend,  
He is a tried and faithful Friend.
- 3 He will our every need supply,  
In every trouble will be nigh ;  
Will love and save us to the end,  
O bless and praise this gracious Friend.
- 4 Grant, dearest Lord, we each may prove  
Thy power, thy presence, and thy love :  
And everlasting ages spend  
In sacred praise to thee, our Friend.

MEDLEY.

## 466.

*Christ our Hiding-place.*

L. M.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God who rules the sky,  
I fought with hands uplifted high !  
Despis'd the mention of his grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 But thus th' eternal counsel ran :  
" Almighty love, arrest that man !"  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
And found I had no hiding-place.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid each anxious fear subside ;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises,  
 I will ever give to thee.

ROBINSON.

## 471.

*Christ our Leader.*

C. M.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise  
 Within the veil, and see  
 The saints above, how great their joys,  
 How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
 And wet their couch with tears ;  
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came ?  
 They, with united breath,  
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,  
 His zeal inspir'd their breast ;  
 And, following their incarnate God,  
 Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
 For his own pattern giv'n ;  
 While the long cloud of witnesses  
 Shew the same path to heaven.

WATTS.

## 472.

*Christ our Life.*

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR life is hid with Christ in God ;  
 Our life shall soon appear ;  
 And spread his glory all abroad,  
 In us, his members here.
- 2 The heavenly treasure now we have  
 In this mean house of clay :  
 Which Christ has undertook to save  
 And guard against *that* day.

3 Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
 And he will keep them still ;  
 And every ransom'd soul shall stand  
 With him on Zion's hill.

4 And if our fellowship below  
 In Jesus is so sweet,  
 What heavenly pleasures shall we know,  
 When round his throne we meet ! JONES.

473.

*Christ our Peace.*

L. M.

1 PEACE, by his cross, hath Jesus made,  
 The Church's everlasting Head ;  
 O'er hell and sin hath vict'ry won,  
 And, with a shout, to glory gone.

2 Then why, dejected saint, dost thou  
 Thy sorrows nurse, thy head thus bow ?  
 Eternal truth declares to thee,  
 This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

3 When o'er thy head the billows roll,  
 And shades of sin obscure thy soul ;  
 When thou canst no deliv'rance see,  
 Yet still this Man thy Peace shall be.

4 In tribulation's thorny maze,  
 Or on the mount of sovereign grace,  
 Or in the fire, or through the sea,  
 This glorious Man thy Peace shall be.

5 Yea, when thine eye of faith is dim,  
 Rest thou on Jesus, sink or swim,  
 And at his footstool bow the knee,  
 And Israel's God thy Peace shall be.

KENT.

474.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 YE saints, attend the Saviour's voice,  
 And hear the words of grace ;  
 He says, and let your hearts rejoice,  
 " In me ye shall have Peace."

2 Though storms and tempests round you roar,  
 And foes and fears increase,  
 He says, and what could he say more ?  
 " In me ye shall have Peace."



- 3 What though corruption dwells within,  
Nor shall your conflict cease ;  
He says, in spite of hell and sin,  
“ In me ye shall have Peace.”
- 4 Though you must pass thro’ death’s cold flood,  
To gain a full release ;  
He says, and he will make it good,  
“ In me ye shall have Peace.”

FOWLER.

## 475.

*Christ our Physician.*

L. M.

- 1 YE mourning sinners, here disclose  
Your deep complaints, your various woes :  
Approach—’tis Jesus ; he can heal  
The pains which mourning sinners feel.
- 2 Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,  
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;  
New life and strength his voice conveys,  
And sighs and groans are changed for praise.
- 3 Nor shall the leper hopeless lie  
Beneath the great Physician’s eye ;  
Sin’s deepest power that word controuls,  
That fatal leprosy of souls.
- 4 Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;  
Diseases fly at thy command :  
Now let thy sovereign touch impart  
Life, strength, and health, to every heart.

STEELE.

## 476.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, in thy dear name we trace  
Healing for man’s infected race ;  
Whose lep’rous soul and body too,  
Defil’d throughout by sin, we view.
- 2 Hail, Plant renown’d, thy leaves how fair !  
Thought can’t conceive, nor words declare,  
What healing virtue from thee flows,  
To heal a guilty sinner’s woes.
- 3 Thy fame was great in ancient days,  
Judea’s region spoke thy praise ;  
And we, through grace, in this our day,  
Can sing of healing great as they.

- 4 Hatred to God, a foul disease,  
 Shall turn to love, when he shall please ;  
 And burn with a celestial glow,  
 Which none but pardon'd rebels know.
- 5 Count thou, my soul, no healing good,  
 But what proceeds from Jesus' blood ;  
 Nor rest in this, t' atone for sin,  
 Without a feeling sense within.

KENT.

477.

*Christ our Pilot.*

C. M.

- 1 IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,  
 He need not fear the sea ;  
 Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand  
 By the divine decree.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sail'd,  
 By dreadful storms was toss'd ;  
 The promise over all prevail'd,  
 And not a life was lost.
- 3 Though neither sun nor stars were seen,  
 Paul knew the Lord was near ;  
 And faith preserv'd his soul serene,  
 When others shook for fear.
- 4 Believers thus are toss'd about,  
 On life's tempestuous main ;  
 But grace assures, beyond a doubt,  
 They shall their port attain.
- 5 They must, they shall appear one day,  
 Before their Father's throne ;  
 The storms they meet with by the way,  
 His love and pow'r make known.
- 6 Their passage lies across the brink  
 Of many a threat'ning wave ;  
 The world expects to see them sink,  
 But Jesus lives to save.

JAY.

478.

*Christ our Portion.*

C. M.

- 1 THOUGH o'er me multiplied distress,  
 And waves of sorrow roll ;  
 The Lord is still my righteousness,  
 The portion of my soul.

- 2 Jesus himself to me is giv'n,  
 What magnitude of bliss !  
 Rejoice with me, ye heirs of heaven,  
 "The Lord my portion is."
- 3 He's mine by gift, by cov'nant mine,  
 My life, my strength, my peace ;  
 On him I all my cares recline,  
 "The Lord my portion is."
- 4 Let others boast what they possess,  
 My only theme be this ;  
 In pleasure, or in deep distress,  
 "The Lord my portion is."
- 5 Though earthly treasures fade away,  
 And time itself shall cease :  
 My heritage shall ne'er decay,  
 "The Lord my portion is."

PAICE.

## 479.

*Christ our Refuge.*

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Rock for weary sinners made,  
 When storms of sin distress the soul,  
 Here will I rest my weary head,  
 When lightnings blaze and thunders roll.
- 2 Within the cleft of his dear side,  
 There all his saints in safety dwell,  
 For who from Jesus shall divide ?  
 Not all the rage of earth and hell.
- 3 O sacred Covert from the beams  
 That on the weary traveller beat,  
 How welcome are thy shade and streams,  
 How blest, how sacred, and how sweet !
- 4 And when that awful storm takes place,  
 That hurls destruction far and near,  
 My soul shall refuge in thy grace,  
 And find her glorious shelter there.

KENT.

## 480.

*The same.*

7s.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high !

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh ! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, O leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me :  
 Lord, on thee my soul is stay'd,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

2 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sins,  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within ;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

WESLEY.

481.

*Christ our Refuge.*

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,  
 On thee, when sorrows rise,  
 On thee, when waves of trouble roll,  
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,  
 For thou alone canst heal ;  
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
 For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, O ! when gloomy doubts prevail,  
 I fear to call thee mine ;  
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
 And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee ?  
 Thou art my only trust ;  
 And still my soul would cleave to thee,  
 Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
 And shall I seek in vain ?  
 And can the ear of sovereign grace  
 Be deaf when I complain ?

6 No, still the ear of sovereign grace  
 Attends the mourner's prayer ;  
 O may I ever find access  
 To breathe my sorrows there.

STEELE.

482.

*Christ our Refuge.*

C. M.

1 NOW I can see from whence my help,  
 And every succour, came ;  
 My refuge is the God of love :  
 My help is in his name.

2 Wonder has often fill'd my soul,  
 That I should stand at all ;  
 When, lo ! on ev'ry hand I see  
 The great, and mighty fall !

3 I see the power, and bless the God  
 Whose everlasting arm  
 Has sav'd me oft, and lives to save  
 From every real harm.

4 Through strength like this my soul shall walk  
 The gloomy desert through ;  
 These everlasting arms shall grant  
 Support and vict'ry too.

STEEVENS.

483.

*Christ our Resting-place.*

148th.

1 LORD, to thy arms we fly,  
 And lean upon thy breast,  
 Do not thy grace deny,  
 But give the gospel rest ;  
 Shew the sweet smiles of thy dear face,  
 And prove to us a *resting-place*.

2 Weary, and wounded sore,  
 We eye our bleeding Friend ;  
 Mercy we now implore,  
 May mercy now descend ;  
 Still may we pray, and never cease,  
 Till we enjoy a *resting-place* !

- 3 Bid us thy truth receive,  
 And calm the throbbing breast,  
 Say to the soul, "*Believe,*  
*" And enter into rest ;*  
*" Behold my freely flowing grace,*  
*" And find in me a resting-place."*
- 4 Jesus, we hear thy voice,  
 Thy kindness now adore,  
 Now shall our souls rejoice,  
 And praise thee evermore ;  
 Shout through the earth thy healing grace,  
 And sing our glorious Resting-place. BAILEY.

484.

*Christ our Rock.*

11s.

- 1 WHEN God from my soul shall his presence  
 remove,  
 To try by his absence the strength of my love,  
 I'll rest on the promise of Jesus, and try  
 The force of that rock, which is higher than I.
- 2 When sorely afflicted, and ready to faint,  
 Before my Redeemer, I'll spread my complaint,  
 'Mid storms and distresses, my soul shall rely  
 On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.
- 3 When judgments, O Lord, are abroad in the  
 land,  
 And merited vengeance descends from thy hand,  
 O'erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I fly,  
 And hide in the rock that is higher than I.
- BENNET.

485.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 THE types, my soul, were all too faint,  
 His sorrows, or his worth to paint ;  
 Slight was the stroke of Moses' rod,  
 But Christ endur'd the wrath of God.
- 2 Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
 But ours was wounded, bruised, and slain ;  
 That rock, gave but a wat'ry flood,  
 But Jesus poured forth streams of blood.

- 3 Then let the Saviour's name resound,  
 In him refreshing streams are found,  
 Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,  
 While thirsty sinners drink and live. NEWTON.

486.

*Christ our Shepherd.*

L. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH is our Shepherd's name,  
 Then what have we, though weak, to fear ?  
 Our sin and folly we proclaim,  
 If we despond while he is near.
- 2 When Satan threatens to devour,  
 When troubles press on every side ;  
 Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,  
 He can defend, he will provide.
- 3 See the rich pastures of his grace,  
 Where, in full streams, salvation flows !  
 There he appoints our resting-place,  
 Where we may feed, secure from foes.
- 4 There, midst the flock, the Shepherd dwells,  
 The sheep around in safely lie ;  
 The wolf, in vain, with malice swells,  
 For he protects them with his eye. NEWTON.

487.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,  
 Jehovah is his name ;  
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
 Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
 When I forsake his ways ;  
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,  
 In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
 Thy presence be my stay ;  
 A word of thy supporting breath,  
 Shall drive my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread :  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 Mine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God  
 Attend me all my days :  
 O may thine house be mine abode,  
 And all my work be praise.

6 There would I find a settled rest,  
 (While others go and come,)  
 No more a stranger, or a guest,  
 But like a child at home.

WATTS.

488.

*Christ our Shepherd.*

C. M.

1 CHRIST'S sheep, by nature know not God,  
 They follow sin by choice ;  
 But he hath told us in his word,  
 They all shall hear his voice.

2 They must be brought to know their God,  
 And turn their backs on sin ;  
 For Christ hath told us in his word,  
 That he must bring them in.

3 They must be brought, because their sins  
 Were on the Saviour laid ;  
 If they be lost, he'll lose his ends,  
 In vain their debt he paid.

4 They must be brought by sov'reign grace,  
 To love the Saviour here ;  
 They must be brought before his face,  
 To dwell for ever there.

BARNARD.

489.

*The same.*

S. M.

1 MY soul, with joy attend,  
 While Jesus silence breaks ;  
 No angel's harp such music yields  
 As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries,  
 "My soul approves them well :  
 "Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,  
 "And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I freely feed them now  
 "With tokens of my love ;  
 "But richer pastures I prepare,  
 "And sweeter streams, above.



- 4 “Unnumber’d years of bliss  
 “I to my sheep will give ;  
 “And while my throne unshaken stands,  
 “Shall all my chosen live.”

- 5 Enough, my gracious Lord,  
 Let faith triumphant cry ;  
 My heart can on this promise live,  
 Can on this promise die.

DODDRIDGE.

## 490.

*Christ our Shepherd.*

C. M.

- 1 COMPANIONS of thy little flock,  
 Dear Lord, we fain would be,  
 Our helpless hearts to thee look up,  
 To thee, our Shepherd, flee.
- 2 O might we lean upon that breast,  
 Which love and pity fill,  
 And now become those lambs caress’d,  
 That in thy bosom dwell.
- 3 How sweet that voice, how strong that hand,  
 Which leads to pastures fair,  
 Shews Canaan’s milk and honey land,  
 Lot of thy flock so dear.
- 4 As one in heart we all rejoice,  
 The sinner’s friend to praise ;  
 The Shepherd died, O, ’tis his voice !  
 He’ll us to glory raise.

## 491.

*Christ our Strength.*

L. M.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,  
 “Strength shall be equal to thy day ;”  
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
 That Christ’s own pow’r may rest on me ;  
 When I am weak, then am I strong,  
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
 All suff’rings, if my Lord be there ;  
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
 While his dear hand my head sustains.

- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise  
We find how great our weakness is.

WATTS.

492.

*Christ our Treasure.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS is all I wish or want ;  
For him I pray, I thirst, I pant ;  
Let others after earth aspire ;  
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 2 Possess'd of him, I wish no more ;  
He is an all-sufficient store :  
To praise him all my pow'rs conspire ;  
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 3 If he his smiling face but hide,  
My soul no comfort has beside ;  
Distrest, I after him enquire ;  
Christ is the treasure I desire.
- 4 Come, humble souls, and view his charms ;  
Take refuge in his saving arms ;  
And sing, while you his worth admire,  
Christ is the treasure I desire.

REES.

493.

*Christ precious.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS is precious, saith the word,  
What comfort doth this truth afford !  
And those who in his name believe,  
With joy this precious truth receive.
- 2 To them he is more precious far,  
Than life and all its comforts are ;  
More precious than their daily food,  
More precious than their vital blood.
- 3 If light is precious to the eyes,  
If learning's precious to the wise,  
Whatever things men precious call,  
Christ is more precious than them all.
- 4 He's precious in his cleansing blood ;  
He's precious in his faithful word :  
He's precious in his righteousness,  
He's precious in his sov'reign grace.

# 494-95-96      CHARACTERS

5 In every trial by the way,  
 In every dark and cloudy day,  
 Through life, in death, and evermore,  
 This precious Jesus we'll adore.

MEDLEY.

494.                      *Christ precious.*                      8. 7. 4.

1 PRECIOUS Jesus! friend of sinners !

    We, as such, to thee draw near :

    Let thy Spirit now dwell in us,

        And with love our souls inspire ;

        Fill, O fill us,

        With that love which casts out fear.

2 Open now thy precious treasure,

    Let the blessings freely flow ;

    Give to each a gracious measure,

        Of thy glory here below :

        Loving Bridegroom,

        'Tis thyself we want to know.

3 Matchless Saviour, let us view thee,

    As the Lord our righteousness ;

    Cause each soul to cleave unto thee,

        Come, and with thy presence bless :

        Dear Immanuel,

        Feast us with thy sov'reign grace.

GADSBY.

495.                      *The same.*                      148th.

1 TO speak my Saviour's name,

    And set his glory forth,

    To sound abroad his fame,

        And estimate his worth ;

    Would well employ th' angelic throng,

    And shall engage my thankful tongue.

2 His person, grace, and might,

    His offices, and love,

    Are sources of delight

        To ransom'd souls above ;

    In their loud songs I'll bear a part,

    For Christ is precious to my heart.

IRONS.

496.                      *The same.*                      L. M.

1 JESUS, my portion, and my love,

    While here I dwell, and when above;

    How precious is thy name to me,

    O ! how I long thy face to see.

- 2 His cov'nant stands for ever sure,  
In him I feel myself secure ;  
Precious beyond compare I find  
The thoughts of Jesus to my mind.
- 3 How precious, when by faith, I see  
My Lord expiring on the tree :  
How precious to behold him rise,  
And soar aloft to Paradise.
- 4 'Tis he that does for me provide,  
He is my tower wherein I hide ;  
He is my rock, on which I stand,  
And none can pluck me from his hand.
- 5 Christ is my all in every case,  
I thank him for his precious grace :  
My All in All he still shall be,  
There's none like Christ my Lord to me.

PARSONS.

497.

*Our Springs in Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 TO whom, dear Jesus, O, to whom,  
Should needy sinners flee,  
But to thyself, who bid'st us come ?  
“ *Our springs are all in thee.*”
- 2 Some tempted, weak, and trembling saint,  
Before thee now may be :  
Let not his hopes or wishes faint !  
“ *His springs are all in thee.*”
- 3 The poor supply, the wounded heal ;  
Let sinners such as we,  
Salvation's blessings taste and feel !  
“ *Our springs are all in thee.*”
- 4 When we arrive at Zion's hill,  
And all thy glories see ;  
Our joyful songs shall echo still,  
“ *Our springs are all in thee.*”

TAYLOR.

498.

*Christ superior to Moses.*

C. M.

- 1 HOW strong thine arm is, mighty God,  
Who would not fear thy name !  
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are,  
Who would not love the Lamb !

- 2 He hath done more than Moses did,  
Our Prophet and our King ;  
From wrath and hell our souls he freed,  
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,  
Th' Egyptian host was drown'd ;  
But Jesus' blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,  
With manna they were fed ;  
But Jesus feeds us with his flesh,  
The true and living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,  
Yet never reach'd the place ;  
But Christ shall bring his children home,  
To see their Father's face. WATTS.

499. *Christ, the Alpha and Omega.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I aspire to heaven above,  
Or through creation's limits rove ;  
Midst worlds, and spheres, and regions vast,  
My Jesus is the first and last.
- 2 His name with sweet delight I view,  
'Tis Alpha and Omega too ;  
He drew creation's wond'rous plan,  
And finish'd what he first began.
- 3 When o'er his word my eye is cast,  
There Jesus is the first and last,  
And all the blessings there made known,  
Their Alpha and Omega own.
- 4 The work of grace within my heart,  
The comforts, means of grace impart,  
From first to last his glories shew,  
And lay free-will and reason low.
- 5 Thus when the toils of life are past,  
Jesus shall be the first and last ;  
And when I bow before the King,  
I'll Alpha and Omega sing. IRONS.

500.

*Christ the best Friend.*

L. M.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless though I am,  
I have a rich almighty Friend,  
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,  
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes controul'd,  
He found me wand'ring far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,  
And says, that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies;  
O, what a Friend is Christ to me!      NEWTON.

501.

*Christ, the Bread of Life.*

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS! thou art the living bread  
By which our needy souls are fed;  
In thee alone thy children find  
Enough to fill the empty mind.
- 2 Without this bread I starve and die;  
No other can my need supply:  
But this will suit my wretched case,  
Abroad, at home, in every place.
- 3 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor  
Who ask for bread at mercy's door;  
This living food descends from heaven,  
As manna to the Jews was given.
- 4 This precious food my heart revives;  
What strength, what nourishment it gives!  
O let me evermore be fed  
With this divine, celestial bread!      FAWCETT.

502.

*The same.*

S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the living bread,  
Which Jesus came to give,  
By dying in the sinner's stead,  
That they might ever live!
- 2 Behold the Saviour's love,  
Who gives his flesh to eat,  
Never did angels taste above,  
Provision half so sweet.

- 3 The Lord delights to give,  
He knows you've nought to buy,  
To Jesus haste, this bread receive,  
And you shall never die.

HOSKINS.

## 503.

*Christ, the Breaker.*

L. M.

- 1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,  
Who bears the Breaker's wond'rous name ;  
Sweet name ! and it becomes him well,  
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death, and hell.
- 2 A mighty Breaker sure is he,  
Who broke my chains, and set me free ;  
He breaks the bars of every snare,  
Which hellish foes for me prepare.
- 3 Great Breaker, thy sweet love impart  
Daily, to break my stony heart ;  
Break through my foes to my relief ;  
And break, O, break my unbelief.
- 4 Break down my self-sufficient pride,  
And let me at thy feet abide ;  
And there adore this mighty Lord,  
Who never, never breaks his word.
- 5 By thee I'll break through every foe,  
And joyful on my journey go ;  
By thee I'll break death's cold embrace,  
And mount to heav'n my destin'd place.
- 6 There hath the King pass'd on before,  
And there, for ever I'll adore ;  
And to eternity will raise  
My song to this great Breaker's praise.

MEDLEY.

## 504.

*Christ, the Bridegroom.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the heavenly lover, gave  
His life, my wretched soul to save :  
Resolv'd to make his mercy known,  
He kindly claims me for his own.
- 2 Rebellious, I against him strove  
'Till melted and constrain'd by love ;  
With sin and self I freely part,  
The heavenly Bridegroom wins my heart.

- 2 My guilt and wretchedness he knows,  
 Yet takes and owns me for his spouse ;  
 My debts he pays, and sets me free,  
 And makes his riches o'er to me.
- 4 My filthy rags are laid aside,  
 He clothes me as becomes his bride ;  
 Himself bestows my wedding-dress—  
 The robe of perfect righteousness. FAWCETT.

**505.**      *Christ, the Corner Stone.*      L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY souls, who know the Lord,  
 Who love and trust his sacred word ;  
 With songs address his gracious throne,  
 And triumph in the Corner Stone.
- 2 With you my thankful soul would join,  
 In work so pleasant, so divine,  
 A monument of grace alone,  
 I stand on Christ, the Corner Stone.
- 3 When sins and sorrows o'er me roll,  
 O quicken and restore my soul,  
 My life and comfort then I'll own,  
 Is from my precious Corner Stone.
- 4 Though death and dangers round me roll,  
 And earth and hell attack my soul,  
 My hope cannot be overthrown,  
 Built upon Christ, the Corner Stone. FOWLER.

**506.**      *Christ, the desire of all Nations.*      C. M.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,  
 Thou lovely Prince of Grace !  
 Thy uncreated beauties shine  
 With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,  
 Come bending at thy feet ;  
 To thee their prayers and vows ascend ;  
 In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,  
 Delights the church around ;  
 Sweetly the sacred odours spread,  
 Through all Immanuel's ground.



4 Millions of happy spirits live  
 On thy exhaustless store :  
 From thee, they all their bliss receive,  
 And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;  
 They find their all in thee :  
 Thy glories will their tongues employ  
 Through all eternity.

FAWCETT.

## 507.

*Christ, the Door.*

L. M.

1 MY soul, a joyful song prepare,  
 The Saviour's wond'rous love declare,  
 Praise his dear name for evermore,  
 The only open, heav'nly door.

2 Is Christ the Door ? He brought me in,  
 Bless'd be his name ! he saves from sin ;  
 Though loud the thund'ring law may roar,  
 We still find mercy at this door.

3 Is Christ the Door ? let saints rejoice,  
 And bless him with a cheerful voice ;  
 Loud let your grateful voices sound,  
 For at this door you mercy found.

4 Bless'd Door, set open by his hands,  
 And thanks to him, still open stands,  
 And none can shut it evermore,  
 O bless him for this open door.

5 May we, when death's dark vale is past,  
 Enter, by him, to heaven at last,  
 And there in songs, for evermore,  
 Exult in God, and bless this door.

BAILEY.

## 508.

*Christ, the First-born.*

L. M.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing  
 The glories of my Saviour King !  
 Jesus, the Lord ! how heavenly fair  
 His form ! how bright his beauties are !

2 Thy throne, O God ! for ever stands ;  
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands :  
 Thy laws and works are just and right,  
 Justice and grace are thy delight.

- 3 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His First-born Son above the rest.
- 4 Let endless honours crown his head !  
Let every age his praises spread !  
While we with cheerful songs approve,  
The condescensions of his love.

WATTS.

509.

*Christ, the Fountain.*

L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D Jesus, source of grace divine,  
What soul-refreshing streams are thine !  
O bring these healing waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,  
Midst scorching suns and burning sands,  
More needs the cool, refreshing rain,  
Or pants the current to obtain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring ;  
To a redundant river flow,  
And cheer thy Zion here below.
- 4 May these blest waters near my side  
Through all the desert gently glide ;  
Then, in Immanuel's land above,  
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

DODDRIDGE.

510.

*Christ, the Gift of God.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,  
For thee I long, for thee I pray,  
Amid the shadows of the night,  
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 When shall I see thy smiling face,  
That face which I have often seen ?  
Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness !  
Scatter the clouds that intervene.
- 3 Thou art the glorious Gift of God  
To sinners weary and distress'd ;  
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 When I can say, "this Gift is mine,"  
 I tread the world beneath my feet  
 No more at poverty repine,  
 Nor envy sinners rich and great.

5 The precious jewel I would keep,  
 And lodge it deep within my heart ;  
 At home, abroad, awake, asleep,  
 It never should from thence depart.

BEDDOME.

511. *Christ, the Lamb of God.* L. M.

1 BEHOLD the sin-aton-ing Lamb,  
 With wonder, gratitude, and love :  
 To take away our guilt and shame,  
 See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid ;  
 He meekly bore the mighty load :  
 Our ransom-price he fully paid  
 In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies ;  
 Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb !  
 To him lift up your longing eyes,  
 And hope for mercy in his name.

4 Pardon, and peace, through him abound ;  
 He can the richest blessings give ;  
 Salvation in his name is found,  
 He bids the dying sinner live.

FAWCETT.

512. *Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.* C. M.

1 YE souls, condemned by Sinai's law,  
 And sunk in deep distress,  
 To Calv'ry look, and comfort draw  
 From "Christ our Righteousness."

2 This is the name by which he's known,  
 The name his saints confess ;  
 Gaze on him, humble souls, and own  
 "The Lord our Righteousness."

3 A title just, a pardon seal'd,  
 A spotless wedding-dress,  
 Yea, grace and glory are reveal'd  
 In Christ, "our Righteousness."

- 4 O that our faith could Jesus claim,  
 No more should doubts depress :  
 Fain would we triumph in this name,  
 "The Lord our Righteousness." HAWTREY.

### 513. *Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.* L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness,  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress ;  
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,  
 To claim my mansion in the skies ;  
 E'en then, shall this be all my plea,  
 "Jesus hath liv'd, and died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
 For who aught to my charge shall lay ?  
 Fully absolv'd, through Christ, I am,  
 From sin's tremendous curse and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,  
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;  
 No age can change its glorious hue,  
 The robe of Christ, is ever new.
- 5 The dead, ere long, shall hear thy voice,  
 And all thy banish'd ones rejoice ;  
 Their beauty and their glorious dress,  
 Jesus, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

WESLEY.

### 514. *Christ, the Morning Star.* L. M.

- 1 WITH joy, ye saints, attend, and raise  
 Your voices in harmonious praise ;  
 Bless'd Spirit ! ev'ry heart prepare,  
 "To sing the bright, the Morning Star."
- 2 In glory bright the Saviour reigns,  
 And endless grandeur there sustains ;  
 We view his beams, and from afar  
 "Hail him, the bright, the Morning Star."
- 3 Sweet Star ! his influence is divine ;  
 Life, peace, and joy, attending shine :  
 Death, hell, and sin, before him flee,  
 "The bright, the Morning Star is he."

- 4 Most glorious Star ! be thou our guide,  
Nor from our souls thy splendour hide ;  
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,  
“ Thou only bright and Morning Star.”
- 5 Eternal Star ! our songs shall rise,  
When we shall meet thee in the skies ;  
And in eternal anthems, there  
Praise thee, the bright, the Morning Star.

BAILEY.

515.

*Christ, the one thing needful.*

L. M.

- 1 LORD ! 'tis engraven on my heart,  
That thou the one thing needful art ;  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never, Lord ! from thee.
- 2 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord !  
True peace and comfort to afford :  
Needful thy promise, to impart  
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.
- 3 Needful art thou, my soul can say,  
Through all life's dark and thorny way ;  
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,  
When I yield up my soul to thee.
- 4 Needful art thou, to raise my dust  
In shining glory with the just :  
Needful, when I in heaven appear,  
To crown, and to present me there.
- 5 Needful art thou, my Lord, my love,  
To tune my golden harp above ;  
Needful art thou, my God, my King,  
While to eternity I sing.

MEDLEY.

516.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 I WANT not India's pearly shore,  
I want the joys of earth no more ;  
I want to quit each vain delight,  
I want to walk with Christ in white.
- 2 I want to know my Saviour's love ;  
I want to fix my heart above :  
I want more grace to conquer sin ;  
I want to feel new life within.

- 3 I want Christ's robe of righteousness ;  
 I want that bright and glorious dress :  
 I want to lay my own aside ;  
 I want to fly from legal pride.
- 4 I want to lean on Jesus' breast,  
 And feel him my eternal rest :  
 I want the Spirit's purging fire ;  
 More faith, more love, to raise me higher.
- 5 I want with Jesus to sit down ;  
 I want to wear my heavenly crown ;  
 I want the Kingdom promis'd me ;  
 I want no more, O Christ, but thee.

WILLIAMS.

## 517. *Christ, the Perfection of Zion.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 NOW join, ye saints, with heart and voice,  
 Alone in Jesus to rejoice,  
 And worship at his feet :  
 Come, take his praises on your tongues,  
 And to him raise your thankful songs,  
 In him "ye are complete."
- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,  
 The fulness of the Godhead dwells,  
 And all perfections meet ;  
 The head of all celestial powers,  
 Divinely theirs, divinely ours,  
 In him "ye are complete."
- 3 Bow to this glorious Head of ours,  
 For principalities and powers,  
 Must fall before his feet :  
 Make him, O Zion, all your trust,  
 Your Saviour, God ; and God the Just !  
 In him "ye are complete."
- 4 Nor fear to pass the vale of death,  
 In his dear arms resign your breath,  
 He'll make the passage sweet :  
 The gloom and fears of death shall flee,  
 And your departing souls shall see,  
 In him "ye are complete."

MEDLEY.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
Our dear Redeemer's praise !  
The glories of our God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 **Jehovah Jesus ! mighty God !**  
Assist us to proclaim  
And spread through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.
- 3 **Jesus, the name that quells our fears,**  
That bids our sorrows cease ;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 **He breaks the powers of cancell'd sin,**  
He sets the prisoners free ;  
His blood can make the foulest clean :  
His blood availed for me !
- 5 **Hear him, ye deaf ; him praise, ye dumb,**  
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

WESLEY.

519. *Christ, the substance of the Types.* 148th.

- 1 **JESUS, I love to trace**  
Throughout the sacred page,  
The footsteps of thy grace,  
The same in every age :  
O may thy Spirit shew to me,  
The things which testify of thee.
- 2 **The Lamb, and Dove, set forth**  
Thy perfect innocence,  
Whose blood, of matchless worth,  
Should be the soul's defence ;  
For he who can for sin atone,  
Must have no failings of his own.
- 3 **The Scape-goat, on his head**  
The people's trespass bore,  
And to the desert led,  
Was to be seen no more :  
In him our Surety seem'd to say,  
" Behold, I bear your sins away."

- 4 Dipt in his fellow's blood,  
 The living Bird went free ;  
 The type well understood,  
 Express'd the sinner's plea ;  
 Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,  
 And by a Saviour's death discharg'd.

COWPER.

520. *Christ, the substance of the Types.* L. M.

- 1 IN types and shadows we are told  
 Jesus was seen in days of old,  
 Before the gospel dawn came in,  
 A glorious sacrifice for sin.
- 2 The Paschal Lamb which Israel slew,  
 Ye seed of Jacob, speaks to you ;  
 Holds Jesus forth, from blemish free,  
 Whose blood's a peaceful sign to thee.
- 3 If sprinkled o'er thy conscience now,  
 How greatly loved and bless'd art thou ;  
 Thousands there are who never see,  
 This peaceful sign, made known to thee.
- 4 Art thou a son for sin distress'd ?  
 Doth guilt lie heavy on thy breast ?  
 In Christ the Lamb deliv'rance see,  
 His blood's a peaceful sign to thee.

KENT.

521. *Christ, the Tower.* L. M.

- 1 REJOICE, ye saints, rejoice and praise,  
 The riches of redeeming grace ;  
 Jesus, your everlasting tower,  
 Mocks at the angry tempest's roar.
- 2 His blood's a refuge ever nigh ;  
 His righteousness a mountain high :  
 His name's a rock, which winds above,  
 And waves beneath, can never move.
- 3 His covenant, for ever sure,  
 Through endless ages will endure ;  
 His finish'd work will ever prove  
 The depth of his unchanging love.



- 4 While all things change, he changes not,  
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot ;  
Jehovah Jesus is his name,  
To all eternity the same.

JUSTINS.

522.

*Christ, the Tree of Life.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the Plant, of old renowned,  
Whose sacred leaves are healing found ;  
To all around, we'll tell of thee,  
For thou art Life's fair healing Tree.
- 2 Ye sin-sick souls, to Jesus go,  
With all your weight of sin and woe ;  
Though cover'd o'er with lep'rous sores,  
'Tis but to touch, and life is your's.
- 3 Alas ! what thousands vainly strive  
Life from the precept to derive ;  
Whose eyes were never led to see  
The worth of this fair Healing Tree.
- 4 Jesus, a name to sinners dear,  
Thy fruit how rich, thy leaves how fair :  
I'll make my only boast of thee,  
For thou art Life's fair Healing Tree.

KENT.

523.

*Christ, the Way.*

C. M.

- 1 NOW may we all admire the way,  
The great highway to God,  
The way of everlasting love,  
Reveal'd in flowing blood.
- 2 This is the way of light and life,  
The way of joy and peace ;  
The way of everlasting strength,  
The way of truth and grace.
- 3 Salvation in this way is found,  
And all abounding good ;  
Rivers of glory rise and flow,  
In this delightful road.
- 4 Lord, may we run the blissful way,  
Keeping the cross in view ;  
Run for the pure eternal prize  
That now appears in view.

BURNHAM.

524.

*Thoughts of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HILE many spend their thoughts on sin,  
Nor know the danger they are in,  
O may I act the wiser part,  
And think of Christ with all my heart.
- 2 O may his name to me be dear,  
My strength, my hope, my comfort here ;  
May I believe whate'er he saith,  
And think of Christ with humble faith.
- 3 Through all my life, be this my aim,  
To shew the glories of his name ;  
In him alone to make my boast,  
And think of Christ, and in him trust.
- 4 Nor less when I lay down my head,  
And languish on a dying bed,  
May I, when mortal life shall flee,  
Then think of Christ, who died for me.
- 5 Then, in the brighter world above,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
I shall before his face appear,  
And think of Christ for ever there.

## LOVE TO CHRIST.

525.

*Love to Christ.*

7s.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,  
Oft it causes anxious thought :  
Do I love the Lord, or no ?  
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?  
Hardly sure can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord?
- 6 Lord, decide the doubtful case!  
Thou who art thy people's Sun,  
Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

NEWTON.

526.

*Love to Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 DO not I love thee, O! my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out,  
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love;  
Dead be my heart to every joy  
Which God does not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Does not each pulse with pleasure bound  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord!  
But, O! I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of human joys,  
And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

527.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight, and reign  
If love be absent there.

- 3 'Tis love that makes our willing feet,  
In swift obedience move ;  
The devils know and tremble too ;  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,  
That fills the choirs above ;  
Then shall we tune our golden harps,  
And every note be love.

WATTS.

528.

*Love to Christ.*

S. M.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord :  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face ;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heaven begins below.

WATTS.

529.

*The same.*

8. 7.

- 1 JESUS, thou omniscient Saviour,  
Known to thee is all I do ;  
All my *thoughts*, and *words*, and *actions*,  
Lie before thy piercing view.
- 2 Yes, my Lord, thou know'st I *love* thee ;  
*Love* thy name, and *love* thy cause :  
*Love* the sound of thy rich gospel,  
*Dearly love* thy glorious laws.
- 3 *Love* to fear thee, *love* to serve thee !  
*Love* to sing thy matchless fame ;  
*Love* sincerely all thy people,  
All of those that love thy name.

4 Jesus, when I view thy kindness,  
 How I wonder and adore !  
 Yet my wonder much increases,  
 That I love my Lord no more.

BURNHAM.

## BAPTISM.

530.

*Before Baptism.*

L. M.

- 1 LORD, condescend on us to smile,  
 Then haughty sinners may revile ;  
 Our highest honour we esteem,  
 To own our Lord and follow him.
- 2 Christ's precept and example too,  
 We have the scoffing world to shew ;  
 This is the path our Saviour trod,  
 And in this way we own our God.
- 3 'Tis not th' obedience of a slave,  
 Nor with a view our souls to save,  
 That we in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
 And follow thus our living Head.
- 4 His grace and wisdom mark'd the way,  
 His love constrains us to obey ;  
 He by the Spirit lets us see,  
 His sweet commands how pure they be.
- 5 Great Three in One, Almighty Lord,  
 Still guide us by thy written word,  
 From men's inventions keep us free,  
 And let us follow none but thee.

MUNDAY.

531.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 NOW, thou exalted Prince of Peace,  
 Behold the subjects of thy grace ;  
 Drawn by the pleasing cords of love,  
 In wisdom's ways they sweetly move.
- 2 When in the water they descend,  
 There may they meet the sinner's Friend ;  
 Smiling from yonder blissful throne,  
 Sending immortal blessings down.

- 3 When from the honoured stream they rise,  
Then may they view the opening skies,  
May the bright beams of light appear,  
Proving the Lord is truly here.
- 4 May every good to them be given,  
And let them feel the smiles of heaven ;  
Then shall they find celestial peace,  
And triumph in thy special grace. BURNHAM.

## 532.

*Before Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Who love the Saviour's name ;  
Come, tread the path the Saviour trod,  
And follow Christ, the Lamb.
- 2 Behold the Saviour, buried deep  
In Jordan's flowing stream ;  
And in the strength his Spirit gives,  
Arise, and follow him.
- 3 Did Jesus bear the curse for thee ?  
And suffer in thy stead ?  
No longer at a distance walk  
From him, thy living Head.
- 4 Floods could not drown Immanuel's love ;  
He bore the wrath of God !  
Humbled himself, e'en unto death ;—  
For thee he shed his blood.
- 5 Can sprinkled waters e'er display  
The suff'rings of the Lamb ?  
Behold him overwhelmed with grief,  
When he our foes o'ercame !
- 6 Let all believers in the Lord,  
His institutions prize ;  
Take up their cross, and follow him  
Though worldlings may despise. COLLINS.

## 533.

*Buried with Christ in Baptism.*

8. 7.

- 1 JESUS, mighty King in Zion,  
Thou alone our guide shalt be ;  
Thy commission we rely on,  
We would follow none but thee.

- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,  
 And thy victory o'er the grave,  
 We who know thy great salvation  
 Are baptized beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,  
 We the ancient path pursue;  
 Buried with our Lord, and rising  
 To a life divinely new.

FELLOWS.

534. *Baptism Christ's appointment.* C. M.

- 1 GREAT King of Zion, we adore  
 Thy mild thy righteous sway;  
 We own thy wisdom and thy power,  
 And would thy laws obey.
- 2 Thy right it is, and thine alone,  
 In Zion's courts to reign,  
 To issue orders from thy throne,  
 And all her rites ordain.
- 3 Whoe'er believes in Jesus' name,  
 So speaks the sacred word:  
 Let him be plung'd beneath the stream,  
 In honour of his Lord.
- 4 Lord, we submit to this thy will,  
 We meet thee in the flood;  
 We would all righteousness fulfil,  
 And always own our God.

FELLOWS.

535. *Christ's commission.* L. M.

- 1 BEFORE Christ ascended to his throne,  
 He issued forth this great command:—  
 Go, preach my gospel to the world,  
 And spread my name through every land.
- 2 To men declare their sinful state,  
 The methods of my grace explain:  
 He that believes and is baptized,  
 Shall everlasting life obtain.
- 3 Dear Saviour, we thy will obey,  
 Not of constraint, but with delight,  
 Hither thy servants come to-day,  
 To honour thine appointed rite.

- 4 Let faith assisted now by signs,  
The mysteries of thy love explore ;  
And washed in thy redeeming blood,  
Let them depart, and sin no more.

BEDDOME.

536.

*Christ's Example.*

C. M.

- 1 **BURIED** beneath the yielding wave,  
The dear Redeemer lies ;  
Faith views him in the watery grave,  
And thence beholds him rise.
- 2 Thus it becomes his saints to-day,  
Their ardent zeal t' express ;  
And in the Lord's appointed way,  
Fulfil all righteousness.
- 3 With joy we in his footsteps tread,  
And would his cause maintain,  
Like him be numbered with the dead,  
And with him rise and reign.
- 4 His presence oft revives our hearts,  
And drives our fears away ;  
When he commands, and strength imparts,  
We cheerfully obey.
- 5 Now we, dear Jesus, would to thee  
Our grateful voices raise ;  
Washed in the fountain of thy blood,  
Our lives shall all be praise.

BEDDOME.

537.

*Not ashamed of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **JESUS** ! and can it ever be,  
Christians should be asham'd of Thee ?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! Sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus !—that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ; when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.



- 4 Ashamed of Jesus !—Yes I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me !
- 6 His institutions would I prize,  
Take up my cross—the shame despise ;  
Dare to defend his noble cause,  
And yield obedience to his laws.

GREIG.

### 538. *The Believer constrained by Love.* C. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! and will thy pard'ning love  
Embrace a wretch so vile !  
And all my sin and guilt remove,  
And bless me with thy smile ?
- 2 Hast thou for me the cross endur'd,  
And all the shame despis'd ?  
And shall I be asham'd, O Lord,  
With thee to be baptiz'd ?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,  
In Jordan's swelling flood ?  
And shall my pride disdain the deed  
That's worthy of my God ?
- 4 Jesus, the fervour of thy love,  
Reproves my cold delays ;  
But now my willing footsteps move  
In thy delightful ways.

FELLOWS.

### 539. *Conviction of Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 WELL, now my ignorance I see,  
And see it to my shame ;  
It is a privilege to be  
Baptized in Jesus' name.
- 2 O ! how I've seen it as a cross ;  
Too great to be endur'd ;  
To be baptiz'd as Jesus was,  
And buried with my Lord.

- 3 This is the way, which God above,  
 Commanded John to teach ;  
 This is the way, the Lord of Love,  
 Bade his Apostles preach.
- 4 This is the way, the saints of old,  
 Their faith and love profess'd !  
 O how presumptuous, vain, and bold,  
 Are those who dare resist.
- 5 This is the way, I'll walk therein,  
 Howe'er it be despised ;  
 " See here is water," let me then  
 Go down, and be baptiz'd.

WILLIAMS.

## 540.

*Difficulties surmounted.*

C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,  
 My journey I'll pursue ;  
 Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,  
 For I must go with you.
- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,  
 I'll follow where he goes :  
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,  
 Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,  
 I'll go at his command ;  
 Hinder me not, for I am bound  
 To my Immanuel's land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,  
 Still this my cry shall be,  
 Hinder me not, come, welcome death,  
 I'll gladly go with thee.

RYLAND.

## 541.

*Duties connected with Baptism.*

S. M.

- 1 ALL you that in the flood  
 Have own'd your Sovereign Lord ;  
 And to his people join'd yourselves,  
 According to his word :
- 2 In Zion you should dwell,  
 Her altar ne'er forsake :  
 Should come to all her solemn feasts.  
 And all her joys partake.

- 3 Let her employ your thoughts,  
And your unceasing care :  
Her welfare be your constant aim,  
And her increase your prayer.
- 4 Never offend or grieve  
Your brethren in the way :  
But shun the dark abodes of strife,  
As children of the day.
- 5 Highly in love esteem  
Your pastor in the Lord :  
Who breaks the bread of life to you,  
And labours in the word.

FELLOWS.

## 542.

*Encouragement to Baptism.*

L. M.

- 1 YE saints, all other Lords forsake,  
And Jesus for your leader take :  
Follow the Lamb where'er he goes,  
Nor dread the number of your foes.
- 2 Confer no more with flesh and blood,  
Press on, by whomsoe'er withstood ;  
Through Christ you shall the conquest gain,  
Earth, hell, and sin, shall rage in vain.
- 3 Profess your faith in Jesus' name,  
Follow him boldly through the stream :  
Martyrs and saints, in ancient days,  
Thus own'd their God, and lov'd his ways.
- 4 Steadfast, like them, obey your Lord :  
Enter his church, feast at his board :  
Till the last solemn trump proclaim  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

FELLOWS.

## 543.

*Baptism emblematical.*

C. M.

- 1 BAPTISMAL waters represent  
The suff'rings of my God,  
Plung'd in a sea of mighty woe,  
Baptiz'd in precious blood.
- 2 See, from the grave the victor rise  
In majesty divine !  
Hail ! mighty Lover ! Prince of Peace,  
Be endless glory thine.

- 3** Come, saints, and view the wat'ry grave,  
 Confess your risen Lord :  
 His great example points the way,  
 Come, and obey his word.
- 4** Faith, with a steady eye, looks through  
 The mirrors of his grace,  
 Till we behold his glories nigh,  
 And see him face to face.

UPTON.

## 544. *Exhortation to Baptism.* L. M

- 1** **W**HERE is the man who fears the Lord,  
 Who founds his hopes on Jesus' word,  
 Who reckons Christ his King, but still,  
 To be baptized has no will ?
- 2** Why dost thou tarry, Christian friend ?  
 Why disregard thy Lord's command ?  
 Why so unwilling to obey,  
 And walk in his appointed way ?
- 3** Are not his institutions right,  
 His holy precepts thy delight ?  
 Did he thy soul from hell redeem ?  
 And art thou shy to follow him ?
- 4** O tarry not—your Lord obey ;  
 And be baptiz'd without delay :  
 Say not, "some future time will do ;"  
 Christ did not reason thus for you.
- 5** Yet, would we have you satisfied  
 The word of God is on our side ;  
 Nor ever think of coming here,  
 Unless you are a volunteer.
- 6** Such we are ever glad to see,  
 However poor or weak they be ;  
 And such will find a sure reward,  
 In yielding homage to their Lord.

PAICE.

## 545. *Following Christ.* S. M.

- 1** **Y**E saints, lift up your eyes !  
 On Zion's mountain stands  
 The holy Lamb, that once was slain,  
 And now your love demands.

- 2 Behold his beauteous form !  
Before him bend the knee :  
'Twas love, eternal love to you,  
That brought him to the tree !
- 3 Ascended now on high,  
He lives, and shines, and reigns :  
The worlds of nature, and of grace,  
He governs and sustains.
- 4 Ye followers of the Lamb,  
Make all his ways your choice,  
From strangers turn your ears away,  
Nor listen to their voice.
- 5 Attend your Saviour's call,  
And follow where he goes :  
Be you baptiz'd as Jesus was,  
Though earth and hell oppose.

FELLOWS.

## 546.

*Friendship tested.*

7s.

- 1 **A**M I Jesus' friend or foe ?  
Do I do his will or no ?  
I acknowledge him as Lord,  
Do I hear and keep his word ?
- 2 Let me no pretences bring,  
I cannot deceive my King ;  
Whatsoever he commands,  
Steadfast as the gospel stands.
- 3 Jesus, thou hast died for me ;  
Died, to set my spirit free ;  
Thou art worthy to be Prince,  
Rules of conduct to dispense.
- 4 Lord, behold me here to-day,  
Thine injunction to obey ;  
Grant me fortitude and skill  
All thy pleasure to fulfil.
- 5 I desire to be thy friend ;  
Live thy truth, and it defend :  
Special grace to me afford,  
That I may not grieve my Lord.

UPTON.

547.

*Immersion.*

C. M.

- 1 **THUS** was the great Redeemer plunged  
 In Jordan's swelling flood,  
 To shew he must be soon baptiz'd,  
 In tears, and sweat, and blood.
- 2 **Thus** was our Lord and master laid  
 Beneath the yielding wave :  
**Thus** was his sacred body rais'd  
 Out of the watery grave.
- 3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,  
 In all thy footsteps tread,  
 Would die, be buried, rise with thee,  
 Our ever-living Head.

STENNETT .

548.

*Importance of Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 **STRUCK** with the brightness of thy crown,  
 Almighty King of grace !  
 We lay rebellious reasonings down,  
 And to thy word give place.
- 2 If thine example, and thy word,  
 Conduct us to the flood,  
 Shall human wisdom be preferr'd ?  
 Shall we be deaf to God ?
- 3 We own thee, Lord, supremely wise,  
 Thy ways are right and fit :  
 Our wisdom in obedience lies,  
 'Tis honour to submit.

FELLOWS.

549.

*Infant Baptism unlawful.*

S. M.

- 1 **G****R****E****A****T** Saviour, condescend  
 To bless our rising race :  
 O may their willing spirits bend  
 To thy victorious grace.
- 2 'Twould give us vast delight  
 Their happiness to see :  
 Our warmest wishes all unite  
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 But all the race of men  
 Are born in sin and shame :  
 Nor dare we till they're born again,  
 Baptize them in thy name.

- 4 They only who believe,  
Compose thy church on earth :  
Her arms are open to receive  
None but of heavenly birth.
- 5 Great God, thy Spirit pour  
Upon our infant seed :  
O bring the much-desired hour  
Which makes them thine indeed !      **FELLOWS.**

## 550.

*Baptism initiatory.***S. M.**

- 1 **WHEN** Zion's glorious King  
Planted a Church on earth,  
He chose a rite, by which his saints  
Should own their heavenly birth :
- 2 By which they should avow  
Jesus to be their Lord ;  
And to his people give themselves,  
According to his word.
- 3 Such, holy baptism is,  
An ordinance of heaven :  
Whoe'er submits, may to the church  
Have free admittance given.
- 4 The Lord himself, this way  
Into his pasture came ;  
It open stands, instructing all  
The followers of the Lamb.      **FELLOWS.**

## 551.

*Mode of Baptism.***L. M.**

- 1 **WHEN** we baptize, we see the mode,  
In honour'd Jordan's swelling flood ;  
We're deaf to error's impious voice ;  
The way Christ chose becomes our choice.
- 2 Down in the stream they both descend,  
And John immers'd the sinner's Friend ;  
Out of the water straightway came,  
The lovely, all-obedient Lamb.
- 3 Then, lo ! the heavens open'd are,  
A dove celestial doth appear ;  
The Father's voice is plainly heard,  
(Approving the incarnate Word.)

4 "This, this is my beloved Son,  
 "Of whom I speak, whom now I own ;  
 "In him well-pleas'd I am always,  
 "Because in all things he obeys."

5 Now, ye believing souls, regard  
 The conduct of your glorious Lord ;  
 Walk in his honour'd paths, and prove  
 How greatly his commands you love.

BURNHAM.

552.

*Motives to Baptism.*

C. M.

1 JESUS, in thy victorious deeds  
 What pleasing wonders stand !  
 How much thy grace all thought exceeds,  
 Was ever love like thine !

2 Stronger than death, or gloomy grave,  
 Thy kind intentions prove ;  
 How mighty is thine arm to save,  
 How boundless is thy love !

3 We see the emblems of thy love,  
 Nor would we dare withstand ;  
 Our willing steps to meet thee move  
 And own thy great command.

4 Dear to our souls be ev'ry deed  
 Which brings thee to our thought ;  
 We in the crystal fountain read,  
 The wonders thou hast wrought.

5 There would our lips thy name confess,  
 And seek thy smiling face,  
 Not trusting to our righteousness,  
 But thine abounding grace.

FELLOWS.

553.

*Baptism not meritorious.*

L. M.

1 WHEN the eternal Son of God  
 Had been baptiz'd in Jordan's flood,  
 To the lone desert he repairs,  
 And sore temptation firmly bears.

2 Should you, that now have been baptiz'd,  
 Be thus with Satan's darts surpris'd,  
 Lift up to heaven your pray'rful eyes,  
 Your hope, your help in Jesus lies.



- 3 Never presume to think or say  
The stream has wash'd your sins away :  
Never depend on what's your own,  
Nor trust to works or duties done.
- 4 Each rite which truth and love ordain,  
Points to the Lamb that once was slain ;  
Our wand'ring thoughts to him they call,  
The centre and the soul of all. FELLOWS.

## 554.

*Baptism of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**OOK, O my soul, and view thy God,  
Thy Saviour, in a wat'ry tomb,  
Plung'd deep in Jordan's swelling flood :—  
There did he leave a rich perfume.
- 2 Ye who have tasted of his love,  
Behold the deed and be surpris'd,  
Your King, the Lord of Hosts above,  
Came unto John to be baptiz'd.
- 3 Mark in the words, the Father's love ;  
“ I am well pleas'd with this my Son ; ”  
While God the Spirit, like a dove,  
Upon his sacred head came down.
- 4 'Tis a command your Saviour gave,  
While in this lower world he dwelt :  
Can you despise a liquid grave,  
You, who his love and power have felt ?
- 5 While ye, his saints, with wonder view,  
The footsteps of your Saviour, God :  
Behold, th' example's left for you,  
Who are the purchase of his blood. PRICE.

## 555.

*Baptism of Households.*

C. M.

- 1 **W**HAT joy, dear Lord, our spirits feel  
For thine increasing cause !  
When households join to do thy will,  
And reverence thy laws.
- 2 Thus mov'd by love divine, of old  
The happy jailor came,  
And his instructed house enroll'd  
As followers of the Lamb.

- 3 Thus faithful Lydia's household too  
 Believed in the Lord,  
 And gladly pass'd the water through,  
 According to his word.
- 4 Now these, whom nature's ties combine,  
 In mutual love agree,  
 In this blest ordinance of thine,  
 To join themselves to thee.
- 5 Like those of old, they seek thy face,  
 With humble love adore,  
 And joyfully behold the place  
 Where thou hast been before.

FELLOWS.

### 556. *Saul's Conversion and Baptism.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Saul, on persecution bent,  
 With letters to Damascus went,  
 A light beyond the solar ray,  
 Surpris'd him in meridian day.
- 2 Enlighten'd by celestial beams,  
 He drops his persecuting schemes,  
 And trembling cries to Jesus now,  
 With, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me do?"
- 3 Jesus, with pity in his breast,  
 Answers the penitent's request :  
 Saul, of his duty well appris'd,  
 Rose at his word, and was baptiz'd.
- 4 Jesus is sov'reign still, and we  
 Are under his authority ;  
 And what was right for Paul to do,  
 Is right for us to practice too.
- 5 Lord, we no longer hesitate ;  
 Our souls to thee we dedicate :  
 With pleasure we thy word obey,  
 And rise to be baptiz'd to-day.

UPTON.

### 557. *Baptism of the Eunuch.*

7s.

- 1 **S**EE the holy Eunuch ride,  
 With the Bible for his guide ;  
 What he did not rightly know,  
 Philip soon was sent to show.

- 2 Soon the Eunuch with surprise,  
 Jesus, as the Saviour spies ;  
 He professes faith in Christ ;  
 Philip hears, and can't resist.
- 3 Down they both together go,  
 See the waters how they flow.  
 Philip in the Saviour's name,  
 Plunges him into the stream
- 4 Up they came, and quickly part ;  
 See the Eunuch glad at heart,  
 Go rejoicing on his way,  
 As we hope to do to-day.

UPTON.

558.

*Baptism of the Eunuch*

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Eunuch, when baptized,  
 Went on his way with joy ;  
 And who can tell what rapturous thoughts  
 Did then his mind employ ?
- 2 Is that most glorious Saviour mine,  
 Of whom I lately read ?  
 Who bearing all my sins and griefs,  
 Was number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Have I profess'd his holy name ?  
 Do I his gospel bear  
 To Ethiopia's scorched lands,  
 And shall I spread it there ?
- 4 Blest emblem of that precious blood,  
 Which satisfied for sin ;  
 And of that renovating grace  
 Which makes the conscience clean !
- 5 This pattern, Lord ! with sacred joy,  
 Help us to keep in view ;  
 The same our work, the same shall be  
 Our consolation too.

BEDDOME.

559.

*Baptism ordained of God.*

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful to our eyes  
 Should all thy precepts be !  
 O how should we preserve and prize  
 What was ordained by thee !

2 How full of thee, most gracious God,  
 Thy gospel rituals shine !  
 Their nature, end, and every mode  
 Loudly proclaim them thine.

3 Should human prudence ever dare  
 To frame thy laws anew,  
 How vain would the attempt appear !  
 And how presumptuous too !

4 Forbid it, Lord ! let every heart  
 Thy wise commands revere ;  
 And never from thy word depart,  
 But learn thy worship there.

FELLOWS.

560.

*Peter's Sermon.*

L. M.

1 PETER, a servant of the Lord,  
 And faithful preacher of the word,  
 Unto the Gentile race was sent,  
 To shew them what the gospel meant.

2 The joyful news he did proclaim  
 Of free salvation by the Lamb,  
 Of pardon flowing through his blood,  
 And peace, and joy, the gifts of God.

3 Nor did he preach the word in vain,  
 His doctrine fell like heavenly rain ;  
 The Holy Spirit from above  
 Did fill their hearts with faith and love.

4 Then Peter, fill'd with holy zeal,  
 Unto his friends did thus appeal,  
 " Why should not these baptized be ?  
 " Blest with the Spirit like as we."

5 None could oppose the motion made,  
 But willing Christ should be obeyed,  
 By sweet command they were baptiz'd,  
 And Jew and Gentile harmoniz'd.

UPTON.

561.

*Prayer for the Candidates.*

C. M.

1 " PROCLAIM," saith Christ, " my wond'rous  
 grace  
 To all the sons of men ;  
 He that believes and is baptiz'd  
 Salvation shall obtain.

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those  
 Who, hoping in thy word,  
 This day shall publicly declare  
 That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,  
 And run the christian race,  
 And through the trials of the way,  
 Find all-sufficient grace.

NEWTON.

## 562. *Proper Subjects of Baptism.* L. M.

- 1 WHO, mighty God, should have a place  
 Within thy churches here on earth ;  
 Dwell in the mansions of thy grace,  
 Among thy sons of heavenly birth ?
- 2 Not the presumptuous sons of pride,  
 Who dare oppose thy holy word ;  
 Access to such must be denied,  
 They neither love, nor serve the Lord.
- 3 The man who feels his native loss,  
 And all his heinous guilt deplores ;  
 Who flies for refuge to the cross,  
 And with transporting joy adores !
- 4 The man whose eyes thy glory see,  
 Who firmly rests upon thy word,  
 Who worships the Eternal Three,  
 And yields obedience to his Lord.
- 5 The man who free from fear or shame,  
 Follows the Lamb where'er he goes ;  
 Boldly professes Jesus' name,  
 And bids defiance to his foes.

FELLOWS.

## 563. *Baptism Typical.* L. M.

- 1 I WILL not build on what's my own,  
 Or trust to works or duties done ;  
 On Christ alone my hopes I place,  
 My only refuge is his grace.
- 2 Not mine own arm can me sustain,  
 No outward washings make me clean :  
 No works of mine my debt can pay :  
 No tears can wash my stains away.

- 3 No ordinances can atone,  
But only make my Saviour known ;  
They may as emblems brightly shine,  
But all the work, my God, is thine.
- 4 The fountain thou hast ever been,  
Whose streams can wash away my sin :  
Wash me, O wash me in the flood,  
That ever-cleansing stream—thy blood.

FELLOWS.

## THE CHURCH.

564.      *The Church, the City of God.*      L. M.

- 1 BELOVED city, chosen ground,  
Wall'd with salvation all around :  
Let all thy gates with praises ring,  
JEHOVAH JESUS is thy King.
- 2 Set on the hill of sovereign love,  
Angels admire thee from above ;  
While devils rage and men despise,  
Thy glory and thy fame shall rise.
- 3 Thy citizens are born of God,  
Thy statutes are Jehovah's word,  
Thy sure provision, cov'nant grace,  
Thy faithful watchmen seek thy peace.
- 4 City of truth, I love thee well,  
With thy blest citizens I'll dwell ;  
I love thy law—I love thy King,—  
He lov'd me first,—his love I'll sing.

IRONS.

565.      *The Church a Garden.*      L. M.

- 1 ZION'S a garden, walled around,  
Chosen, and made peculiar ground :  
A little spot, inclosed by grace,  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like spicy trees, believers stand,  
Planted by God's almighty hand ;  
And choicest springs in Zion flow,  
To make the rich plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come,  
 Blow on thy garden of perfume :  
 Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make thou our spices flow abroad,  
 A grateful incense to our God;  
 Let faith, and love, and joy appear,  
 And ev'ry grace be active here.

WATTS.

# 566. *The Backslider restored.*

L. M.

1-**N**OW let us join to praise the Lord,  
 A fallen brother is restor'd !  
 Weeping, to Zion he has come,  
 And every heart will find him room.

2 Welcome, dear *brother*, back again,  
 Christ's blood has wash'd away thy stain ;  
 Thee, may the tender Shepherd keep,  
 In this his fold, among his sheep.

3 Now with thy brethren take thy place,  
 Enjoy with us the means of grace ;  
 Our God, we trust, will make thee prove,  
 The consolations of his love.

4 O thou, whose eyes can never sleep,  
 Watch o'er thy lambs, preserve thy sheep ;  
 And that our feet may never stray,  
 Grant us thy Spirit day by day.

PAICE.

# 567. *Beauty and order of the Church.*

S. M.

1 **F**AR as thy name is known,  
 The Church declares thy praise :  
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
 Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand  
 On Zion's chosen hill,  
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand  
 And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around  
 The city where we dwell,  
 Compass and view thy holy ground,  
 And mark the building well :

4 The order of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows ;  
And make a fair report.

5 The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

WATTS.

**568.**      *Candidates for Membership.*      L. M.

1 LET not the friends of Jesus shun,  
When call'd before God's church t' appear,  
To tell of what his grace has done,  
Nor cherish one desponding fear.

2 Speak you of vileness ? all are vile,  
Each saint must cry, *unclean, unclean !*  
He reads, hears, prays, yet all the while  
Finds his best duties stain'd by sin.

3 Do you complain your hearts are hard ?  
That you from Jesus often stray ?  
That earthly things your way retard,  
And Satan tempts you when you pray ?

4 Such are the friends that here you see,  
They have no goodness of their own ;  
To Christ for righteousness they flee,  
He is their trust, and he alone.

5 Though of yourselves you cannot boast,  
For Jesus you can something speak ;  
Say on—nor shall your words be lost,  
God's saints will not despise the weak.

PAICE.

**569.**      *Christ the Foundation.*      C. M.

1 CHRIST is the sure foundation-stone,  
Which God in Zion lays ;  
To build our heavenly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore his name ;  
They rest their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.



3 The scribe, the pharisee, and priest,  
 Reject him with disdain :  
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,  
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,  
 Yet must this building rise ;  
 'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,  
 And wond'rous in our eyes.

WATTS.

## 570.

*Christ the Foundation.*

L. M.

1 **H**EAR what the hope of Israel saith,  
 Who holds the keys of life and death ;  
 Whose potent word must be fulfill'd ;  
 " Upon a rock my church I build.

2 " Thou Peter art, but I'm thy Lord,  
 " By all th' angelic host adored :  
 " And, on myself, thy faith can see,  
 " I build my church, and not on thee."

3 Strong to defend, though hell engage,  
 And all its host inflam'd with rage ;  
 Not more secure, Jehovah's throne,  
 Than Zion stands on Christ his Son.

4 Built on his Godhead, and his blood,  
 She stands, and hath for ever stood ;  
 Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,  
 Shall e'er the Christian's hope erase.

KENT.

## 571.

*Christ the Head.*

C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless grace  
 That calls a worm thy own ;  
 Gives me among thy saints a place  
 To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital Head,  
 We act, and grow, and thrive :  
 From thee divided, each is dead  
 When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,  
 Here join in sweet accord :  
 One body all in mutual love,  
 And thou our common Lord.

- 4 Thou the whole body wilt present  
 Before thy Father's face ;  
 Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot  
 Its beauteous form disgrace.

DODDRIDGE.

## 572. *Delight and Safety in the Church.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
 And my salvation too :  
 God is my strength, nor will I fear  
 What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires—  
 O grant me an abode  
 Among the churches of the saints,  
 The servants of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,  
 And see thy beauty still ;  
 Shall hear thy messages of love,  
 And there enquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
 There may his children hide ;  
 God has a strong pavilion, where  
 He makes my soul abide.

WATTS.

## 573. *Departing from the Way.* C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,  
 (Alas, what numbers do !)  
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say—  
 " Wilt thou forsake me too ?"
- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,  
 Unless thou hold me fast,  
 I feel I must, I shall decline,  
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,  
 To save a helpless worm ;  
 To whom, or whither could I go,  
 If I from thee should turn ?
- 4 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart ;  
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,  
 And satisfy my heart.

- 5 What anguish has that question stirr'd,  
 If I will also go ?  
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy love,  
 I humbly answer, No.

NEWTON.

## 574.

*For a destitute Church.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, when creatures fail,  
 Thy church in trouble flies ;  
 And on th' eternal Shepherd's care  
 Our cheerful hope relies.
- 2 The powers of nature all are thine,  
 And thine the aids of grace ;  
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up,  
 Through every rising race.
- 3 Exert thy sacred influence here,  
 And here thy suppliants bless,  
 And change, to strains of cheerful praise,  
 Their accents of distress.
- 4 With faithful heart, with skilful hands,  
 May this, thy flock, be fed ;  
 And with a steady growing pace,  
 To Zion's mount be led.

DODDRIDGE.

## 575.

*Discipline of the Church.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW great the pleasure we receive,  
 When God brings in his own elect !  
 But ah ! it does our spirits grieve,  
 To meet with some we must reject.
- 2 Yet, painful as the work may prove,  
 We must, when members go astray,  
 From our communion such remove,  
 Or we our Lord should disobey.
- 3 But while regard to Jesus' law,  
 Compels us thus to notice sin ;  
 And from such persons to withdraw,  
 Means should be used their souls to win.
- 4 For who can tell ? the time may come,  
 When those who now cause grief and pain,  
 In paths of sin no more shall roam,  
 But be restor'd to us again.

- 5 Lord, keep us all in faith and love,  
 To Jesus and each other join'd,  
 Till we shall meet thy church above,  
 And leave the world and sin behind. PAICE.

**576.** *Encouragement to join the Church.* C. M.

- 1 "COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,  
 "Why standest thou without?"  
 Receive the comfort of his word,  
 And banish every doubt.
- 2 Come thou with us to Christ's abode ;  
 We'll take you by the hand :  
 Christ will support us on the road,  
 And give the promis'd land.
- 3 We're glad to hear what God has done,  
 And glad the change to see :  
 With joy and gladness still go on,  
 Till glory gladdens thee.
- 4 And, when we leave the church below,  
 Made free from every sin,  
 And to the church triumphant go,  
 Our God will say—"Come in." IRONS.

**577.** *Fruits of Righteousness.* C. M.

- 1 LIKE trees on Zion's sacred hill,  
 The saints in order grow,  
 Planted by God, whose care and skill,  
 Their laden branches shew.
- 2 Watered by heavenly showers, they yield  
 A rich and large increase ;  
 And every spreading bough is fill'd  
 With fruits of righteousness.
- 3 Like withered branches on the vine,  
 Professors oft are found ;  
 But saints possessed of grace divine,  
 With life and fruit abound.
- 4 Jesus, thou art the vine, and we  
 The lesser branches are,  
 O may we still abide in thee,  
 And fruit abundant bear. BEDDOM

**578.**      *Happiness of the Church.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **ZION** stands by hills surrounded,  
    Zion, kept by power divine ;  
All her foes shall be confounded,  
    Though the world in arms combine :  
        Happy Zion !  
    What a favour'd lot is thine.
- 2 Every human tie may perish !  
    Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;  
Mothers cease their own to cherish :  
    Heaven and earth at last remove :  
        But no changes  
    Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,  
    Thence to bring thee forth more bright ;  
But can never cease to love thee,  
    Thou art precious in his sight :  
        God is with thee,  
    God thine everlasting light.

KELLY.

**579.**      *Increase of the Church.*

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Head of all thy churches, hear  
    Thy minister's and people's prayer ;  
Perfumed by thee, O may it rise  
    Like fragrant incense to the skies.
- 2 Revive thy church, O Lord, with grace ;  
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace :  
Destroy our sloth, our hearts inflame  
    With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.
- 3 May young and old thy word receive ;  
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live :  
The wounded conscience healing find,  
And joy refresh the drooping mind.
- 4 May aged saints, matur'd with grace,  
Abound in fruits of holiness ;  
And when transplanted to the skies,  
May others in their stead arise.

KINGSBURY.

580.

*Increase of the Church.*

L. M.

- 1 **SHOUT**, for the great Redeemer reigns,  
Through distant lands his triumphs spread ;  
And sinners freed from Satan's chains,  
Own him their Saviour and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters from afar,  
Daily at Zion's gate arrive ;  
Those who were dead in sin before,  
By sovereign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,  
And every foe his arm subdue !  
While angels celebrate his praise,  
And saints his growing glories shew.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,  
From all below and all above ;  
In lofty songs exalt his name,  
In songs as lasting as his love.

BEDDOME.

581.

*The same.*

7s.

- 1 **WHO** are these that come from far,  
Led by Jacob's rising star ?  
Lo, they gather like a cloud ;  
Or, as doves, their windows crowd.
- 2 Strangers these, to Zion come,  
There to seek a peaceful home ;  
Zion wonders at the sight :  
Zion feels a pure delight.
- 3 Zion now no more shall sigh,  
God will raise her glory high ;  
He will send a large increase,  
He will give her people peace.
- 4 Sons of Zion, sing aloud :  
See her sky without a cloud :  
God will make her joy complete ;  
Zion's sun shall never set.

REES.

582.

*The Church, Jehovah's Rest.*

C. M.

- 1 **FROM** yonder throne, Jehovah speaks,  
In accents all divine ;  
"Here is my rest, and here I'll dwell,  
"Here shall my glories shine."

- 6 Increase us, Lord, still more and more,  
 And build us up in love ;  
 And may we grow each day, each hour,  
 More like thy church above.

PAICE.

586.

*Church Meeting.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW good, how glorious, 'tis to see  
 The church of Christ in harmony :  
 Appearing like a new-born race,  
 Proving the pow'r of sovereign grace.
- 2 In paths of peace they sweetly move,  
 And traverse o'er the fields of love ;  
 Kindly they help each other on,  
 And press towards the heav'nly throne.
- 3 Now, Lord, may we thy favour'd train,  
 Ever in purest love remain :  
 May discords from henceforth subside,  
 And we appear like Jesus' bride.
- 4 May we in truth and peace be found,  
 And grace in every heart abound,  
 At last ascend the heights above,  
 And live in all the blaze of love.

BURNHAM.

587.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are met in holy fear,  
 To hear thy children now declare  
 What mercy they have found with God—  
 What they have known of Jesus' blood.
- 2 Jesus, assist them now to tell,  
 What they have felt, and now they feel ;  
 O Saviour, help them to express,  
 The wonders of thy saving grace.
- 3 While to the church they freely own,  
 What for their souls the Lord has done ;  
 We'll join to praise eternal love,  
 And heighten all the joys above.

REES.

588.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, a poor despised few,  
 Once more together meet ;  
 Distil on each thy heavenly dew,  
 And purify us at thy feet.

- 2 May each, as the elect of God,  
Bowels of mercy know :  
And as the purchase of thy blood,  
In all thy footsteps go.
- 3 Whate'er we suffer for thy cause,  
O let us not repine :  
But humbly take and bear thy cross,  
And prove that we are thine.
- 4 Let no opposing spirit reign  
Within the heirs of grace ;  
But let thy love, their hearts constrain  
To walk in paths of peace.
- 5 In ways of truth, in works of love,  
May this thy church be found :  
Each looking for the rest above,  
Where constant joys abound.

CAVE.

589.

*The Wheat and Tares.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH in the outward church below,  
The wheat and tares together grow ;  
Jesus, ere long, will weed the crop,  
And pluck the tares in anger up.
- 2 Will it relieve their sorrows there,  
To recollect their stations here ?  
How much they heard, how much they knew,  
How long amongst the wheat they grew ?
- 3 No ; this will aggravate their case,  
They perish'd under means of grace !  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,  
Strangers may think we all are wheat ;  
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.

NEWTON.

590.

*The Church one in Christ.*

S. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine  
By everlasting bonds,  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,  
Our souls are in thy hands.



## 591-92

## THE CHURCH.

- 2 To thee we still would cleave  
With ever growing zeal,  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
Oh ! let them not prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to thee, our Head,  
Shall form us to thy image bright,  
That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay,  
But love shall keep us near thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear ?  
As he in heav'n has fix'd his throne,  
He'll fix his members there. DODDRIDGE.

## 591.

*Prayer for the Church.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! cause thy face on us to shine ;  
Give us thy peace, and seal us thine :  
Teach us to prize the means of grace,  
And highly love thy dwelling place.
- 2 May we in truth our sins confess,  
Worship the Lord in holiness ;  
And all thy power and glory see,  
Within thy hallow'd sanctuary.
- 3 O King of Salem, Prince of Peace !  
Bid strife among thy subjects cease :  
One is our faith, and one our Lord ;  
One body, spirit, hope, reward.
- 4 One God and Father of us all,  
On whom thy church and people call :  
Oh ! may we one communion be,  
One with each other and with thee. SEELEY.

## 592.

*Receiving into the Church.*

L. M.

- 1 “ **C**OME in, ye blessed of the Lord,”  
Enter in Jesus' precious name ;  
We welcome you with one accord,  
And trust the Saviour does the same.

- 2 Your names we hope already stand,  
Mark'd in the book of life above;  
And now to your's, we join our hand,  
In token of fraternal love.
- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford,  
We'll seek in fellowship to prove;  
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,  
Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears,  
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;  
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,  
And count a brother's case our own. EAST,

**593.** *Receiving into the Church.* L. M.

- 1 **F**IRST have these lovers of the word,  
Yielded their souls to Christ the Lord;  
Now to the church themselves they give,  
Now to the Saviour may they live.
- 2 Lord, may these honour'd saints of thine  
Ever on thy dear breast recline;  
Thy name revere, thy word obey;  
And ne'er forget to watch and pray.
- 3 May they continue in thy ways,  
Delight to pray, abound in praise;  
With us may they abide in love,  
Till call'd to nobler joys above. BURNHAM.

**594.** *The same.* C. M.

- 1 **O** WITH what pleasure we behold  
Sinners to Canaan move,  
Leaving the fleeting things of earth  
For greater things above.
- 2 These saints have openly confess'd  
The great Immanuel's name;  
And with delight the church receives  
The lovers of the Lamb.
- 3 Lord, may they ever live to thee,  
And grow in heavenly love;  
Still may they fight the fight of faith,  
'Till crown'd with those above. BURNHAM

595-96-97      THE CHURCH.

595.      *Receiving into the Church.*      L. M.

- 1 **T**HESSE honoured saints, redeemed by blood,  
Now join the happy church of God ;  
Drawn by the force of sovereign grace,  
In Zion now they take their place.
- 2 With pleasure we the saints behold,  
Joining the dear Redeemer's fold ;  
May we with them for ever prove,  
A gospel church, the house of love.      BURNHAM.

596.      *Stedfastness of the Church.*      S. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, bow thine ear,  
While we entreat thy love,  
O come, and all our hearts possess,  
And our best passions move.
- 2 May we stand fast in thee,  
Though storms and tempests beat ;  
And in thy guardian-arms obtain  
A calm and safe retreat.
- 3 Still be thy truth maintain'd,  
And still thy word obeyed,  
And to the merits of thy blood  
A constant homage paid.
- 4 So shall thy shepherds live,  
And raise their cheerful head,  
And in such blessings on their flock,  
Confess their toils repaid.      DODDRIDGE.

597.      *Unity and Love of the Church.*      C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR God, 'tis pleasant to behold,  
Delightful 'tis to find,  
The sheep and lambs of Jesus' fold,  
In gospel-union join'd.
- 2 Come, dearest Jesus, and remove  
Thy people's sad complaints,  
Enter the chariot of thy love,  
And ride among thy saints.
- 3 O drive our discords all away,  
In streams of sacred blood ;  
And may we evermore agree,  
To seek each other's good.

- 4 Jesus, our eye is now to thee ;  
 On every spirit shine :  
 Then, O how tender we shall be,  
 To every child of thine.
- 5 May we in heavenly kindness grow,  
 As we to Canaan move :  
 There shall we all for ever know  
 That God indeed is Love.

BURNHAM.

**598.** *Unity and Purity of the Church.* L. M.

- 1 GREAT King of Zion, meet us here ;  
 Now may we find and feel thee near ;  
 The pastor and each member bless,  
 And fill our hearts with love and peace.
- 2 Since we, dear Lord, are one in thee,  
 O may we never disagree ;  
 But join'd in heart, and one in mind,  
 Prove to each other true and kind.
- 3 From error keep this church secure,  
 In doctrine sound, in morals pure ;  
 May wholesome discipline prevail,  
 And love of order never fail.
- 4 May all the members fill their place,  
 And with each other live in peace ;  
 And each be emulous to prove  
 The sweet, constraining force of love.

PAICE.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

**599.** *The Lord's Supper.* L. M.

- 1 MY God, and is thy table spread ?  
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
 Hither be all thy children led,  
 And let them all thy goodness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast ! which Jesus makes,  
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood ;  
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes,  
 This sacred stream, that heav'nly food.

600-1                      LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 O let thy table honour'd be,  
    And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
    And may each soul salvation see,  
    That here its sacred pledges taste.
- 4 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,  
    In thronging numbers let them come,  
    And gather from their Father's board,  
    The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

BRADY.

600.                      *The Lord's Supper.*                      C. M.

- 1 O WHAT a noble feast is this !  
    It makes us sweetly sing ;  
    Through bread and wine we clearly trace,  
    The death of Christ our King.
- 2 In bread we view the bruised flesh,  
    In wine, we see the blood ;  
    The sacred flesh and blood of Christ,  
    Prove most delightful food.
- 3 Our happy spirits now admire  
    The dying Prince of Peace ;  
    For in his suff'rings we behold  
    A matchless scene of grace.
- 4 Soon shall we all triumphant rise,  
    Up to the courts on high ;  
    There will Immanuel feast his saints,  
    And make them sing for joy.
- 5 Eternal love, and precious blood,  
    Shall fill the noble song :  
    Sweet hallelujahs shall employ  
    The wond'rous happy throng.

BURNHAM.

601.                      *Communion of Saints.*                      L. M.

- 1 EARTH cannot such a scene produce,  
    As here presents itself to us,  
    While at the Saviour's board we find,  
    Provision for th' immortal mind.
- 2 The eye of faith beholds *Him* here,  
    Who does for us in heaven appear :  
    He comes to give the robe of praise,  
    And spread this glorious feast of grace.

- 3 We eat, and find our passions move,  
And give to him our warmest love ;  
Then look upon the saints, and see  
How beauteous all their graces be.
- 4 Each has a place within the soul,  
But Jesus still commands the whole ;  
For him, for them, there's room within,  
While we enjoy this blissful scene.
- 5 But, ah ! we sing, and then go out,  
Short are the triumphs which we shout ;  
Yes, but we're passing through the vale,  
To worlds where pleasures never fail.
- 6 When a few months, with rapid haste,  
Fill'd up with toils and griefs are past ;  
Then shall we reach the feast above,  
And know uninterrupted love. STEEVENS.

602.

*Divine Love displayed.*

C. M.

- 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are !  
How heav'nly is the place  
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace !
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,  
In sweetest glories shine ;  
There Jesus says, that " I am his,  
" And my beloved's mine."
- 3 " Here," (says the kind Redeeming Lord,  
And shews his wounded side,)  
" See here the spring of all your joys,  
" That open'd when I died !"
- 4 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain ;  
" All this," says he, " I bore for thee ;"  
And then he smiles again.
- 5 Let such amazing love as this  
Be sounded all abroad ;  
Such favours are beyond degrees,  
And worthy of a God.

## 603-4

## LORD'S SUPPER.

- 6 To him that wash'd us in his blood  
 Be everlasting praise ;  
 Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,  
 Eternal as his days.

WATTS.

## 603.

*Faith feeding on Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR of sinners, from thy death,  
 Our spirits draw their heav'nly breath ;  
 Thy dying groans with life abound,  
 And healing flows from ev'ry wound.
- 2 Out of thy fulness we receive  
 The grace and faith by which we live ;  
 Thy broken body is our food,  
 The wine we drink, is thy rich blood.
- 3 Thy righteousness is all our dress,  
 In which, before thy Father's face  
 Perfect in beauty we appear,  
 Without one spot to raise a fear.
- 4 No holiness of life, or thought,  
 We know, but what thy grace has wrought ;  
 And thy good Spirit makes us do  
 Our heavenly Father's will below.
- 5 Not unto us be glory, Lord,  
 To thee, thy Spirit, and thy word :  
 Salvation is alone of grace,  
 And grace alone shall have the praise.

SWAIN.

## 604.

*Glorying in the Cross.*

L. M.

- 1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,  
 Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
 Thy blood-like wine adorns the board,  
 And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
 And trusts for life in one that died ;  
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,  
 From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
 And fling their scandal on thy cause ;  
 We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
 And make our triumph in his cross.

- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
 He that was dead has left the tomb ;  
 He lives above their utmost rage,  
 And we are waiting till he come.

WATTS.

605.

*Grace in exercise.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE blest memorials of thy grief  
 Thy sufferings, and thy death,  
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
 But would receive in faith.
- 2 The tokens, sent us to relieve  
 Our spirits when they droop,  
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
 But would receive in hope.
- 3 The pledges thou wast pleas'd to leave,  
 Our mournful minds to move,  
 We come, dear Saviour, to receive,  
 But would receive in love.
- 4 Here, in obedience to thy word,  
 We take the bread and wine ;  
 The utmost we can do, dear Lord,  
 For all beyond is thine.
- 5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love,  
 Lord, give us all that's good ;  
 We would thy full salvation prove,  
 And eat thy flesh and blood.

HART.

606.

*Grateful remembrance.*

C. M.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER Thee ! remember Christ !  
 While mem'ry holds her place,  
 Can we forget the Lord of life,  
 Who saves us by his grace ?
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crowned,  
 On heaven's exalted throne,  
 Forgets not those for whom, on earth,  
 He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 His glory now, no tongue of man,  
 Or seraph bright, can tell :  
 Yet still his highest joy is this,  
 That souls are saved from hell.



## 607-8

## LORD'S SUPPER.

4 For this he came and dwelt on earth ;  
 For this his life was given ;  
 For this he fought and vanquished death ;  
 For this he pleads in heaven.

5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
 Your grateful praise to give :  
 Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,  
 Who died that you might live.

WARDLAW.

## 607.

*Holy Admiration.*

L. M.

- 1 JESUS, when faith with fixed eyes,  
 Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice ;  
 Love rises to an ardent flame,  
 And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections, who can see  
 The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree ?  
 Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,  
 Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet !
- 3 Jesus, what millions of our race,  
 Have been the subjects of thy grace ;  
 And millions more to thee shall fly,  
 And on thy sacrifice rely.
- 4 Look, saints, into his op'ning side,  
 The breach how large, how deep, how wide ;  
 Thence issues forth a double flood,  
 Of cleansing water, pardoning blood.
- 5 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows,  
 To heal thy wounds, and cure thy woes ;  
 Immortal joys come streaming down,  
 Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.

BEDDOME.

## 608.

*Home celebrated.*

7s.

- 1 AT thy table, dearest Lord,  
 Here we meet with one accord ;  
 As thy children here we come,  
 May we find thy house our home.
- 2 Jesus' flesh and blood we view,  
 While we keep this feast anew ;  
 Hung'ring, thirsting, here we come,  
 May we feel ourselves at home.

- 3 From the world's wide arms we flee,  
 Leaving all to dwell with thee ;  
 O thou precious Saviour ! come,  
 Thy kind presence makes our home.
- 4 May we all now meet with God,  
 All rejoice in cleansing blood ;  
 Join to sing of joys to come,  
 Sing of heav'n our final home.

STEVENS.

609.

*Remembrance of Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,  
 In true humility,  
 This will I do, my dying Lord,  
 I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
 My bread from heaven shall be ;  
 The testamental cup I take,  
 And thus remember Thee.
- 3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
 And rest on Calvary,  
 O Lamb of God, my sacrifice !  
 I must remember Thee :—
- 4 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,  
 And all thy love to me ;  
 Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
 Will I remember Thee.
- 5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
 And mind and memory flee,  
 When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,  
 Dear Lord, remember me. MONTGOMERY.

610.

*Instituted by Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 THAT doleful night before his death,  
 The Lamb for sinners slain  
 Did almost with his latest breath  
 This solemn feast ordain.
- 2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,  
 And to remember thee :  
 Help each poor trembler to repeat,  
 For me he died ;—for me.

## 611-12      LORD'S SUPPER.

3 Thy suff' rings, Lord, each sacred sign  
    To our remembrance brings :  
We eat the bread, and drink the wine ;  
    But think on nobler things.

4 O, tune our tongues, and set in frame  
    Each heart that pants for thee,  
To sing, " Hosanna to the Lamb,  
    " The Lamb that died for me."

HART.

## 611.              *Instituted by Christ.*              L. M.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
    When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
    And friends betray'd him to his foes :

2 Before the mournful scene began,  
    He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;  
What love through all his actions ran !  
    What wond'rous words of grace he spake !

3 " This is my body, broke for sin,  
    " Take ye, and eat the living food : "  
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine :  
    " 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

4 " Do this," he said, " till time shall end,  
    " In memory of your dying friend ;  
" Meet at my table, and record,  
    " The love of your ascended Lord."

5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
    We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
Till thou return, and we shall eat,  
    The marriage supper of the Lamb.      WATTS.

## 612.              *John, the Beloved.*              L. M.

1 THRICE happy John, whom Jesus loved,  
    And call'd to follow him in youth ;  
By him embrac'd, by him approv'd,  
    And taught to walk in heav'nly truth !

2 In humble silence at his feet,  
    With open eye, and ear, and heart,  
See the belov'd disciple sit,  
    To hear what Jesus might impart !

- 3 Upon the dear Redeemer's breast  
 This highly favour'd servant lay ;  
 Partaking there a double feast  
 On the great sacred festal day.
- 4 When with his brethren round the board,  
 He ate the bread and drank the wine,  
 The words, the smile of his dear Lord  
 Fill'd all his soul with joys divine.
- 5 My soul aspires, like John, to be,  
 Dear Lord, an object of thy love ;  
 My soul, which counts a place near thee  
 Its heav'n on earth, its heav'n above.

BRACKENBURY.

613.

*Joyful at the Feast.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the day of sacred rest,  
 The day that saw the Lord arise ;  
 The day the Lord himself hath blest,  
 To manifest peculiar joys !
- 2 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad,  
 Let the Redeemer's praise abound :  
 A thousand honours on his head,  
 Who stands with grace and glory crown'd.
- 3 Here we delight to hear his word,  
 And tell of all his wond'rous grace ;  
 We sit around his festal board,  
 And sing hosannas to his praise.

EAST.

614.

*The same.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **I**N blessed union here we meet,  
 We sit at the Redeemer's feet,  
 And eat the bread of heav'n ;  
 How highly privileg'd are we,  
 And, O ! how thankful should we be,  
 To whom this grace is giv'n.
- 2 To join in fellowship, how sweet,  
 With those who in the Saviour meet,  
 Enlightened from above ;  
 How excellent the pleasure is,  
 That flows from such a feast as this,  
 Where all are join'd in love.

**615-16**      **LORD'S SUPPER.**

- 3 But if such joy is found to flow  
From sacred fellowship below,  
Then what must heaven be ;  
Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,  
And dwell in happiness complete,  
Throughout eternity.

**KELLY.**

**615.**      *Love of Christ.*      **148th.**

- 1 JOIN ev'ry tongue to sing  
The mercies of the Lord ;  
The love of Christ our King,  
Let every heart record :  
He sav'd us from the wrath of God,  
And paid our ransom with his blood.
- 2 What wond'rous grace was this !  
We sinn'd, and Jesus died ;  
He wrought the righteousness,  
And we were justified :  
We ran the score to lengths extreme ;  
And all the debt was charg'd on him.
- 3 Hell was our just desert,  
And he that hell endur'd ;  
Guilt broke his guiltless heart,  
With wrath that we incurr'd :  
We bruis'd his body, spilt his blood,  
And both became our heav'nly food.

**HART.**

**616.**      *Love to Christ.*      **C. M.**

- 1 JESUS, the Son, and Sent of God,  
Was crucified and slain ;  
Jesus, the Lord of Life and Death,  
Reviv'd and rose again.
- 2 Soon to th' eternal hills on high,  
He took his joyful flight,  
And interposing clouds and skies  
Now veil him from our sight.
- 3 But though invisible to sense  
The saints still love their Lord,  
Invoke his Name, proclaim his praise,  
And trust his faithful word.

- 4 Around his sacred board they meet,  
With joy each bosom burns ;  
They sing the wonders of his love  
Till he from heaven returns.

GIBBONS.

617.

*Person of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **WHAT** mysteries, Lord, in thee combine,  
Jesus once mortal, yet divine,  
The first, the last, the end, the head,  
The source of life among the dead.
- 2 O love, beyond the stretch of thought,  
What matchless wonders hath it wrought ;  
My faith, while she the grace declares,  
Trembles beneath the load she bears.
- 3 Hail ! royal conqueror o'er the grave,  
Tender to pity, strong to save,  
For ever live, for ever reign,  
And prosp'rous shall thy throne remain.
- 4 Thy saints obedient to thy word,  
With holy joy surround thy board,  
And long as time pursues its race,  
Proclaim thy death, and shout thy grace.

FOWLER.

618.

*Self-abasement.*

L. M.

- 1 **PITY** a helpless sinner, Lord,  
Who would believe thy gracious word ;  
But own my heart, with shame and grief,  
A sink of sin and unbelief.
- 2 Lord, in thy house I read there's room,  
And venturing hard, behold I come :  
But can there, tell me, can there be,  
Amongst thy children, room for *Me* ?
- 3 I eat the bread and drink the wine,  
But O, my soul wants more than sign ;  
I faint ; unless I feed on thee,  
And drink thy blood as shed for *Me*.

- 4 For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,  
And I'm a sinner vile indeed !  
Lord, I believe—thy grace is free :  
O, magnify that grace in Me.

HART.

## 619.

*The Welcome.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE King of Heaven a feast has made ;  
And to his much-lov'd friends,  
The faint, the famish'd, and the sad,  
This gracious welcome sends.
- 2 “ Ye saints, approach my royal board,  
“ Furnish'd with all that's good :  
“ Come, sit at table with your Lord ;  
“ And eat celestial food.”
- 3 Drawn by thy Spirit, and thy word,  
Behold we gladly come ;  
Now may we see our gracious Lord,  
And feel ourselves at home.
- 4 Impart to all thy flock below,  
The blessings of thy death :  
On every waiting soul bestow—  
Thy love, thy hope, thy faith.

HART.

## 620.

*The Wish.*

L. M.

- 1 **O** HOW I wish I could but feel  
The joys which pard'ning grace impart !  
Wish that my Jesus would reveal,  
Redeeming love within my heart !
- 2 Wish that in mind I oft could walk,  
Gethsemane's dear garden o'er !  
And hear the suff'ring Saviour talk,  
And all his agonies explore.
- 3 O that his bleeding form would rise,  
His dying love most clearly shine ;  
And break my heart, and burst mine eyes,  
With joys and sorrows all divine !
- 4 O that at last I might but die,  
In my dear Saviour's bleeding arms ;  
Then sweetly mount to worlds on high,  
Amidst his all-refulgent charms.

WILLIAMS.

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

621. *Ministers abounding in the Work.* L. M.

- 1 **B**EFORE thy throne, eternal King,  
Thy ministers their tribute bring ;  
Their tribute of united praise  
For heavenly news and peaceful days.
- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,  
And publish loud thy healing word :  
Thy various service we esteem  
Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme.
- 3 Still in thy work would we abound ;  
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground ;  
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,  
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 4 Thou art our LORD, our life, our love,  
Our care below, our crown above :  
Thy praise shall be our best employ,  
Thy presence our eternal joy.

FRANCIS.

622. *Call to the Ministry.* S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU messenger of Christ,  
His sovereign voice obey ;  
Arise, and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend thy way.
- 2 The master whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow ;  
Depending on his promis'd aid,  
With sacred courage, go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose ;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go spread a Saviour's fame,  
And tell his matchless grace  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's num'rous race.



- 5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success ;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth,  
Will your endeavours bless.

VOKE.

## 623.

*Call to the Ministry.*

7s.

- 1 **H**ERALD of the King of Kings,  
Preach the peace the gospel brings :  
Loud extol th' incarnate God,  
Preach the virtue of his blood.
- 2 Preach the word in purity,  
Shew of gospel liberty ;  
Never be ashamed to tell  
Of the love that saves from hell.
- 3 Celebrate with every breath,  
Jesus' meritorious death :  
Praise the saint's unspotted dress,  
Christ's imputed righteousness.
- 4 Speak of free electing grace,  
Shining in Immanuel's face :  
Speak of Jesus' saving name,  
Which for ever is the same.

STEEVENS.

## 624.

*Encouragement to Ministers.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Peter through the tedious night  
Had often cast his net in vain,  
Soon as his Lord appear'd in sight,  
He gladly let it down again.
- 2 Once more the gospel net we cast,  
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own ;  
We learn from disappointments past  
To rest our hope on thee alone.
- 3 Be this a highly favour'd hour  
To souls in Satan's bondage led ;  
O clothe thy word with sovereign pow'r,  
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.
- 4 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,  
Who tread the treach'rous paths of sin ;  
Give them to feel the force of truth,  
And strike conviction deep within.

- 5 Then, be a Saviour's dying love  
 To every wounded heart reveal'd,  
 Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,  
 And be THYSELF their sun and shield.

BRACKENBURY.

625. *Power of God in the Ministry.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE in the Vale of Vision, dead,  
 The *House of Israel* lay ;  
 JEHOVAH to the Prophet said,  
 " Go thou, and prophesy."
- 2 " Go thou, nor reas'ning scruples make,  
 " Because the bones are dry ;  
 " My voice shall bid the dead awake,  
 " Go thou, and prophesy."
- 3 " I'll bid the dying sinner live,  
 " My name to glorify ;  
 " Eternal life is mine to give,  
 " Go thou, and prophesy."
- 4 " Hold JESUS to the sinners' view,  
 " To me I'll turn their eye ;  
 " 'Tis I must work *to will and do* ;  
 " Go thou, and prophesy."
- 5 " My pow'r shall raise a num'rous race,  
 " While mercy's tidings fly ;  
 " And driest bones shall know my grace,  
 " Go thou, and prophesy."
- 6 Let Zion's watchmen ne'er refrain,  
 Her silver trump to blow ;  
 For God can with the feeblest strain,  
 His richest grace bestow.

KENT.

626. *Ordination of a Minister.* L. M.

- 1 SHEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep  
 With constant care, thy chosen sheep ;  
 By thee alone pastors are rais'd,  
 To feed their souls—thy name be prais'd.
- 2 To all thy churches such impart  
 Resembling thy own gracious heart,  
 Whose knowledge, diligence, and love,  
 Saints may attest, and thou approve.

- 3 Fed by their active tender care,  
 Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;  
 And by their fair example led,  
 Daily in Jesus' footsteps tread.
- 4 Here hast thou heard thy people's vows,  
 And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;  
 Thy sheep are succour'd, and no more  
 The want of past'ral care deplore.
- 5 Now send rich streams from Christ the Rock,  
 The shepherd bless, and bless the flock ;  
 Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
 And own this tribute of our praise.

DODDRIDGE.

627.

*Ordination of a Minister.*

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
 And take the alarm they give ;  
 Now let them from the mouth of God  
 Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
 The Pastor's care demands ;  
 But what might fill an angel's heart,—  
 It fill'd the Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heavenly bliss forego ;—  
 For souls, which must for ever live  
 In happiness, or woe.
- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
 Th' account to render there :  
 And should'st thou strictly mark our faults,  
 Lord, how should we appear !
- 5 May they that Jesus whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see,  
 And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
 That they may watch for thee. DODDRIDGE.

628.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend  
 Him, whom we now to thee commend ;  
 His person bless, his soul secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.

- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;  
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;  
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;  
O love him, save him to the end !  
Nor let him, as thy servant, move  
Without the smilings of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;  
In him thy mighty power exert :  
That thousands yet unborn may praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

**629.**      *Ordination of a Minister.*

C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies ! condescend  
To hear our fervent prayer,  
While this our brother we commend  
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door,  
His various efforts bless ;  
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,  
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind,  
Supply his every need ;  
Make him in spirit meek, resign'd—  
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,  
Uphold him by thy grace ;  
And guard him by thy mighty power,  
Till he shall end his race.

LAWSON.

**630.**      *The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, may this church of thine,  
Flourish in all thy ways,  
Increase in love, abound in zeal,  
And grow in fervent praise.
- 2 And may the pastor of the flock,  
Be faithful and sincere,  
Preach the whole counsel of his God,  
And firmly persevere.

- 3 O let him see the hand of love  
 Sealing the gospel word,  
 And feel an unction all divine,  
 Descending from the Lord.
- 4 May all the blessings of our God,  
 In rich abundance fall,  
 Upon the Pastor and his flock,  
 And Christ be all in all.

BURNHAM.

## 631.

*Illness of a Pastor.*

L.M.

- 1 **A**TTEND, great God, thy people's prayer,  
 And our afflicted pastor spare ;  
 His sickness heal, his life preserve,  
 Raise him again thy church to serve.
- 2 Let him not sink into the grave ;  
 Thou, only thou hast power to save ;  
 Him to our ardent wishes give,  
 " And let our guide, our father live."
- 3 Bound to our souls, by dearest ties,  
 In every breast his interest lies ;  
 And should he be to us restor'd,  
 We'll all unite to praise thee, Lord.
- 4 While by disease he is confin'd,  
 May thy sweet presence cheer his mind ;  
 Support his partner, may she prove  
 The consolations of thy love.
- 5 Soon may our eyes again behold,  
 Thy servant, Lord, in this thy fold :  
 And all rejoicing hear him tell,  
 His Saviour has done all things well.

PAICE.

## 632.

*The same.*

C.M.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O God, with grace divine,  
 And hear our humble prayer ;  
 On our afflicted pastor shine,  
 Him with thy presence cheer.
- 2 Though of his presence we're depriv'd,  
 Yet not of thee, our God ;  
 Then let thy grace be magnified,  
 And sanctify the rod.

3 As gold that's purified by fire,  
May he come forth again ;  
With greater love his soul inspire,  
Nor let us pray in vain.

4 Do thou his useful life protect,  
And own his labours too ;  
And let his seals of thine elect,  
Exceed the morning dew.

5 His gifts and graces more enlarge,  
His former strength renew :  
And to the people of his charge,  
Give grace and glory too.

PRICE.

**633.**      *Restoration of a Pastor.*

S. M.

1 **WHEN** God's afflicting hand  
Was on our pastor laid,  
Here he beheld his people stand  
To supplicate his aid.

2 He mark'd our deep concern,  
He listen'd to our cry ;  
His face from us he did not turn,  
Nor our request deny.

3 Now let us join to sing  
The mercies of the Lord ;  
To him our grateful praises bring,  
Who our petitions heard.

PRICE.

**634.**      *Death of a Pastor.*

L. M.

1 **AND** have our supplications failed !  
Have neither prayers nor tears prevailed !  
Our much lov'd pastor to restore !  
And must we see his face no more !

2 Yet let us say—*God's will be done !*  
Our pastor's gone, his race is run !  
To heaven, his home, he took his flight,  
And radiant shines in purest white !

3 Then, though no more we hear his tongue ;  
Praise should attend our mournful song :  
God, him in mercy to us sent,  
And taking, takes but what he lent.

- 4 And he who takes, can of his grace,  
 Another raise to fill his place ;  
 Nor will he leave his sheep to roam,  
 Without a guide, without a home.
- 5 Then let us on him cast our care,  
 And seek his help by fervent prayer ;  
 Cleave to each other, keep his ways,  
 And trust he'll turn our sighs to praise.

PAICE.

635.

*The Pastor's Wish.*

L. M.

- 1 MY brethren from my heart beloved,  
 Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
 My present joy, my future crown,  
 The word of exhortation hear.
- 2 Stand fast upon the solid rock  
 Of the Redeemer's righteousness ;  
 Adorn the Gospel with your lives,  
 And practice what your lips profess.
- 3 Glory in his dear honour'd name,  
 To him inviolably cleave ;  
 Your all he purchas'd with his blood,  
 Nor let him less than all receive.
- 4 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
 Whose soul desires not your's, but you ;  
 O may he at the LORD's right hand,  
 Himself and all his people view.

GIBBONS.

636.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 BRETHREN and sisters bought with blood,  
 Partakers of the grace of God ;  
 In whom religion's proof I view,  
 I wish to live, and die with you.
- 2 With you I wish to live, and know  
 My part in all your lot below ;  
 Your pleasures share, and feel your grief ;  
 And aim to give some kind relief.
- 3 To see your love to Jesus grow,  
 And mark your growth in knowledge too ;  
 Assist your views, and join your song,  
 Marching the wilderness along.

- 4 To live and die with you will be,  
Honour, and joy, and peace to me ;  
Yes, God, and conscience know 'tis true,  
I wish to live, and die with you. STEEVENS.

**637.** *Prayer for Ministers.* L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow thine ear  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for Thee,  
Successful pleaders may we be.
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge,  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;  
Their best acquirements are our gain,  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,  
Their words, and let those words be thine  
To them thy sacred truth reveal;  
Suppress their fear, increase their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain,  
Nor let them labour, Lord, in vain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound ;  
In humble strains thy grace adore,  
And feel thy new-creating power. BEDDOME.

**638.** *The same.* L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, may thy watchmen all stand fast,  
Zealous and faithful to the last ;  
O may they live a life of prayer,  
And all the truths of God declare.
- 2 May they oppose the monster sin,  
Shew the great danger *all* are in ;  
And as the messengers of God,  
Direct them to a Saviour's blood.
- 3 May numbers hear the Shepherd's voice,  
And in his pardoning love rejoice ;  
Be thankful for the gospel word,  
That brings them to their glorious Lord.

BURNHAM.



639.

*Seeking a Pastor.*

L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,  
Thy children's groans indulgent hear :  
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,  
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right ;  
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain :  
Nor let us seek thy face in vain.
- 3 O Lord, in ways of peace return,  
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn ;  
May our blest eyes a shepherd see  
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.

DODDGE.

640.

*Choice of Deacons.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the Church receive,  
The laws her Sovereign deigns to give,  
In choosing *deacons* let her see,  
They're such as with the word agree.
- 2 Attend to what the scriptures teach,  
Nor choose a man of *double speech* :  
One who will flatter to your face,  
But absent, aim at your disgrace.
- 3 Of men who *love much wine* beware,  
Such ought not in the church t' appear ;  
With equal care let those be shun'd,  
Who are of *filthy lucre fond*.
- 4 Your *deacons*, as th' Apostle saith,  
Must *hold the mystery of the faith* ;  
With truth, must righteousness be join'd,  
Sound judgment, with a holy mind.
- 5 They must be *grave* in years and mien,  
Not young, nor haughty, light, nor vain ;  
Mature in age, in manners kind,  
And these with understanding join'd.
- 6 Their wives must not be vain, nor light,  
Nor yet in sland'rous tales delight ;  
But grave and sober should appear,  
In all things *faithful and sincere*.

## OBEDIENCE.

641-42

- 7 Thus let the men you choose be prov'd ;  
Men, for their virtues much belov'd :  
Such here to eminence shall rise,  
And have a mansion in the skies.

PAICE

### 641. *Prayer for the Deacons.*

L. M.

- 1 FAIR Zion's King, we suppliant bow,  
And hail the grace thy church enjoys ;  
Her chosen deacons are thine own,  
With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,  
For blessings to attend our choice ;  
Of such whose gen'rous, prudent zeal,  
Shall make thy favour'd saints rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,  
May they his sacred table spread,—  
The table of their pastor fill,  
And fill thy holy poor with bread !
- 4 By purest love to Christ, and truth,  
O may they win a good degree  
Of boldness in the christian faith,  
And meet the smile of thine and thee !
- 5 And when the work to them assign'd—  
The work of love is fully done,  
Call them from serving tables here,  
To sit around thy glorious throne.

## CHRISTIAN OBEDIENCE.

### 642. *Christian Obedience enforced.*

L. M.

- 1 THEY who the gospel would adorn,  
Should aim to walk as Jesus did ;  
If we have known a gracious morn,  
Its genial beams cannot be hid.
- 2 Our conversation is in heav'n,  
Our treasure and our hearts are there ;  
And God's revealed word is giv'n,  
To form and rule our conduct here.

- 3 Masters and servants, husbands, wives,  
Hear what the Saviour says to you ;  
And let th' obedience of your lives,  
Your faith, and love, and knowledge shew.
- 4 Your duties learn from Jesus' word,  
His bright example keep in view ;  
Shun what's forbidden by the Lord,  
And haste what he commands to do.
- 5 Your way may sometimes painful seem,  
But trust alone in Jesus' grace ;  
You shall prevail by faith in him,  
And triumph too in every place.      HAWTREY.

643.      *Obedience evidential of Love.*      L. M.

- 1 WHO are the friends of Jesus here,  
Who make their love to him appear ?  
They, who with cheerful heart and hands,  
Will do whate'er the Lord commands.
- 2 The Lord's commands are just and good,  
And sweet to souls by grace renew'd :  
'Tis their obedience to his laws,  
That shews them friendly to his cause.
- 3 Helpless themselves, their gracious Lord  
Will every needful aid afford ;  
And when in Jesus' strength they go,  
All duties they with ease can do.
- 4 Then let us rise in Jesus' name,  
His arm our stay, his praise our aim ;  
Let unreserv'd obedience prove,  
The truth and ardour of our love.

HAWTREY.

644.      *Delight in Obedience.*      L. M.

- 1 MY gracious Lord, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay ;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end ?  
Thy ever smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend ?

- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,  
 Or to increase my worldly good ;  
 Nor future days or powers employ  
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live ;  
 To him who for my ransom died :  
 My heart to him alone I give,  
 And cleave unto his wounded side.

DODDRIDGE.

## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

645.

*Christian Experience.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE souls that after Jesus press,  
 May fix this firm and sure ;  
 That tribulation, more or less,  
 They must and shall endure.
- 2 From this there can be none exempt,  
 'Tis God's own wise decree ;  
 Satan, the weakest saint will tempt,  
 Nor is the strongest free.
- 3 The world assails us from without,  
 And unbelief within :  
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,  
 And feel the load of sin.
- 4 Glad frames too often raise our hope,  
 And we high minded grow !  
 Then sad desertion makes us droop,  
 And down we sink as low.
- 5 Ten thousand baits the foe prepares,  
 To catch the wandering heart ;  
 And seldom do we see the snares  
 Before we feel the smart.
- 6 Yet let not this your peace destroy,  
 The narrow path pursue ;  
 By faith upon the Lord rely,  
 And keep his cross in view.

HART.

## 646.

*Acknowledging God.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast led our weary feet,  
In dreary paths, through trials great ;  
But sov'reign mercy still appears,  
While mourning in a vale of tears.
- 2 Though faint, we eye thy great command,  
Thy tender heart—thy mighty hand ;  
And still we march to endless day,  
Kindly supported all the way.
- 3 More may we see in all the road,  
How all things daily work for good ;  
How all the gloomy woes we meet,  
Sweetly endear a mercy seat.
- 4 We pray, and help divine descends ;  
We pray, and God himself defends :  
We pray, and find immortal food,  
We pray, and travel on to God.
- 5 May we go on with all the wise,  
To seek a rest beyond the skies,  
Till we at last in glory meet,  
To prove salvation all complete.

BURNHAM.

## 647.

*Beset with Foes.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS, as they pass along,  
With lions are beset ;  
But gather sweetness from the strong,  
And from the eater, meat.
- 2 The lions rage and roar in vain,  
For Jesus is their shield :  
Their losses from his hand are gain,  
Their troubles comfort yield.
- 3 The world and Satan join their strength  
To fill their souls with fears ;  
But crops of joy they reap at length,  
From what they sow in tears.
- 4 Afflictions make them love the word,  
Stir up their hearts to prayer,  
And many a precious proof afford  
Of their Redeemer's care.

BRACKENBURY.

648.

*Conflict.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness ?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down ?  
**CHRIST** can turn thy griefs to gladness,  
Make thy restless fears be gone ;  
Look to **JESUS**,  
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What though Satan's strong temptations  
Vex and teaze thee day by day,  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay ;  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Though ten thousand foes beset thee,  
From without and from within ;  
**Jesus** saith, he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin :  
He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 **O** that I could now adore him,  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who for ever bow before him,  
And unceasing sing his love !  
Happy songsters !  
When shall I your chorus join. FAWCETT.

649.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **DEAR** Lamb of God, thy pity shew,  
To my complaint attend :  
Ah ! whither can a sinner go,  
But to the sinner's Friend.
- 2 Look on a helpless creature, Lord ;  
In darkness, pain, and grief ;  
Send a sweet promise from thy word,  
To give my soul relief.
- 3 Strangely my struggling spirit fails,  
Scarce can maintain the fight,  
While sin abounds, and fear prevails,  
And Calv'ry's not in sight.

- 4 O that my Jesus would impart  
 Some token of his love,  
 To comfort my desponding heart,  
 And make it mount above.

BURNHAM.

## 650.

*Contentment.*

L. M.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of blessings, ever bless'd,  
 Enriching all, of all possess'd ;  
 By whom the whole creation's fed,  
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.
- 2 To thee my very life I owe ;  
 From thee do all my comforts flow :  
 And every blessing which I need,  
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.
- 3 Great things are not what I desire ;  
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire ;  
 Content with little would I be,  
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.
- 4 While wicked men, with all their store,  
 Are ever grasping after more ;  
 With Agur's wish I'm satisfied,  
 Nor grudge them all the world beside.

BEDDOME.

## 651.

*Delight in God.*

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,  
 And on thy care depend ;  
 To thee in every trouble flee,  
 My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dried,  
 Thy fulness is the same ;  
 May I with this be satisfied,  
 And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,  
 It centres, Lord, in thee ;  
 I must have all things and abound,  
 While God, is God to me.
- 4 O that I had a stronger faith,  
 To look within the veil,  
 To credit what my Saviour saith,  
 Whose words can never fail.

- 5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,  
 I triumph and adore :  
 Henceforth my great concern shall be,  
 To love and please thee more.

RYLAND.

652.

*Communion with God.*

C. M.

- 1 LORD, keep my soul alive to thee,  
 Let not my spirit rove ;  
 For nothing tastes so sweet to me,  
 As thy redeeming love.
- 2 There's nothing here that can suffice,  
 Without thy smiling face ;  
 There's nothing here but vain disguise,  
 Which robs us of our peace.
- 3 Lord, fix our wand'ring hearts above,  
 Where solid pleasures grow ;  
 Nor let our spirits vainly rove,  
 From whence those blessings flow.
- 4 But may our feet with pleasure move,  
 In all thy peaceful ways ;  
 Till we shall join thy saints above,  
 To celebrate thy praise.

BARNARD.

653.

*Desiring none but God.*

C. M.

- 1 GOD, my supporter and my hope,  
 My help for ever near,  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
 Through this dark wilderness ;  
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me ;  
 And, while this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint ;  
 God is my soul's eternal rock ;  
 The strength of every saint.

WATT



# 654. *Desiring the promised Rest.* 112th.

- 1 **D**EAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear !  
 And magnify thy grace divine ;  
 Pardon a worm that would draw near,  
 That would his heart to thee resign ;  
 A worm, by self and sin opprest,  
 That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.
- 2 With holy fear, and reverend love,  
 I long to lie beneath thy throne ;  
 I long in thee to live and move,  
 And stay myself on thee alone :  
 Teach me to lean upon thy breast,  
 To find in thee the promis'd rest.
- 3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep  
 In perfect peace, whose minds shall be  
 Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,  
 Completely stay'd, dear Lord ! on thee :  
 How calm their state, how truly blest,  
 Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest.
- 4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,  
 And vindicate my righteous cause ;  
 Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,  
 And bend me to obey thy laws :  
 In thy dear arms of love caress'd,  
 Give me to find thy promis'd rest.

HILL.

# 655. *Desiring to follow Christ.* L. M.

- 1 **T**HE saints of old on Christ relied,  
 On him they liv'd, in him they died,  
 They knew his promises were sure,  
 And their inheritance secure.
- 2 Their faith confided in his blood ;  
 Their patience ran the heavenly road :  
 Jesus, my God, enable me  
 To follow them who follow'd thee.
- 3 Increase my faith, my patience prove,  
 Warm me with everlasting love :—  
 Still following those whom thou hast blest,  
 With them, with thee, O may I rest.

- 4 Destroy my sloth, new vigour give,  
My faith and patience, Lord, revive ;  
With holy fervour make me run,  
To win the prize, and wear the crown. IRONS.

656.

*Devoted to Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **E**MPTIED of earth, I fain would be  
Of sin, of self, of all but thee ;  
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and died,—  
Surrender'd to the Crucified !
- 2 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know !  
My friend and my companion thou ;  
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,  
And put all other loves to flight.
- 3 Constrain my soul, thy sway to own ;  
Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone :  
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—  
The ark remaining in its place.
- 4 Larger communion let me prove  
With thee, blest object of my love :  
But, O ! for this no power have I ;  
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

657.

*Disquietude.*

C. M.

- 1 **S**WEET was the time, when first I felt  
The Saviour's pard'ning blood  
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
And bring me home to God.
- 2 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine ;  
And, when I read his holy word,  
I call'd each promise mine.
- 3 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,  
For Jesus hides his face ;  
I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
But will not reach my case.
- 4 Now Satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey ;  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O come without delay.

NEWTON.

658.

*Dwelling on High.*

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN on the Lord we fix our eyes,  
And his sweet smiles enjoy,  
Superior to the world we rise,  
And dwell with him on high.
- 2 Unsatisfied with creature charms,  
And every earthly joy,  
We rest in Jesus' kinder arms,  
And dwell with him on high.
- 3 But soon through sin and gloomy fear,  
Our choicest comforts die ;  
Till Jesus doth again appear,  
And then we dwell on high.
- 4 When to the realms of bliss we soar,  
And reign beyond the sky,  
Then the dear Saviour we'll adore,  
And dwell with him on high.

BURNHAM.

659.

*Faint, yet pursuing.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace that bears me up,  
And leaves me any ground of hope ;  
I scarcely can believe it true,  
That one so faint should still pursue.
- 2 A thousand lions round me roar,  
More fierce than e'er I fear'd before ;  
I tremble at the infernal crew :  
I almost faint, but still pursue.
- 3 I'll trust the sinners' faithful friend,  
Who loves his people to the end :  
I have his oath and promise too,  
That I though faint, shall still pursue.
- 4 Press on, my soul, a little more,  
Thy glorious Captain's gone before ;  
Soon Canaan's land will burst in view,  
Then never faint, but still pursue.
- 5 And, when I reach that sacred place,  
I'll raise my song to sov'reign grace ;  
To grace alone the praise is due,  
That one so faint should still pursue.

REES.

660.

*Gazing on the Cross.*

8. 7.

- 1 **SWEET** the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend !  
Life and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;  
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,  
Plead, and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before the cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Beaming from his gracious eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Here I see my sins forgiven,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.
- 5 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
In all need to Jesus go ;  
Prove his blood each day more healing,  
And himself more deeply know.

ROBINSON.

661.

*Godly desires.*

S. M.

- 1 **I WOULD**, but cannot sing,  
I would, but cannot pray ;  
For Satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but cannot rest  
In God's most holy will ;  
I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.
- 3 O could I but believe !  
Then all would easy be :  
I would, but cannot—Lord, relieve,  
My help must come from thee.
- 4 But if indeed I *would*,  
Though I can nothing do ;  
Yet the desire is something good,  
For which my praise is due.

- 5 Lord, thou wilt crown at length  
The work thou hast begun ;  
And with a will, afford me strength  
In all thy ways to run.

NEWTON.

## 662.

*Godly Fear.*

104th.

- 1 **T**HE fear of the Lord our days will prolong ;  
In trouble afford a confidence strong :  
Will keep us from sinning ; will prosper our ways :  
And is the beginning of wisdom and grace.
- 2 The fear of the Lord is lowly and meek ;  
The happy reward of all that him seek :  
They only that fear him the truth can discern ;  
For living so near him, his secrets they learn.
- 3 The fear of the Lord confirms a good hope ;  
By this are restor'd the senses that droop :  
The deeper it reaches the more the soul thrives ;  
It gives what it teaches, and guards what it gives.
- 4 The fear of the Lord forbids us to yield ;  
It sharpens our sword, and strengthens our shield :  
Then cry we to heaven, with one loud accord,  
That to us be given the fear of the Lord.

HART.

663. *God's presence Light in Darkness.* C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God ! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights ;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun !  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss ;  
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,  
And whispers, " I am his ! "
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word ;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe ;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

WATTS.

664.

*Gratitude.*

C. M.

- 1 LET Zion's children all rejoice  
In Christ, their Lord and King ;  
Yea, let them with enlarged hearts,  
Their grateful praises sing.
- 2 His skirt of love o'er us he cast ;  
And to our souls, he said,  
" Be clean, be strong, I am thy God :  
" Fear not, nor be dismay'd."
- 3 Oh ! blessed be the day and hour,  
Wherein we heard his voice ;  
For which our hearts, both then and now,  
And ever shall rejoice.
- 4 Lord, we are thine, bought with the price  
Of thy most precious blood ;  
By thee our souls have been set free,  
By thee we joy in God.
- 5 Lord, let the riches of thy grace  
Constrain us to abide  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
And never more back-slide.

WISE.

665.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 MY God ! how cheerful is the sound !  
How pleasant to repeat !  
Well may that heart with pleasure bound,  
Where God has fix'd his seat.
- 2 What want shall not our God supply  
From his redundant stores ?  
What streams of mercy from on high  
Our heavenly Father pours !
- 3 From Christ, the ever-living spring,  
These ample blessings flow :  
Ye saints, unite *his* name to sing,  
Whose heart has loved us so.

- 4 Now to our Father and our God,  
Be endless glory given,  
Through all the realms of man's abode,  
And through the highest heaven.

DODDRIDGE.

666.

*Gratitude.*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, in all our deep distress,  
To thee for help we sought,  
Our Ebenezer here we raise,  
For all that thou hast wrought.
- 2 Receive our mutual thanks, O God,  
For this kind cheering day,  
And help us now to persevere,  
In each appointed way.
- 3 Help us to trust thy faithful word,  
Help us to watch and pray ;  
And give us patiently to bear,  
The trials of the way.
- 4 Help us to see thy gracious care  
In each divine supply ;  
That we may love the helping hand,  
That brings salvation nigh.
- 5 Help us to stand the future storm,  
And pass the fiercer fire ;  
Bring us at last to mount the throne,  
And all thy help admire.

BURNHAM.

667.

*The same.*

C. M

- 1 FOR mercies, countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give ?
- 2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine  
What can I bring him forth ?  
My best is stain'd and dy'd with sin,  
My all is nothing worth.
- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make,  
For all he has bestow'd,  
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,  
And call upon my God.

- 4 The best returns for one like me,  
 So wretched, and so poor ;  
 Is from his gifts to draw a plea,  
 And ask him still for more.
- 5 I cannot serve him as I ought,  
 No works have I to boast,  
 Yet would I glory in the thought,  
 That I should owe him most.

NEWTON.

668.

*Hating Sin.*

L. M.

- 1 **O** COULD I find some peaceful bower,  
 Where sin has neither place nor power :  
 This traitor vile, I fain would shun,  
 But cannot from its presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
 It stands between my God and me :  
 Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
 I feel it working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,  
 To view the heights of Jesus' love,  
 This monster seems to mount the skies,  
 And veils his glory from mine eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,  
 Which keeps my faith and hope so low ;  
 I long to dwell in heaven my home,  
 Where not one sinful thought can come.

LANE.

669. *Hungering and thirsting for Righteousness.*

L. M.

- 1 **JESUS** those happy souls will bless,  
 Who hunger for his righteousness ;  
 Who seek the smilings of his face,  
 And thirst for fresh supplies of grace.
- 2 They cannot here contented live  
 On all the dainties earth can give ;  
 Their souls can feast on nothing less  
 Than Christ's eternal righteousness.
- 3 For this they hunger, this they thirst,  
 Of all their food the best, the first ;  
 And while on this they daily feed,  
 They're bless'd, and richly bless'd indeed.



- 4 May this my bless'd experience be,  
To hunger, Lord, and thirst for thee,  
And on thy righteousness to live,  
Which doth both food and comfort give.

MEDLEY.

## 670.

*Inconstancy.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE wandering star, and fleeting wind,  
Both represent th' unstable mind ;  
The morning cloud, and early dew,  
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,  
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame,  
Scarce through a single hour the same ;  
We vow, and straight our vows forget,  
And then those very vows repeat.
- 4 With flowing tears, Lord, we'd confess,  
Our folly and unstedfastness ;  
When shall these hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd on thee ?

BEDDOME.

## 671.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW feeble human efforts prove  
Against temptation's power !  
E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love  
Are vanquish'd in an hour !
- 2 His firmest purpose will not stand ;  
Behold his guilt and shame !  
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,  
Or I shall do the same.
- 3 So boundless is Jehovah's grace,  
He hears each humble prayer :  
Should I be found in Peter's case,  
Lord, keep me from despair.

- 4 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,  
My wandering soul restore ;  
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,  
And let me sin no more.

FAWCETT.

672.

*Looking to Jesus.*

L. M.

- 1 BY faith I see my Saviour bleed,  
And by the sight from guilt am freed ;  
This sight destroys the life of sin,  
And quickens heavenly life within.
- 2 To look to Jesus as he rose,  
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes ;  
Satan I shame and overcome,  
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.
- 3 Exalted on his glorious throne,  
I see him make my cause his own ;  
Then all my anxious cares subside,  
For Jesus lives and will provide.
- 4 By faith I see the hour at hand,  
When in his presence I shall stand :  
Then it will be my endless bliss,  
To see him where, and as he is.

NEWTON.

673.

*Sweet Meditation.*

C. M.

- 1 MY meditation shall be sweet  
Of him I love supreme ;  
My pleasure shall be truly great,  
While I reflect on him.
- 2 'Tis sweet to meditate on him  
Who sav'd my soul from death ;  
His grace and love shall be my theme  
While he allows me breath.
- 3 'Tis sweet to trust Jehovah's word,  
And calmly to resign  
My all to Christ, my sovereign Lord,  
And freely call him mine.
- 4 Sweet to experience quick'ning grace,  
By God's own Spirit given,  
Sweet to behold my Saviour's face,  
While travelling on to heaven.

- 5 If 'tis so sweet to meditate  
 On him while here below,  
 What raptures in the heavenly state,  
 Shall we hereafter know.

PARSONS.

674.

*Panting for God.*

S. M.

- 1 O GOD, my God thou art,  
 My Father too by grace,  
 I cannot from my hope depart,  
 Or cease to seek thy face.
- 2 From this dry barren land,  
 Where water is not found,  
 I fain would fly to thy right hand,  
 Where living streams abound.
- 3 Thee, thee I long to know,  
 Athirst for God I am,  
 And come to thee as needy now,  
 As when at first I came.
- 4 Thy glory and thy power,  
 I long again to see ;  
 To have again as heretofore,  
 Sweet fellowship with thee.
- 5 Again to feel thy peace,  
 Again thy name to praise :  
 Better than life thy favour is,  
 To all that know thy grace.

BODEN.

675.

*Pressing after Jesus.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 IF unto Jesus thou art bound,  
 A crowd about thee will be found,  
 Attending day and night ;  
 A worldly crowd to din thine ears,  
 And crowds of unbelieving fears,  
 To hide him from thy sight.
- 2 Yet all the vain and noisy crowd,  
 Is but a thin and low'ring cloud,  
 A mist before thine eyes ;  
 If thou press on, the crowds will fly,  
 Or if thou faint, to Jesus cry,  
 And he will send supplies.

- 3 This only way can pilgrims go,  
 And all complain, as thou wilt do,  
 Of crowds that daily come :  
 Yet, though beset by crafty foes,  
 And passing through a thousand woes,  
 They get securely home.
- 4 O Lord, a cheering look bestow,  
 Stretch forth thine hand to help me through,  
 And draw me up to thee ;  
 And when through fear I only creep,  
 Or dare not move a single step,  
 Yet thou canst come to me.

BERRIDGE.

676.

*Reflecting on the past.*

C. M.

- 1 WHEN first the Lord to me reveal'd  
 A sense of pard'ning love ;  
 It all my pow'rs with rapture fill'd,  
 And drew my heart above.
- 2 I found a heaven within my heart,  
 My days were spent in praise ;  
 I thought my joys would ne'er depart,  
 But last me all my days.
- 3 I triumph'd over death and sin  
 Nor did their power dread ;  
 I felt no enemies within,  
 But thought they all were dead.
- 4 But when the clouds began to rise,  
 I lost my joyful song :  
 My soul was fill'd with sad surprise,  
 And all appeared wrong.
- 5 Until the Sun again did rise,  
 And drove the clouds away ;  
 Then was I fill'd with sweet surprise,  
 My night was turn'd to day.

BARNARD.

677.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 O THAT my soul as heretofore,  
 Could with delight and love, explore  
 Those sacred sweets in Jesus' name,  
 That once my raptur'd soul o'ercame.

- 2 Once I beheld his lovely face,  
As full of truth, and full of grace ;  
Ten thousand thousand suns were dim  
In lustre, then, compar'd with him.
- 3 But now those golden hours are fled,  
My spirit mourns with sorrow fed :  
His promise in his word I see,  
But fear, alas ! 'tis not for me.
- 4 Why should a child whom thou hast blest,  
In darkness walk, and find no rest ;  
Feel unbelief, that cruel foe,  
From whence all other evils flow ?
- 5 O that my Sun, with cheering ray,  
Would chase these shades of night away ;  
Then shall my soul arise and sing,  
The healing virtue of his wing.

KENT.

# 678. *Rejoicing in Adversity.*

C. M.

- 1 SO firm the saint's foundations stand,  
Nor can his hopes remove ;  
Sustain'd by God's almighty hand,  
And shelter'd in his love.
- 2 Fig-trees, and olive-plants, may fail,  
And vines their fruit deny,  
Famine through all his fields prevail,  
And flocks, and herds, may die.
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,  
A source of sacred joy ;  
Which no afflictions can controul,  
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,  
And taste thy saints' repose ;  
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,  
While such a fountain flows.

DODDRIDGE.

# 679. *Safety in Storms.*

C. M.

- 1 WHEN storms hang o'er the Christian's head,  
He flies unto his God ;  
And under his refreshing shade,  
Finds a secure abode.

- 2 When foes without, and lusts within,  
 Seek to disturb his peace ;  
 To God he makes his sorrows known,  
 And straight his sorrows cease.
- 3 When winds of strong temptation blow,  
 And floods of trouble roll,  
 God is the help, and refuge too  
 Of his distressed soul.
- 4 But when tremendous terrors seize,  
 Where will the sinner fly ?  
 He feels a thousand agonies,  
 And no Deliverer nigh.

EVANS.

680.

*Seeking a City.*

L. M.

- 1 "WE'VE no abiding city here,"  
 This may distress the worldling's mind,  
 But should not cost the saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 Sad truth were this to be our home ;  
 But let this truth our spirits cheer,  
 "We seek a city yet to come."
- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do,  
 Let not the world our rest appear,  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 We seek a city out of sight :  
 Zion its name ;—the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

KELLY.

681.

*Self-Examination.*

L. M.

- 1 WHAT strange perplexities arise !  
 What anxious fears and jealousies !  
 What crowds in doubtful light appear !  
 How few, alas ! approv'd and clear !

- 2 What image does my spirit bear ?  
Is Jesus form'd and living there ?  
Say, do his features all divine  
In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 3 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;  
The secrets of my soul reveal :  
Midst all my fears, may I appear  
To God, and my own conscience clear.

DAVIES.

682.

*Self-Renounced.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW empty was our former boast,  
Our foolishness of pride !  
When in ourselves we put our trust,  
And on our works relied.
- 2 Strong in the freedom of our will,  
Firm in our nature's powers,  
We thought to climb the heavenly hill,  
And seize the crown as ours.
- 3 Alas, for us ! we knew not then  
His blood and righteousness ;  
Through which alone the sons of men  
Are sav'd by richest grace.
- 4 But now, O gracious God, thy love  
Has taught us better things :  
Our all is given us from above,  
From Thee salvation springs.

TOPLADY.

683.

*Sense of Danger.*

L. M.

- 1 **I'**M in a world of hopes and fears,—  
A wilderness of toils and tears,  
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.
- 2 Shed down, O Lord ! a heavenly ray,  
To guide me in the doubtful way ;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,  
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,  
Allure my wand'ring soul aside ;  
But, through this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.

- 4 There glories shine and pleasures roll  
That charm, delight, transport the soul ;  
And every panting wish shall be  
Possess of boundless bliss in Thee. RIPPON.

684.

*Strong in the Lord.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HOU precious Lord, the sinner's friend,  
Whose love no measure knows, nor end ;  
Supported by thy powerful arm,  
I dread no foe, I fear no harm.
- 2 With thee I pass life's dangerous road,  
And hasten to that bright abode,  
Where thy redeemed find their rest,  
Safe leaning on the Saviour's breast.
- 3 Though tribulations sore surround,  
Temptations manifold abound,  
Corruptions struggle, flesh invites  
To sinful pleasure's false delights.
- 4 My voice to thee I lift in prayer,  
On thee alone I cast my care ;  
To thee salvation doth belong,  
When I am weak, then am I strong.
- 5 Yea, when my heart, and strength shall fail,  
And death my tottering frame assail,  
Unmov'd I'll tread the dreadful steep,  
And fall in Jesus' arms asleep. HAWEIS.

685.

*Struggling with Unbelief.*

S. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, what dost thou here ?  
It is forbidden ground :  
Behold ! what dangers now appear,  
What darkness spreads around.
- 2 What dost thou in this cave  
Of unbelief and fear ?  
Jesus is able still to save ;  
On him cast all thy care.
- 3 Arise and haste away,  
Pursue the heavenly road ;  
Thy duty now forbids thy stay,  
Obey the voice of God.



- 4 Thy footsteps he will guard,  
His angels round thee place ;  
So shalt thou find thy way prepar'd  
While trusting in his grace.
- 5 Mourn then thine unbelief ;  
And from its haunts depart ;  
Henceforth let sin have all thy grief ;  
And JESUS all thy heart. BRACKENBURY.

686.

*Supplies in the Wilderness.*

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel by divine command,  
The pathless desert trod ;  
They found throughout that dreary land,  
A sure resource in God.
- 2 Like them we have a rest in view,  
Secure from adverse powers ;  
Like them, we pass a desert too,  
But Israel's God is ours.
- 3 His word, a light before us spreads,  
By which our path we see ;  
His love, a banner o'er our heads,  
From harm preserves us free.
- 4 Jesus, the bread of life, is giv'n  
To be our daily food :  
We drink a wond'rous stream from heav'n,  
'Tis water, wine, and blood.
- 5 Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,  
These blessings are divine ;  
I envy not the worldling's store,  
Since Christ and heav'n are mine.

HAWTREY.

687.

*Sweet and Bitter.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN the belov'd disciple took  
The angel's little open book,  
Which by the Lord's command he ate,  
It tasted bitter after sweet.
- 2 Thus when the gospel is embrac'd  
At first 'tis sweeter to the taste  
Than honey, or the honey comb,  
But there's a bitterness to come.

- 3 What sweetness does the promise yield,  
When by the Holy Spirit seal'd !  
The longing soul is fill'd with good,  
Nor feels a wish for other food.
- 4 When sin revives, and shews its pow'r,  
When Satan threatens to devour,  
When God afflicts, and men revile,  
We drag our steps with pain and toil.
- 5 When thus deserted, tempest-tost,  
The sense of former sweetness lost,  
We tremble, lest we were deceiv'd,  
In thinking that we once believ'd.
- 6 The Lord first makes the sweetness known,  
To win and fix us for his own ;  
And though we now some bitters meet,  
We hope for everlasting sweet.

BRACKENBURY.

688.

*The Believer in Tears.*

C. M.

- 1 THOU gracious God, to whom I pray,  
Now to my soul appear ;  
Speak in compassion, Lord, and say,  
" I've seen thy ev'ry tear."
- 2 Give me clear views of thy rich love,  
Of thy paternal care ;  
Give me to know thou dost approve  
The penitential tear.
- 3 Surely my Jesus clearly sees  
The sorrows of my heart ;  
O that he now would give me ease,  
And strength divine impart.
- 4 But the sore trials of the way,  
Fill me with gloomy fear ;  
Renew'd afflictions, day by day,  
Renew the streaming tear.
- 5 Soon may the happy period come  
When I shall see thy face ;  
Enter my everlasting home,  
And tears for ever cease.

BURNHAM

**689.**      *The Believer's Blessedness.*      **L. M.**

- 1 **H**OW blest are they whose feet have found  
The way unto Immanuel's ground ;  
And steadfast walk the blissful road  
Far from the path by sinners trod.
- 2 Their weary spirits sweetly rest  
Upon the dear Redeemer's breast ;  
They so much of his mercy prove,  
As wins their grateful hearts to love.
- 3 His Spirit shews their sins forgiv'n,  
And seals them as the heirs of heav'n ;  
And gives them patience here to wait,  
'Till Jesus them to bliss translate.
- 4 He arms them for the evil day,  
That they in heart with him may stay ;  
He girds them with his mighty pow'r,  
And brings them through each trying hour.
- 5 Then rest, my soul, upon the Lord,  
On Jesus Christ, the living Word ;  
And then thy joy shall ne'er decay,  
Till it breaks out in endless day.

**690.**      *The Believer's Triumph.*      **L. M.**

- 1 **C**HRISt is my rock, my hope, my stay,  
In him I triumph all the day ;  
Who can conceive the pure delight  
My soul enjoys when he's in sight.
- 2 Though num'rous evils o'er me roll,  
And threaten ruin to my soul,  
Still in the strength my Jesus brings,  
My soul triumphant—loudly sings.
- 3 Sings in the midst of various woes ;  
Sings through the host of all her foes ;  
Pursues her steady course to God,  
Through the rich plea of Jesus' blood.
- 4 For all the grace that makes me sing,  
I'll ever thank my God and King ;  
'Tis he *alone* my triumphs raise,  
And he *alone* shall have the praise

691.

*The Christian Race.*

L. M.

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls, away our fears ;  
     Let every trembling thought be gone :  
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
     And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
     And mortal spirits tire and faint ;  
 But Jesus is the mighty God,  
     Who feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
     Believers draw a fresh supply ;  
 While such as trust their native strength,  
     Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
     Our souls would mount to thine abode !  
 On wings of love to Jesus fly,  
     Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.      WATTS.

692.

*The Christian Soldier.*

C. M.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,  
     A follower of the Lamb ?  
 And shall I fear to own his cause,  
     Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
     On flowery beds of ease ?  
 While others fought to win the prize,  
     And sailed through bloody seas !
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;  
     Increase my courage, Lord !  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
     Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
     Shall conquer though they die :  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
     And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
     And all thy armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies ;  
     The glory shall be thine.      WATTS

693.

*The Christian Traveller.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**S when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some o'er-looking hill,  
His heart revives, if cross the plains  
He views his home, though distant still.
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,  
By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,  
No more he grieves for troubles past ;  
Nor any future trial fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.
- 4 "'Tis there," he says, " I am to dwell  
" With Jesus in the realms of day ;  
" Then I shall bid my cares farewell,  
" And he shall wipe my tears away."
- 5 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,  
To lead us on to thine abode :  
Where we shall meet with all our friends,  
Who travell'd with us on the road.

NEWTON.

694.

*The Christian Warfare.*

L. M.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel-armour on ;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 What though thine inward lusts rebel,  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 4 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

- 5 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace ;  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

WATTS.

695.

*The Conflict.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW shall I pour out my complaint,  
Or tell the Lord my sore distress ?  
Yet he espies my every want,  
My weakness, sin, and foolishness.
- 2 Uneasy when I feel my load,  
Uneasy when I feel it not,  
Dissatisfied for want of God,  
Though oft of him I've not a thought !
- 3 I cannot frame a good desire,  
If all the world to me were giv'n,  
I cannot to a wish aspire,  
If one good wish would purchase heav'n.
- 4 Sometimes I follow after God,  
Sometimes I carelessly retreat ;  
For mercy now I cry aloud,  
Anon in stubborn silence sit.
- 5 O Prince of Life ! with power descend,  
Thy blood apply, my conscience clear :  
Then shall this legal conflict end,  
And perfect love cast out all fear.

HAMMOND.

696.

*The Conquerors.*

148th.

- 1 **B**Y whom was David taught  
To aim the dreadful blow,  
When he Goliath fought,  
And laid the Gittite low ?  
No sword, nor spear, the stripling took,  
But chose a pebble from the brook.
- 2 'Twas Israel's God and King  
Who sent him to the fight ;  
Who gave him strength to sling,  
And skill to aim aright :  
Ye feeble saints, your strength endures,  
Because young David's God is yours.

- 3 Then trust in his name, and rest on his word,  
He's always the same unchangeable Lord ;  
His wisdom's omniscient, his pow'r is supreme,  
His grace is sufficient his flock to redeem.

SWAIN.

701.

*The Pilgrim's Staff.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 OUR God, the Pilgrim's Staff, we want,  
Do thou the same in mercy grant,  
To help us on the road ;  
For very weak, we feel, indeed,  
Then send us all the help we need,  
To reach our bless'd abode.
- 2 Thousands have lean'd upon the same,  
Which did support their feeble frame,  
From sinking on the way ;  
By help of this they march along,  
And oft through grace do raise a song,  
For such a certain stay.
- 3 And sure to such poor worms as we,  
This staff will very needful be,  
O then its help afford ;  
And as we go along our way,  
Thus we shall praise, and gladly say,  
How faithful is the Lord !
- 4 Through all the changing scenes we meet,  
Keep us, dear Saviour, at thy feet,  
While pilgrims here below ;  
From creature props, dear Jesus, wean,  
Teach us on thee alone to lean,  
Till we to glory go.

FOWLER.

702.

*The Spiritual Mariner.*

L. M.

- 1 THE billows swell, the winds are high,  
Clouds overcast my wintry sky ;  
Out of the depths to thee I call,  
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,  
And guide and guard me through the storm ;  
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,  
Controul the waves ; say, " Peace, be still."

- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee ;  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name  
Attend the foll'wers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour through the floods I seek ;  
Let neither winds nor stormy main  
Force back my shatter'd bark again. COWPER.

703. *The spiritual Mourner.* C. M.

- 1 WHY, O my soul ! why weepest thou ?  
Tell me from whence arise  
Those briny tears that often flow,  
Those groans that pierce the skies.
- 2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,  
Or the chastising rod ?  
Dost thou an evil heart lament,  
And mourn an absent God ?
- 3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin !  
And after none but thee !  
And then I would—Oh, that I might !  
A constant weeper be. BEDDOME.

704. *Waiting for God.* 7s.

- 1 LORD, before thee now I fall,  
Wait thy pard'ning smile to see,  
Wait to feel thee all in all,  
Wait the word that sets me free.
- 2 Wait to see thy cross appear,  
Wait to hear thy gospel sound,  
Wait with humble filial fear,  
Wait to feel thy grace abound.
- 3 Wait I must till love shall speak ;  
Sure the moment will arrive  
When the stony heart shall break,  
And my soul be all alive.



- 4 Let my Saviour give the word,  
 Or but cast a pitying eye :  
 Then I'll triumph in my Lord,  
 And my guilty fears shall die.

BURNHAM.

## 705.

*Walking in Darkness.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan,  
 To thee I breathe my sighs :  
 When will the mournful night be gone ?  
 And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God—O could I make the claim—  
 My father and my friend—  
 And call thee mine, by ev'ry name  
 On which thy saints depend !
- 3 By every name of power and love,  
 I would thy grace intreat :  
 Nor should my humble hope remove,  
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Yet though my soul in darkness mourns,  
 Thy word is all my stay ;  
 Here would I rest till light returns,  
 Thy presence makes my day.

STEELE.

## 706.

*Walking with God.*

L. M.

- 1 **B**Y faith in Christ I walk with God,  
 With heav'n, my journey's end, in view ;  
 Supported by his staff and rod,  
 My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 Though snares and dangers throng my path,  
 And earth and hell my course withstand ;  
 I triumph over all by faith,  
 Guarded by his Almighty hand !
- 3 With *Him* sweet converse I maintain,  
 Great as *He* is, I dare be free ;  
 I tell him all my grief and pain,  
 And he reveals his love to me.
- 4 Some cordial from his word he brings,  
 Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;  
 At once my soul revives and sings,  
 And yields no more to sad complaints.

NEWTON.

## CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGEMENT.

707.

*Christian Encouragement.*

8. 7.

- 1 **THOUGH** we're still with foes surrounded,  
     Foes that often damp our joy ;  
 Christ, who has so often wounded,  
     Soon will every foe destroy.
- 2 He who doth, will yet deliver,  
     Till we reach the happy shore ;  
 Till we pass the gloomy river,  
     Till we sigh and weep no more.
- 3 Solid hopes like these, possessing,  
     Let us march with courage on :  
 Bold, through fears and dangers pressing,  
     Till we wear the conqu'ror's crown.
- 4 Till we wave our palms in glory,  
     Through the blissful plains above ;  
 Till we sound the wond'rous story,  
     Of the great Redeemer's love.

SWAIN.

708.

*Encouragement for Backsliders.*

C. M.

- 1 "SURELY," the God of grace declares,  
     " I've heard my Ephraim's moans,  
     " My eye has mark'd his streaming tears,  
     " My ear his broken groans.
- 2 " Thou hast chastis'd me, Lord," he cries,  
     " And I receiv'd the stroke,  
     " Like a young bullock when he feels  
     " The unaccustom'd yoke."
- 3 " Turn me to thee, and I shall turn  
     " To thee, my God, in truth ;  
     " Thou art my Father, thou the guide,  
     " And guardian of my youth."
- 4 " Thus have I heard," Jehovah cries,  
     " How humble Ephraim mourns,  
     " And to his penitential sighs  
     " My mercy thus returns :

5 " Can Ephraim be a son belov'd,  
 " The son of my delight ?  
 " I own him still, and he shall live  
 " Accepted in my sight."

6 Have you like Ephraim sinn'd ? with him  
 Repent, and you shall find  
 That God who Ephraim's crimes forgave,  
 Is still as good and kind.

GIBBONS.

**709.**     *Convinced Sinners encouraged.*     C. M.

1 **WHAT** welcome news to sinners lost,  
 Is this melodious sound ;  
 Though sin-distress'd, and tempest-toss'd,  
 " Their sins shall not be found."

2 Their sins, more num'rous than the stars,  
 In Jesus' blood were drown'd ;  
 And Zion's God in love declares,  
 " Their sins shall not be found."

3 Yes, Jesus' blood completely cures  
 The sinner's every wound ;  
 While God the Holy Ghost assures,  
 " His sins shall not be found."

4 Jehovah's rich and sovereign grace,  
 Shall guard the church around ;  
 No condemnation shall take place,  
 Her sins cannot be found.

5 Eternal grace, divinely free,  
 Does more than sin abound ;  
 As soon shall Jesus cease to be,  
 As Zion's sins be found.

WILLIAMS.

**710.**     *Encouragement for Mourners.*     7s.

1 **COME**, and to the Lord return,  
 Ye who your transgressions mourn ;  
 He hath torn, and he will heal,  
 He can cure the wounds you feel.

2 He who smote can bind you up ;  
 In his mercy humbly hope ;  
 Mercy in the Lord you'll find,  
 With redemption sweetly join'd.

- 3 Heavy-laden, sin-sick soul,  
Christ the Lord will make thee whole :  
None in vain have ever tried,  
All have found the balm applied.
- 4 This one balm (the Saviour's blood)  
Brings poor sinners nigh to God ;  
Gives the guilty conscience peace ;  
Speaks the pris'ner's sweet release.
- 5 Humbly resting on his word,  
With such gracious language stor'd,  
May we each this cure receive,  
And with God for ever live.

UPTON.

**711.**     *Encouragement for Mourners.*     L. M.

- 1 JESUS, the glorious head of grace,  
Knows every saint's peculiar case ;  
What sorrows by their souls are borne,  
And how for sin they daily mourn.
- 2 He knows how deep their groanings are,  
And what their secret sighs declare ;  
And, for their comfort has express'd,  
That all such mourning souls are bless'd.
- 3 They're bless'd on earth ; for 'tis by grace  
They see and know their mournful case ;  
Bless'd mourners ! they shall shortly rise  
To endless comfort in the skies.
- 4 There all their mourning days shall cease,  
And they be fill'd with joy and peace ;  
Comforts eternal they shall prove,  
And dwell for ever in his love.

MEDLEY.

**712.**     *Encouragement to the Cast-down.*     C. M.

- 1 NOW in thy praise, eternal King,  
Be all my thoughts employ'd ;  
While of this precious truth I sing,  
" Cast down, but not destroy'd."
- 2 Oft the united pow'rs of hell,  
My soul have sore annoy'd ;  
And yet I live, this truth to tell,  
" Cast down, but not destroy'd."

- 3 In all the paths through which I've pass'd,  
 What mercies I've enjoy'd !  
 And this shall be my song at last,  
 " Cast down, but not destroy'd."
- 4 When I, with God, in heav'n appear,  
 There I shall him adore ;  
 Destroy'd shall be my sin and fear,  
 And I cast down no more.

REES.

### 713. *Encouragement for the Fearful.* L. M.

1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears,  
 Lo ! Jesus for your help appears,  
 And kindly speaks as he draws nigh,  
 " Be not afraid, for it is I."

2 When in the awful tempest tost,  
 You feel your strength and courage lost,  
 And mighty waves roll o'er your head,  
 Your Lord is near, " be not afraid."

3 When earthly joys are from you torn,  
 Or when with heart-felt grief you mourn,  
 To see your dear relations dead,  
 Yet Jesus lives, " be not afraid."

4 When fierce disease attacks your frame,  
 Your Saviour's love is still the same ;  
 In death's dark shade you need not fear,  
 For Jesus will be with you *there*.

5 When stars are from their orbits hurl'd,  
 And flames consume this guilty world,  
 E'en then your Judge will smile and cry,  
 " Be not afraid, for it is I."

FAWCETT.

### 714. *The same.* C. M.

1 YE trembling souls, no longer fear,  
 Be mercy all your theme—  
 Mercy, which, like a river flows  
 In one perpetual stream.

2 " Fear not " the powers of earth and hell,  
 God will those pow'rs restrain ;  
 His arm shall all their rage repel,  
 And make their efforts vain.

- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good,  
For this *He* will provide ;  
Grant you supplies of daily food,  
And give you heav'n beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone ;  
He's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,  
Or death's tremendous sting ;  
He will from endless wrath preserve—  
To endless glory bring. BEDDOME.

**715.** *Encouragement for the Friends of Christ.* C. M.

- 1 "YE are my Friends," the Saviour cries ;  
"To you I have made known  
My Father's will, and all his grace,  
And all his counsels shown."
- 2 *Ye are my Friends,*" the Saviour cries ;  
"With you I love to meet,  
And with my influence on your hearts  
Make the communion sweet."
- 3 "*Ye are my Friends,*" the Saviour cries ;  
"Though all your faults I know,  
Such is my love, I o'er them all  
The veil of pardon throw."
- 4 "*Ye are my Friends,*" the Saviour cries ;  
"For you my life I give,  
You from my wounds shall health derive,  
And by my death shall live."
- 5 To own and bless us as his Friends,  
Will Jesus not disdain ?  
Then high as heaven proclaim his praise  
In an immortal strain. GIBBONS.

**716.** *Encouragement for the Redeemed.* C. M.

- 1 SING. ye redeemed of the Lord,  
Your great Deliverer sing :  
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,  
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 See the fair way his hand has rais'd ;  
 How holy and how plain !  
 Nor shall the simplest traveller err,  
 Nor ask the track in vain.
- 3 A hand divine shall lead you on  
 Through all the blissful road ;  
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,  
 And see your smiling God.
- 4 March then in your Redeemer's strength ;  
 Pursue his footsteps still :  
 And let the prospect cheer your hearts,  
 While lab'ring up the hill. DODDRIDGE.

### 717. *Encouragement for the Righteous.* S.M.

- 1 **WHAT** cheering words are these !  
 Their sweetness who can tell ?  
 In time and to eternity,  
 'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 'Tis well when joys arise,  
 'Tis well when sorrows flow ;  
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
 And strong temptations blow.
- 3 'Tis well when on the mount  
 They feast on Jesus' love ;  
 And 'tis as well in God's account,  
 When they the furnace prove.
- 4 'Tis well when at his throne,  
 They wrestle, weep, and pray ;  
 'Tis well when at his feet they groan,  
 Yet bring their wants away.
- 5 In every state secure,  
 Kept by Jehovah's eye,  
 'Tis well with them while life endures,  
 And well when call'd to die. KENT.

### 718. *Encouragement for the Tempted.* 104th.

- 1 **YE** tempted and tried, to Jesus draw nigh,  
 He suffer'd and died your wants to supply ;  
 Trust him for salvation, you need not to grieve,  
 "There's no condemnation to them that believe."

- 2 By day and by night his love is made known,  
It is his delight to succour his own :  
He will have compassion ;—then why should you  
grieve ?  
“ There’s no condemnation to them that believe.”
- 3 Though Satan is sure the sheep to annoy :  
The helpless and weak he ne’er shall destroy :  
Christ is their salvation, and strength he will give ;  
“ There’s no condemnation to them that believe.”

REES.

## 719. *Encouragement for the Vilest.* 148th.

- 1 YE trembling sinners hear  
The Saviour’s gracious voice ;  
Incline a list’ning ear,  
And hearing, O rejoice !  
Though black as hell, you need not doubt,  
Christ will in no wise cast you out.
- 2 The tempter may deceive,  
And you may think it true,  
Jesus will ne’er receive  
A wretch so vile as you :  
But hark, poor sinner, hear him say,  
“ I will in no wise cast away.”
- 3 Ho ! ye backsliding souls,  
By conscious guilt opprest ;  
Still soft compassion rolls  
In the Redeemer’s breast ;  
His language hear, and wave your doubt,  
“ I will in no wise cast you out.”
- 4 Come then, ye guilty come,  
Come all by sin opprest ;  
In Jesus’ arms there’s room,  
There’s room in mercy’s breast :  
No longer now for fig-leaves roam,  
Just as you are to Jesus come.

PAICE.

## 720. *Encouragement for the Weak.* S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,  
Down from the willows take ;  
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,  
Bid every string awake.



- 2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home ;  
And nearer to our Father's house,  
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end .  
Stronger and brighter shine ;  
Nor present things, nor things to come,  
Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The people of his choice,  
He will not cast away ;  
Yet do not always here expect  
On Tabor's mount to stay.
- 5 When we in darkness walk,  
Nor feel the heavenly flame,  
Then is the time to trust our God,  
And rest upon his name.
- 6 Wait till the shadows flee,  
Wait the appointed hour ;  
Wait till the Bridegroom of thy soul  
Reveals his love with power. TOPLADY.

## 721. *Encouragement for the Weak.*

72.

- 1 **C**AST thy burden on the Lord,  
Only lean upon his word ;  
Thou wilt soon have cause to bless  
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains thee with his hand,  
He enables thee to stand ;  
Those whom Jesus once has lov'd,  
From his grace shall ne'er be mov'd.
- 3 Human counsels come to nought ;  
That shall stand which God has wrought :  
His compassion, love, and power,  
Are the same for evermore.
- 4 Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
God's free grace cannot decay ;  
He has promis'd to fulfil  
All the pleasure of his will.

- 5 Jesus, Guardian of thy flock,  
Be thyself our constant rock :  
Make us, by thy powerful hand,  
Strong as Zion's mount, to stand.

HILL.

**722.** *Encouragement to the Weary.*

C. M.

- 1 **Y**E that are sunk in sin and thrall,  
By guilt and grief opprest ;  
Attend unto the Saviour's call,  
" And he will give you rest."  
2 Before his throne your griefs disclose,  
When you are sore distress ;  
His smile, your spirits shall compose,  
" And he will give you rest."  
3 On Jesus cast your weighty cares,  
And lean upon his breast ;  
His love shall silence all your fears,  
" And he will give you rest."  
4 He'll bring you to his courts above,  
Whate'er your fears suggest ;  
Then wear his yoke, and trust his love,  
" And he will give you rest."

LANE.

**723.** *Encouragement for Thirsty Sinners.* L. M.

- 1 **H**O ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh ;  
Salvation suits the sinner's case :  
Mercy and free salvation buy,  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.  
2 Come to the living waters, come,  
Sinners, attend your Maker's voice ;  
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
And in my saving grace rejoice.  
3 See, from the Rock a fountain rise,  
For you in healing streams it rolls :  
Money ye need not bring, nor price,  
Ye heavy-laden, contrite souls.  
4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,  
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;  
Freely the gift of God receive,  
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

WATTS.

## 724. *Encouragement from Calvary.* 87.

- 1 **F**LY, ye sinners, to yon mountain,  
There a purple stream doth flow ;  
There you'll find an open fountain.  
That will wash you white as snow.
- 2 Never ponder o'er your meanness,  
But to Calvary repair ;  
There's the fountain for uncleanness,  
And the worst is welcome there.
- 3 Come, ye souls, by sin distressed,  
Plunge by faith beneath this flood ;  
Then you'll surely be released,  
From the painful pond'rous load.
- 4 O, behold the Lamb expiring,  
See the suff'ring Son of God !  
And that love be much admiring,  
Which appears in streams of blood.
- 5 Richly flow'd the crimson river,  
Down Immanuel's lovely side,  
And that blood will you deliver,  
Whensoever 'tis applied.

BURNHAM.

## 725. *The Fulness of Christ.* 104th.

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides in Jesus our head,  
And ever abides to answer our need ;  
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store,  
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants we need not to fear ;  
Our num'rous complaints, his mercy will hear :  
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies ;  
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.
- 3 Whatever distress awaits us below,  
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow,  
As still shall support us, and silence our fear ;  
For nothing can hurt us, while Jesus is near,
- 4 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,  
His love will defend, and guard us though life :  
And when we are fainting, and ready to die,  
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

FAWCETT.

726.

*The Redeemer's Voice.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**EAR the Redeemer's lovely voice  
Hailing the objects of his choice ;  
Hear him, in mildest accents say,  
*" Arise, my love, and come away."*
- 2 *" Winter's cold chilling blasts are o'er ;*  
The sweeping deluge is no more :  
The fields are cloth'd in rich array ;  
*Arise, my love, and come away."*
- 3 *" Yes, all the storms of wrath divine*  
I have endured, and thou art mine :  
Nor law, nor justice, aught can say,  
*Arise, my love, and come away."*
- 4 The Holy Spirit, like a Dove  
Descends. and shews the Saviour's love,  
Points to the realms of endless day,  
And says, *" arise, and come away."*
- 5 By *Him* our souls are drawn above,  
To feast on everlasting love ;  
Lord, we would often hear thee say,  
*" Arise, my love, and come away,"*

PAICE.

727.

*Encouraged by former Mercies.*

L. M.

- 1 **B**ROUGHT safely by God's hand thus far,  
Wilt thou, desponding Christian, fear ?  
How canst thou want, if he provide,  
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?
- 2 When first, before the mercy-seat,  
Thou didst to him thy all commit ;  
He gave thee warrant from that hour,  
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And God refuse to hear thy call ?  
And has he not his promise past,  
That thou shalt overcome at last ?
- 4 He, who has help'd thee hitherto,  
Will help thee all thy journey through ;  
And give thee daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to his praise.

JAY.

728.

*God, our Father.*

E. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a father, just and wise,  
And reigns enthron'd above the skies ;  
Yet all his saints on earth shall know,  
He condescends to dwell below.
- 2 He'll make his sons and daughters wise,  
And teach them all his ways to prize ;  
He'll lead them forth with love and pow'r,  
And save them in each trying hour.
- 3 To them he will his secrets tell,  
And save them from the rage of hell ;  
And when they leave this world of woe,  
He'll take them all to glory too.

GADSBY.

729.

*Having interest in God.*

C. M.

- 1 **I**F God is mine, then present things,  
And things to come, are mine ;  
Yea, Christ, his word, and Spirit too,  
With glory all divine.
- 2 If he is mine, then, from his love,  
He every trouble sends ;  
All things are working for my good,  
And bliss his rod attends.
- 3 If he is mine, should friends forsake,  
And wealth and honours flee—  
Sure he, who giveth me *himself*,  
Is more than these to me.
- 4 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass  
Through death's tremendous vale :  
He is a solid comfort, when  
All other comforts fail.
- 5 O tell me, Lord ! that thou art mine ;  
What can I wish beside ?  
My soul shall at the *fountain* live  
When all the *streams* are dried.

RIPPON.

730.

*Our Springs in Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 **N**OW, dearest Lord, to praise thy name,  
Let all our pow'rs agree !  
Worthy art thou of endless fame !  
*Our springs are all in thee.*

- 2 Here in thy love will we rejoice,  
All sov'reign, rich, and free ;  
Singing (we hope with heart and voice)  
*Our springs are all in thee !*
- 3 Some tempted, weak, and trembling saint,  
Before thee now may be :  
Let not his hopes or wishes faint !  
*His springs are all in thee.*
- 4 The poor supply, the wounded heal ;  
Let sinners such as we  
Salvation's blessings taste and feel :  
*Our springs are all in thee.*
- 5 When we arrive at Zion's hill,  
And all thy glory see ;  
Our joyful songs shall echo still,  
*Our springs are all in thee.*

MEDLEY.

### 731. *Our times in the hand of God.* L. M.

- 1 NOW let thy praise, my God, my joy !  
My soul and sweetest songs employ ;  
Taught by thy word, I understand  
*That all my times are in thy hand.*
- 2 For this I'll bless thee while I sing,  
And to thy throne new honours bring ;  
A monument of grace I stand,  
*For all my times are in thy hand.*
- 3 My times of nature, times of grace,  
My times of sorrow, times of peace,  
Are all dispos'd by thy command,  
*Yea, all my times are in thy hand.*
- 4 My times while I enjoy my breath,  
My times when I shall bow in death :  
Yea, to my last expiring sand,  
*My God ! my times are in thy hand.*

MEDLEY.

### 732. *The Goodness of the Lord.* C. M.

- 1 WHILE we pass through this wilderness,  
God's promise is our stay ;  
His goodness he will make to pass  
Before us in the way.

- 2 To get himself a glorious name,  
And his own sceptre sway ;  
The Lord will make his goodness pass  
Before us in the way.
- 3 To make his saints his glory view,  
And sing their cares away ;  
The Lord will make his goodness pass  
Before them in the way.
- 4 Goodness, immortal and divine,  
The bliss of endless day ;  
The Lord our God will make to pass  
Before us in the way.

GADSBY.

### 733. *Encouragement from the Lord's promise.*

L. M.

- 1 **I**N Christ let all his saints rejoice,  
With thankful hearts, and cheerful voice :  
Thus runs his word, so kind, so true,—  
“I, even I, will comfort you.”
- 2 Sweet words ! O let us bless his name,  
With joyful lips his praise proclaim :  
These words shall foes and fears subdue,  
“I, even I, will comfort you.”
- 3 Walk you in darkness, or distress ?  
Does Satan roar and break your peace ?  
Fear not, but still this truth review,  
“I, even I, will comfort you.”
- 4 Should death in gloomy form appear,  
And overwhelm your soul with fear ;  
May this sweet word your faith renew,  
“I, even I, will comfort you.”

SMITH.

### 734. *The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, all who know the Saviour's love,  
And his indulgent mercies prove :  
In cheerful songs his praise express,  
For he'll not leave you comfortless.
- 2 He ever acts the Saviour's part,  
With strong compassion in his heart ;  
The least of all his saints he'll bless,  
Nor will he leave them comfortless.

- 3 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,  
They largely, sweetly, daily share ;  
He will their every fear suppress,  
Nor will he leave them comfortless.
- 4 While they are sojourners below,  
And travel through this world of woe,  
In storms and floods of deep distress,  
He will not leave them comfortless.
- 5 Thanks to thy name, our dearest Lord,  
For every promise in thy word ;  
But, O, with this our hearts impress,  
“ I will not leave you comfortless.” MEDLEY.

**735.** *Encouragement from the Lord's promise.* C. M.

- 1 I THANK Jehovah for his word,  
But more I bless the grace  
And kind compassion of the Lord,  
Who suits it to my case.
- 2 When full of trouble, pain, and grief,  
He spake these words to me :—  
“ Fear not, for I will grant relief,  
“ Strength as thy days shall be.”
- 3 He promised—glory to his name,  
His power hath made it good ;  
And while he lives the great I AM,  
He'll be a faithful God.
- 4 O may I doubt his word no more,  
However dark my way ;  
But trust his mercy and his pow'r  
In every future day. PARSONS.

**736.** *Encouragement in the time of Travail.* 7s.

- 1 LO, the painful hour's at hand ;  
How shall I the trial stand ?  
Can I not some promise find,  
To support my feeble mind ?
- 2 I shall find enough to bear,  
Void of all my fruitless care :  
Jesus, let thy power convey  
Strength proportioned to my day.



- 3 Thou didst travail once in birth  
 For the wretched sons of earth ;  
 With temptation thou wast tried,  
 Thou hast languished, groaned, and died.
- 4 Let thy travail ease my pain,  
 Raise my drooping hopes again ;  
 Timely help do thou afford  
 To thy handmaid, dearest Lord. WHITFIELD.

### 737. *Encouragement in our Warfare.* L. M.

- 1 **D**RAW near, ye servants of the Lord,  
 Attend his animating word :  
 Fear not your foes, 'tis written thus,  
 " Our gracious God shall fight for us."
- 2 The Lord of hosts will those defend  
 Who on his arm alone depend ;  
 Let Israel's tribes consider thus,  
 " Our gracious God shall fight for us."
- 3 Though strong corruptions rise within,  
 To captivate the soul to sin,  
 Fear not, ye saints, consider thus,  
 " Our faithful God will fight for us."
- 4 Soon will our wars and tumults cease,  
 And we shall rest and reign in peace ;  
 March on, ye saints, consider thus,  
 " Our faithful God will fight for us."
- 5 Dear Lord, may we the fight renew,  
 And watch, and pray, and labour too,  
 Till death shall end the mortal strife,  
 And grace bestow a crown of life. HOSKINS.

### 738. *Mutual Encouragement.* 7s.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,  
 Fight we must, but should not fear  
 Foes we have, but we've a friend,  
 One that loves us to the end :  
 Forward, then, with courage, go,  
 Long we shall not dwell below ;  
 Soon the joyful news will come,  
 " Child, your Father calls,—Come home !"

- 2 In the way a thousand snares  
Lie to take us unawares :  
Satan, with malicious art,  
Watches each unguarded part ;  
But from Satan's malice free,  
Saints shall soon victorious be ;  
Soon the joyful news will come,  
" Child, your Father calls,—Come home !"
- 3 But of all the foes we meet  
None so oft mislead our feet,  
None betray us into sin,  
Like the foes that dwell within :  
Yet, let nothing spoil your peace,  
Christ will also conquer these ;  
Then the joyful news will come,  
" Child, your Father calls,—Come home !"

SWAIN.

**739.** *Encouragement to ask of God.* L. M.

- 1 **A**ND dost thou say, " Ask what thou wilt ?"  
Lord, I would seize the golden hour ;  
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,  
And freed from sin and Satan's power.
- 2 More of thy presence, Lord, impart,  
And let me thine own image bear ;  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 3 Give me to read my pardon seal'd,  
And from thy joy to draw my strength ;  
To hear thy boundless love reveal'd  
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 4 Grant these requests, I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign ;  
In health or sickness, rich or poor,  
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

NEWTON.

**740.** *Encouragement to come to Christ.* C. M.

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace  
Are in the Gospel found !  
Suited to every sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.

- 2 "Whoever thirsts," O gracious word !  
 "Shall of this stream partake ;"  
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,  
 And drink for Jesus' sake.
- 3 Yes, come, with all your wants and wounds,  
 Your every burden bring ;  
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
 A deep, celestial spring.
- 4 This spring with living water flows,  
 And living joy imparts ;  
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,  
 And drink with grateful hearts.
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
 Have here found life and peace ;  
 Come, thirsty souls, and prove it true,  
 And drink, adore, and bless.

# 741.      *Encouragement to Confidence.*      8.7.4.

- 1 **HAPPY** they who trust in Jesus !  
 Sweet their portion is and sure ;  
 When the foe on others seizes,  
 God will keep his own secure !  
 Happy people !  
 Happy, though despis'd and poor.
- 2 Ye whom God has saved from error,  
 Ye "who know the joyful sound,"  
 Fear ye not the nightly terror ;  
 Arms of mercy close you round :  
 Dread no evil,  
 God will all our foes confound.
- 3 Lo ! your Saviour never slumbers,  
 Ever watchful is his care :  
 Though ye cannot boast of numbers,  
 In his strength secure ye are :  
 Sweet their portion,  
 Who our Saviour's kindness share.
- 4 As the bird beneath her feathers  
 Guards the objects of her care,  
 So the Lord his children gathers,  
 Spreads his wings, and hides them there ;  
 Thus protected,  
 All their foes they boldly dare.

**742.** *Encouragement to look to Jesus.* L. M.

- 1 **SEE** a poor sinner, dearest Lord,  
Whose soul encourag'd by thy word;  
At mercy's footstool would remain,  
And there would look, and look again.
- 2 How oft deceiv'd by self and pride,  
Has my poor heart been turn'd aside,  
And Jonah like, has fled from thee,  
Till thou hast look'd again on me.
- 3 Take courage then, my trembling soul;  
One look from Christ will make thee whole;  
Thou shalt not trust on him in vain,  
O wait, and look, and look again.
- 4 Do Satan's darts thy soul molest,  
Does dark desertion fill thy breast:  
And canst thou not one smile obtain?  
Yet wait, and look, and look again.
- 5 Look to the Saviour on his throne,  
Look to *his* merits, not thy own:  
There wait, and look, and look again,  
Thou shalt not wait, nor look in vain.

FOWLER.

**743.** *Encouragement to Perseverance.* 7s.

- 1 **SONS** of Jacob, sons of God,  
Now pursue your journey home;  
Fear no dangers on the road,  
See an host of angels come.
- 2 Keep the path of truth and grace;  
Press toward the heavenly prize:  
See your Father's smiling face,  
See your Lord above the skies.
- 3 Leave your worthless all behind,  
Follow Jesus in the way;  
Grace and strength your souls shall find,  
Equal to the trying day.
- 4 Lay each sinful weight aside,  
Patient run the Christian race,  
In the Lord of hosts confide,  
Trust his all-sufficient grace.

- 6 View the saints already gone  
 To the promised land of rest ;  
 Like them trust, and travel on,  
 And you'll soon like them be blest.

HOSKINS.

744.

*Encouragement to pray.*

C. M.

- 1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve :  
 Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,  
 And make this just resolve :
- 2 " I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 " Hath like a mountain rose ;  
 " I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 " Whatever may oppose.
- 3 " Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 " And there my guilt confess ;  
 " I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone  
 " Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 " I'll to the gracious King approach,  
 " Whose sceptre pardon gives ;  
 " Perhaps he may command me touch,  
 " And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 " I can but perish if I go ;  
 " I am resolv'd to try :  
 " For, if I stay away, I know  
 " I must for ever die."

JONES.

745.

*Encouragement for seeking Souls.*

L. M.

- 1 LET those that seek the Lord rejoice,  
 And hearken to the Saviour's voice ;  
 He to the seeking soul is kind,  
 And tells him, " he that seeks shall find."
- 2 If thou art brought to seek his face,  
 'Tis the effect of quick'ning grace ;  
 If thou art brought to hate thy sin,  
 It proves his Spirit is within.
- 3 Let none suppose they first begin  
 To seek the Lord, and turn from sin ;  
 Such take the crown from Jesus' head,  
 And think that they can seek while dead.

4 But those he doth anew create,  
They know, their sin they ne'er did hate,  
Nor yet to Christ for mercy run,  
Before the Lord the work begun.

5 The Lord, we read, with Saul did meet,  
And brought the rebel to his feet ;  
His heart renew'd by sov'reign grace,  
And then he sought the Saviour's face.

BARNARD.

**746.**     *Encouragement to Stedfastness.*     S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, be bold,  
In Zion's ways stand fast ;  
Cleave to the Lord, and you shall find,  
All will be well at last.
- 2 Numbers will you oppose,  
And many snares be laid ;  
But Christ will be your strong defence,  
Then never be dismay'd.
- 3 Fly to the throne of grace,  
Jesus will soon appear :  
Fight the good fight, ye ransom'd throng,  
And never yield to fear.
- 4 Fear not your num'rous foes,  
O'er all you shall prevail ;  
And live, and sing redeeming love,  
When they'll lament and wail.
- 5 Great God, send down thy pow'r,  
And make thy saints arise,  
And boldly fight, the fight of faith,  
And then receive the prize.

BURNHAM.

**747.**     *Encouragement to trust in God.*     L. M.

- 1 THE water stood like walls of brass,  
To let the sons of Israel pass ;  
And from the rock did rivers burst,  
At Moses' prayer, to quench their thirst.
- 2 The fire, restrained by God's commands,  
Could only burn his people's bands,  
Too faint, when he was with them there,  
To sing their garments or their hair.

- 3 At Daniel's feet the lions lay,  
Like harmless lambs, nor touched their prey;  
And ravens, which on carrion fed,  
Procured Elijah flesh and bread.
- 4 Thus creatures only can fulfil  
Their great Creator's righteous will;  
And when his children need their aid,  
His purposes must be obeyed.
- 5 So if his blessing he refuse,  
Their power to help they quickly lose;  
Sure as on creatures we depend,  
Our hopes in disappointment end.
- 6 Then let us trust the Lord alone,  
And creature-confidence disown,  
Nor if they threaten need we fear;  
They cannot hurt while God is near.

JAY.

## CHRISTIAN DESIRES.

748.

*Christian desire.*

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Teacher of thy church, we own  
Thy precepts all divinely wise;  
O may thy mighty power be known,  
In keeping them before our eyes.
- 2 Deep in our hearts thy law engrave,  
And fill our breasts with heavenly zeal;  
And while we trust thy power to save,  
May we thy sacred will fulfil.
- 3 Adorn'd with every christian grace,  
May our examples brightly shine;  
And the sweet lustre of thy face  
Reflected, beam from each of thine.

DODDRIDGE.

749.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 TAKE my poor heart just as it is,  
Set up therein thy throne;  
So shall I love thee above all,  
And live to thee alone.

- 2 Complete thy work, and crown thy grace,  
That I may faithful prove ;  
And listen to that small still voice  
Which only whispers love :
- 3 Which teaches me what is thy will,  
And tells me what to do ;  
Which covers me with shame when I  
Do not thy will pursue.
- 4 This unction may I ever feel,  
This teaching from my Lord,  
And learn obedience to thy voice,  
Thy soul-reviving word.

750.

*Christian Duties.*

L. M.

- 1 THE Lord on whom your faith depends,  
This kind important message sends ;  
While all my saints to me are dear ;  
Who most is favour'd, most should bear.
- 2 If strong thyself, support the weak ;  
If well, be tender to the sick ;  
To babes I oft reveal my mind ;  
And they who seek my face shall find.
- 3 If faith be strong as well as true,  
Then strive that love may be so too :  
Boast not ; but meek and lowly be ;  
The humblest soul my face shall see.
- 4 Encourage souls that on me wait,  
And stoop to those of low estate ;  
Contempt or slight I disapprove,  
Be love your aim, for I am love.

HART.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

751.

*Collection for Poor Saints.*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties how complete !  
I ne'er can count the matchless sum,  
Nor pay the mighty debt.



- 2 Not the best services of mine,  
My God, can profit thee ;  
But many of thy saints are poor,  
And they have claims on me.
- 3 In them thou may'st be cloth'd, and fed,  
And visited, and cheer'd ;  
And in their accents of distress,  
The Saviour's voice is heard.
- 4 And shall his voice be heard in vain ?  
In vain his children plead ?  
Daily shall we his bounty share,  
And not supply their need ?
- 5 Forbid it, Lord—thy lovely face;  
We in thy poor would see ;  
And rather choose to beg our bread,  
Than keep it back from thee. DODDRIDGE.

752.

*Collection for Poor Saints.*

L. M.

- L**ORD, make us loving to thy saints ;  
May we regard their sad complaints :  
And with a sympathetic grief  
Stretch out our hand to their relief.
- 2 As in thy sacred book we see,  
What's done to *them*, is done to *thee*,  
Amaz'd, we read in thy own word,  
That feeding *them*, we feed the *Lord*.
- 3 Then give us each a generous mind,  
Make us all open, free, and kind ;  
Great pleasure may we ever take,  
In helping saints for Jesus' sake. BURNHAM.

## DIVINE COMPASSION.

753.

*Compassion of Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 **P**EACE, all ye sorrows of the heart,  
And all my tears be dry ;  
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn  
That views his Jesus nigh.

- 2 “ Let not your bosoms throb,” he says,  
 “ Nor be your souls afraid !  
 “ Trust in your God’s almighty name,  
 “ And trust your Saviour’s aid.
- 3 “ Fair mansions in my Father’s house,  
 “ For all his children wait :  
 “ And I, your elder brother, go  
 “ To open wide the gate.
- 4 “ And if I thither go before,  
 “ A dwelling to prepare,  
 “ I surely shall return again,  
 “ That I may fix you there.”
- 5 Dear Lord, thy gracious words we hear,  
 And cordial joys they bring :  
 Frail nature may extort a groan,  
 But faith shall learn to sing.

DODDRIDGE.

754.

*Compassion of Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, whose heart o’erflows with grace,  
 Pities all human grief ;  
 Waits to impart the sweetest peace,  
 And give all kind relief.
- 2 He views the sick, the poor, the vile,  
 Shews them his healing charms ;  
 Gives soft compassion’s soothing smile,  
 And moves them to his arms.
- 3 O bless the men, thou Prince of Light,  
 Who various ills deplore ;  
 Whose tender bowels all unite  
 To help thy mourning poor.
- 4 Bless’d are the saints who, like their Lord,  
 Faithful, and kind, and true ;  
 Govern’d by his all-gracious word,  
 Fair mercy’s plan pursue.

BURNHAM.

755.

*Sympathy of Christ.*

7s.

- 1 WHEN the Saviour dwelt below,  
 Pity in his bosom reign’d ;  
 Sympathy he loved to show,  
 Nor the meanest suit disdained.

2 Round him throng'd the blind, the lame,  
Deaf and dumb, diseased, possessed ;  
None in vain for healing came,  
All the Saviour freely bless'd.

3 He could make the leper whole ;  
Thousands at a meal he fed ;  
Winds and waves could he controul ;  
By a word he raised the dead.

4 Listening sinners round him press'd,  
Whilst he taught the way to bliss ;  
Even enemies confess'd,  
" No man ever spake like this."

5 Be thy love to me revealed ;  
Be thy grace by me possess'd :  
Touch me, and I shall be healed,  
Bless me, and I shall be bless'd.

BYLAND.

756.

*Sympathy of Christ.*

7s.

1 JESUS hath a bounteous eye,  
Calls the sick and needy nigh ;  
Seeks the friendless as they roam,  
Brings the wretched outcast home.

2 Gathers crowds around his door,  
Looks and smiles upon the poor ;  
Gives the bread for which they cry,  
Bread, which princes cannot buy.

3 Pleas'd to help them in their need,  
Pleas'd their hungry souls to feed ;  
Pleas'd to hear them tell their case,  
Pleas'd to cheer them with his grace.

4 Hallelujah to the Lamb !  
Join, ye saints, to praise his name ;  
Raise your voice as angels raise ;  
Sing, and give him highest praise.

## BROTHERLY LOVE.

757.

*Brotherly Love.*

C. M.

1 THE glorious universe around,  
The heavens with all their train,  
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound  
In one mysterious chain.

- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky,  
To form one world agree,  
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,  
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays  
His wisdom and his might,  
While all his works, with all his ways,  
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,  
One fellowship of mind,  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,  
Thy statutes are their song ;  
There, through one bright, eternal age,  
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part  
Of that thrice happy whole,  
Derive its pulse from Thee, the Heart,  
Its life from Thee, the Soul.

MONTGOMERY.

758.

*Brotherly Love.*

C. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight.  
When those who love the Lord,  
In one another's peace delight,  
And so fulfil his word !
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part :  
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes fix above ;  
May each his brother's failings hide,  
And shew a brother's love.
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above ;  
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds  
His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.

- 1 **L**ORD, we fain would walk in love,  
But, alas ! how slow we move ;  
Pride, that haughty monster pride,  
Often makes us start aside.
- 2 Lamb of God, thy power make known,  
Sweetly draw, and we will run ;  
Make our love to thee and thine,  
Like the sun, at noon-day, shine.
- 3 As the purchase of thy blood,  
May we seek each other's good ;  
And be it our great concern,  
Thee to view, of thee to learn.
- 4 May we mourn with those that mourn,  
Make each other's cause our own,  
Ever keeping this in mind,  
We are to each other join'd.
- 5 King of Kings, enthron'd above,  
Come and shed abroad thy love ;  
Fill us with that source of joy,  
Which can never, never cloy.

GADSBY.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive ;  
May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.
- 2 May He, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good Spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,  
When Christians meet together thus ;  
We only wish to speak of him,  
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of what he did and said,  
And suffered for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.

- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,  
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
 And wait the coming glorious day,  
 When we shall meet to part no more.

NEWTON.

761.

*Brotherly Love.*

L. M.

- 1 O LORD, my Saviour and my King,  
 Of all I have, or hope, the spring !  
 Send down thy Spirit from above,  
 And warm my heart with holy love.
- 2 May I from every act abstain,  
 That hurts or gives my brother pain :  
 Nay, every secret wish suppress,  
 That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 With pity let my breast o'erflow  
 When I behold a brother's woe ;  
 And bear a sympathising part  
 Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.
- 4 Let love through all my conduct shine  
 An image fair (though faint) of thine !  
 And thus may I thy follower prove,  
 Great Prince of Peace, great God of Love.

762.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,  
 That will not let us part,  
 Our bodies may far off remove,  
 We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,  
 Where he appoints we go ;  
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
 And do his will below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,  
 And nothing know beside ;  
 Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
 But Jesus crucified.
- Closer, and closer let us cleave  
 To his beloved embrace ;  
 From his rich fulness still receive,  
 And grace to answer grace.

5 Hasten, O Lord, the happy day,  
Which shall our flesh restore :  
When death itself shall flee away,  
And bodies part no more.

WESLEY.

## AFFLICTION.

763. *Affliction attends the Godly.* L. M.

- 1 "POOR and afflicted," Lord, are thine,  
Among the great unfit to shine ;  
But though the world may think it strange,  
They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted ;" sure they are,  
They're not exempt from grief and care ;  
But he who sav'd them by his blood,  
Makes every sorrow yield them good.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted ;" yet they sing,  
For Jesus is their glorious King ;  
"Through suff'rings perfect," now he reigns,  
And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted ;" but ere long  
They'll join the bright celestial throng ;  
Their sufferings then will reach a close,  
And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And while they walk the thorny way,  
They're often heard to sigh, and say,  
"Dear Saviour, come ; O quickly come !  
And take thy mourning children home.

KELLY.

764. *Affliction beneficial.* C. M.

- 1 THY people, Lord, have ever found  
'Tis good to bear thy rod ;  
Afflictions make us learn thy law,  
And live upon our God.
- 2 This is the comfort we enjoy,  
When new distress begins :  
We read thy word, we run thy way,  
And hate our former sins.

3 Thy judgments, Lord, are always right,  
 Though they may seem severe ;  
 The sharpest sufferings we endure  
 Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before we knew thy chast'ning rod,  
 Our feet were apt to stray ;  
 But now we learn to keep thy word,  
 Nor wander from thy way.

WATTS.

765.

*Comfort in Affliction.*

C. M.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,  
 Where wave resounds to wave ;  
 Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
 I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys,  
 Can reinstate my peace ;  
 And he who bade the tempest roar,  
 Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,  
 I'll count his mercies o'er !  
 I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
 And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose,  
 And press'd on every side,  
 The Lord has still sustained my steps,  
 And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest and build my hopes,  
 Nor murmur at his rod ;  
 He's more than all the world to me,  
 My health, my life, my God.

COTTON.

766.

*Affliction overruled for good.*

C. M.

1 AFFLICTIONS oft of various sorts,  
 Await the child of God ;  
 Yet this blest truth he's sweetly taught,  
 That all shall work for good.

2 So Jacob found the way he went,  
 Directed by his God ;  
 And though at times was discontent,  
 Yet all did work for good.



- 3 Though Joseph's way appear'd severe,  
And thorny was his road ;  
Yet at the end he prov'd this clear,  
That all was for his good.
- 4 So Daniel, in the lions' den,  
Strengthened alone by God ;  
Was taught this ever blessed truth,  
That all was for his good.
- 5 Lord, while I sojourn here below,  
O sanctify the rod !  
Prove all the trials I go through  
Are working for my good.

SMITH.

## 767.

*Fruits of Affliction.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT wonders doth the Lord perform,  
He bears his saints through every storm ;  
He rules the raging of the sea,  
And makes the clouds and darkness flee.
- 2 Afflictions and distress shall prove  
A real good, the fruit of love ;  
His saints shall speak it to his praise,  
That God is good in all his ways.
- 3 With pardon and with righteousness,  
With life and peace he doth them bless ;  
With joy his face they shall behold,  
No real good will he withhold.
- 4 Beneath affliction and distress,  
Spring forth the fruits of righteousness ;  
Beneath his influence as the dew,  
The fruits of grace his saints shall shew.

FRANKLIN.

## 768.

*Grace shewn in Affliction.*

C. M.

- 1 **K**IND are the words that Jesus speaks  
To cheer the drooping saint ;  
" My grace sufficient is for you,  
" Though nature's pow'rs may faint.
- 2 " My grace its glories shall display,  
" And make your griefs remove ;  
" Your weakness shall the triumphs tell  
" Of boundless power and love."

3 What though my griefs are not remov'd,  
Yet why should I despair ?  
While my kind Saviour's arms support,  
I can the burden bear.

4 Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord,  
'Tis good to trust thy name :  
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,  
Will ever be the same.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace  
I all things can perform ;  
And smiling, triumph in thy name,  
Amid the raging storm.

NEEDHAM.

769.

*Affliction humbling.*

L. M.

1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,  
And made his truth and mercy known ;  
My hopes and fears alternate rise,  
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Temptations every where annoy,  
And sins and snares my peace destroy ;  
My earthly joys are from me torn,  
And oft an absent God I mourn.

3 My soul with various tempests toss'd,  
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,  
Sees every day new straits attend,  
And wonders where the scene will end.

4 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,  
Which leads us to the mount of God ?  
Are these the toils thy people know,  
While in the wilderness below ?

5 'Tis even so ; thy faithful love  
Doth all thy children's graces prove ;  
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,  
That Jesus may be all in all.

FAWCETT.

770.

*Light Affliction.*

L. M.

1 **Y**ES, 'tis a rough and thorny road,  
That leads us to the saints' abode :  
But when our Father's house we gain,  
'Twill make amends for all our pain.

- 2 And though we feel our present grief,  
In hope, we find a sweet relief :  
For hope anticipates the day,  
When all our griefs shall pass away.
- 3 And what is all we suffer now,  
Or all we can endure below,  
To that bright day when Christ shall come,  
And take his weary pilgrims home ?
- 4 Then let us walk without complaint,  
The thorny road, and never faint ;  
Though now by weariness oppress'd,  
The end is everlasting rest.

KELLY.

- 1 **A**ND must it, Lord, be so ?  
And must thy children bear  
Such various kinds of woe,  
Such soul-perplexing fear ?  
Are these the blessings we expect ?  
Is this the lot of God's elect ?
- 2 Boast not, ye sons of earth,  
Nor look with scornful eyes ;  
Above your highest mirth  
Our saddest hours we prize :  
For though our cup seems fill'd with gall,  
There's something secret sweetens all.
- 3 How harsh soe'er the way,  
Dear Saviour, still lead on ;  
Nor leave us till we say,  
" Father, thy will be done."  
At most we do but taste the cup,  
For thou alone hast drunk it up.
- 4 Shall guilty man complain ?  
Shall sinful dust repine ?  
And what is all our pain ?  
How light compar'd with thine !  
Finish, dear Lord, thy work begun ;  
Choose thou the way : but still lead on.

HART.

772.

*Praying in Affliction.*

L. M.

- 1 **YE** mourning, ye afflicted saints,  
To God make known your soul's complaints;  
From him, O never turn away,  
But though afflicted, hope and pray.
- 2 He sees your sorrows, sighs, and tears;  
E'en all your griefs, and all your fears,  
Still at his sacred footstool lay,  
And though afflicted, wait and pray.
- 3 Still trust your wise and faithful friend,  
Ere long your sorrows all shall end,  
And you, with thankful joy shall say,  
That God has heard th' afflicted pray.
- 4 Take comfort, then, in all your straits,  
Know that his tender mercy waits,  
His richest favours to display,  
And ever hears you when you pray. MEDLEY.

773.

*Promise in Affliction.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near,  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:  
His faithful word declares to thee,  
That "*as thy days, thy strength shall be.*"
- 2 Though thou art weak, and Satan strong;  
Yet if the conflict should be long,  
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;  
For "*as thy days, thy strength shall be.*"
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:  
In fiery trials thou shalt see,  
That "*as thy days, thy strength shall be.*"
- 4 When call'd by Him to bear the cross,  
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,  
Or deep distress, or poverty;  
Still "*as thy days, thy strength shall be.*"
- 5 When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,  
He comes to set thy spirit free,  
For "*as thy days, thy strength shall be.*"

NEWTON.

774.

*Affliction removed.*

L. M.

- 1 **I** WOULD extol thee, Lord, on high,  
At thy command diseases fly ;  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,  
And tell how large his goodness is ;  
May all our pow'rs rejoice and bless,  
While we record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;  
His love is life and length of days :  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The Morning-star restores the joy. FRANKLIN.

775.

*Safety in Affliction.*

L. M.

- 1 **I**T stands in great Jehovah's word,  
That all the ransomed of the Lord,  
Shall pass through sorrows, grief, and woe,  
As to fair Canaan's land they go.
- 2 Many and great their trials are,  
But every trial they shall bear,  
While they the word of God regard,  
And cast their burdens on the Lord.
- 3 None of the saints shall e'er be lost,  
Though on the foaming waves they're tost ;  
Yea, though the mighty billows roar,  
Yet Christ will bring them safe to shore.
- 4 Lord, how delightful will it be,  
When we shall all thy glory see,  
And stand before thy shining throne,  
No more to feel a rising groan. BURNHAM.

776.

*Sanctified Affliction.*

8. 7.

- 1 **G**OD is full of loving-kindness,  
Yet he makes his children prove,  
Nothing of parental blindness,  
Ever mixes with his love.
- 2 In affliction's darkest season,  
When their trials sharpest prove,  
Saints may smile, for they have reason  
To confess their Father's love.

3 Trials prove and strengthen patience,  
Trials purge the dross away,  
Trials sweeten expectations  
Of a bright and glorious day.

4 Trials thus, though often bitter,  
Yet are needful in their place ;  
Rend'ring every promise sweeter,  
Adding strength to every grace.

REES.

777.

*Sanctified Affliction.*

7s.

1 'TIS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know  
Sanctifying every loss. .

2 Trials must and will befall ;—  
But, with humble faith to see  
Love inscribed upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet ;  
Trials give new life to prayer ;  
Trials bring me to his feet,—  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

4 Did I meet no trials here,—  
No chastisement by the way—  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a cast-away ?

5 Bastards may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly vain delight,  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not,—would not if he might. COWPER.

778.

*Support in Affliction.*

L. M.

1 WHAT precious truths are in the word,  
Spoke to the followers of the Lord ;  
To comfort them in their distress,  
While passing through this wilderness.

2 “ Stand still, and my salvation see,  
I will uphold and strengthen thee :  
Stand still, look up in humble prayer,  
And thou shalt prove my gracious care.”

- 3 "Stand still, and watch my blessed hand,  
In leading of thee through the land;  
Stand still, and I will guide thee right,  
And as thy God thy battles fight."
- 4 "Stand still, and let thy loins be girt,  
With those sweet truths I thee have taught;  
Stand fast in what I've done for thee,  
And greater things thou yet shalt see."
- 5 "Stand still, though all thy foes surround,  
I'll keep thy feet on praying ground;  
Be still, and know I am the Lord,  
And will fulfil my promis'd word." SMITH

## 779.

*Support in Affliction.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH tribulation here below,  
The saints of God are call'd to go;  
On Jesus casting all their care,  
They prove him better than their fear.
- 2 This blessed truth they're brought to prove,  
That God in Christ is perfect love;  
In all their troubles he is near,  
And better to them than their fear.
- 3 When in the water and the flame,  
Jehovah-Jireh is his name;  
He listens to their groans and tears,  
And over-rules their doubts and fears. SMITH.

## 780.

*Zion Afflicted.*

11s.

- 1 **O** ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man  
can save,  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.
- 2 "O fearful! O faithless!" Immanuel cries,  
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes!  
"I always am with thee, my promise shall stand,  
"Thro' tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.
- 3 "Forget thee I will not, I cannot,—thy name  
"Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;  
"The palms of my hands whilst I look on, I see  
"The wounds I received when suff'ring for thee.

## RESIGNATION.

781-82

- 4 “ Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is secure,  
 “ My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my pow’r ;  
 “ In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
 “ To make thee hereafter in glory to shine.
- 5 “ The fearful, the trembling, the weak, are my care,  
 “ The helpless and hopeless, I hear their sad prayer,  
 “ From all their afflictions my glory shall spring,  
 “ The deeper their sorrows, the louder they’ll  
     sing.”

GRANT.

## RESIGNATION.

781.

*Resignation.*

C. M.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil ;  
     And help me to resign  
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,  
     And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
     Whose love forbids my fears ?  
 Or tremble at the gracious hand  
     That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield  
     What most I prize to thee ;  
 Who never hast a good withheld,  
     Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour all my journey through,  
     Thou art engaged to grant ;  
 What else I want, or think, I do,  
     ’Tis better still to want.

COWPER.

782.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,  
     Great God ! are in thy hand ;  
 My choicest comforts come from thee,  
     And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou should’st take them all away,  
     O let me not repine ;  
 Before they were possess’d by me,  
     They were entirely thine



3 Why should I drop a murmuring word,  
 Though the whole world were gone ?  
 Since all my happiness I find  
 In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its store ?  
 'Tis but a bitter sweet ;  
 When I attempt a rose to pluck,  
 A pricking thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,  
 The honey's mix'd with gall ;  
 Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
 Be thou my All in All, BEDDOME.

## 783.

*Resignation.*

C. M.

1 MY God, my Father, blissful name !  
 O may I call thee mine ?  
 May I with sweet assurance claim  
 A portion so divine !

2 Whate'er thy Providence denies,  
 I calmly would resign,  
 For thou art good, and just, and wise ;  
 O bend my will to thine.

3 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,  
 O give me strength to bear ;  
 And let me know my Father reigns,  
 And trust his tender care.

4 My God, my Father, be thy name  
 My solace and my stay ;  
 Blest Spirit, seal my humble claim,  
 And drive my fears away. STEELE.

## 784.

*The same.*

L. M.

1 HOW sweet to be allowed to call  
 The God whom heaven adores, my friend ;  
 To tell my thoughts, to tell him all ;  
 And then to know my prayers ascend !

2 Yes, they ascend ; the feeblest cry  
 Has wings that bear it to his throne ;  
 The prayer of faith ascends the sky,  
 And brings a gracious answer down.

- 3 Then let me banish anxious care,  
 Confiding in my Father's love ;  
 To him make known my wants in pray'r,  
 Prepar'd his answer to approve.
- 4 My Father's wisdom cannot err ;  
 His love, nor change nor failure knows :  
 Be mine his counsel to prefer,  
 And acquiesce in all he does.

KELLY.

785.

*Resignation.*

C. M.

- 1 **WHEN** languor and disease invade  
 This trembling house of clay,  
 'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,  
 And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend  
 The whispers of his love ;  
 Sweet to look upward to the place,  
 Where Jesus pleads above.
- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name  
 In life's fair book set down ;  
 Sweet to look forward and behold  
 Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
 My sins on Jesus laid ;  
 Sweet to remember that his blood  
 My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
 Which saves from second death ;  
 Sweet to experience, day by day,  
 His Spirit's quick'ning breath,
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,  
 Whose love can never end :  
 Sweet on his covenant of grace,  
 For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,  
 To trust his firm decrees ;  
 Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
 And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
 What must the fountain be !  
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss,  
 Immediately from thee !

TOPLADY

## HUMILITY.

786.

*Humility.*

71.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,  
     Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
 I shall as my Master be,  
     Clothed in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
     Changed into a little child ;  
 Pleased with all the Lord provides ;  
     Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee ;  
     Every evil let me flee :  
 Nothing want beneath—above,  
     Happy in thy precious love.

MADAN.

787.

*The Meek beautified.*

S. M.

- 1 **Y**E humble souls rejoice,  
     And cheerful praises sing !  
 Wake all your harmony of voice ;  
     For JESUS is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly LORD,  
     Whom here your souls have known,  
 Pledges the honour of his word,  
     T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,  
     For which his blood was paid !  
 How beauteous shall your souls appear,  
     Thus sumptuously array'd !
- 4 Salvation, LORD, is thine,  
     And all thy saints confess  
 The royal robes, in which they shine,  
     Were wrought by sovereign grace.

DODDRIDGE.

788.

*The Humble blessed.*

L. M.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see,  
     Their emptiness and poverty ;  
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
     And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

- 2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Bless'd are the souls that pant for grace,  
Hunger and thirst for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supplied and fed  
With living streams, and living bread.
- 4 Bless'd are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.

WATTS.

789.

*Humility desired.*

C. M.

- 1 HUMILITY the Lord beholds,  
With an approving eye ;  
In humble souls he takes delight,  
For such on him rely.
- 2 O precious Saviour, give us all  
Our nothingness to see ;  
While in ourselves we dare not boast,  
We'd humbly boast in thee.
- 3 Lord, conquer pride, that swelling sin,  
Bid all its pow'r depart ;  
Assist us walk thy sacred paths,  
In lowliness of heart.
- 4 Make us more like the saints above,  
Who all thy glory see ;  
Who cast their crowns at thy dear feet,  
And lose themselves in thee.

BURNHAM.

790.

*Humility instanced.*

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee ;  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 *This* man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;  
*That* boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their different language knows,  
And different answers he bestows ;  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be,  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

WATTS.

## 791.

*Language of Humility.*

L. M.

1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be  
That I shall find my all in thee ?  
The fulness of thy promise prove,  
The seal of thine eternal love.

2 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
And cast the world and flesh behind :  
A helpless soul, I come to thee,  
With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick,—my sickness cure !  
I want ; do thou enrich the poor :  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop,  
O lift the trembling sinner up.

4 Lord, I am blind ; be thou my sight :  
Lord, I am weak ; be thou my might :  
A helper of the helpless be,  
And let me find my all in thee.

## 792.

*Simplicity.*

L. M.

1 **O** HOW engaging 'tis to see,  
The marks of true simplicity !  
Who can its beauties fairly paint ?  
Not the most wise and heav'nly saint.

2 The simple, we shall ever find,  
Are humble, harmless, free, and kind ;  
Gentle and easy, soft and mild,  
The transcript of a little child.

3 The beauties of the Prince of Peace,  
Centre in this refulgent grace ;  
Saints are all glorious as they shine,  
With such a temper, so divine.

- 4 Come, blessed Lord, and sweetly smile,  
And keep us ever free from guile ;  
May we possess a frame of mind,  
Artless, and meek, and all resign'd.

BURNHAM.

793.

*True Humility.*

S. M.

- 1 UNTO thine altar, LORD,  
A broken heart I bring ;  
And wilt thou graciously accept  
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To CHRIST, the bleeding Lamb,  
My faith directs her eyes ;  
Thou may'st reject my worthless heart,  
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 When he gave up the ghost,  
The law was satisfied ;  
And now to its most rigorous claims,  
I answer, "JESUS died."

794.

*The World crucified.*

C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,  
What are its charms to me !  
Once I admired its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.
- 2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
No more delight afford :  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the Lord.
- 3 As by the light of op'ning day,  
The stars are all conceal'd ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away  
When Jesus is reveal'd.
- 4 Dear Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee :  
But, may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me ?
- 5 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will ;  
For if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had refused thee still.

NEWTON.

## JOY.

795.

*Joy in Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **F**AR from our thoughts, vain world, be gone,  
     Let our religious hours alone :  
 Our eyes would here our Saviour see !  
 We wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 O warm our hearts with holy fire !  
 And kindle there a pure desire ;  
 Come, dearest Jesus, from above,  
 And feed our souls with heavenly love.
- 3 Haste then, and with a smiling face,  
 Come, spread the table of thy grace :  
 Bring down a taste of joys divine,  
 And cheer our hearts with sacred wine.
- 4 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !  
 How rich thine entertainments are !  
 Never did angels taste above  
 Redeeming grace, and dying love !
- 5 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

WATTS.

796.

*Joy in God.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of wond'rous grace  
     Shines through the beauties of thy face ;  
 Our spirits now with love inflame !  
 While we adore thy saving name !
- 2 When I can feel thy glories shine,  
 And sweetly say, " my God is mine ;"  
 I tread the world beneath my feet,  
 And all that earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys  
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,  
 Here we could sit, and gaze away  
 A long, an everlasting day.

- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
To the fair coasts of perfect light ;  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land ;  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee. WATTS.

**797.** *Joy inexpressible.* L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell,  
By faith and love in every breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess  
The height, and depth, and length, and breadth,  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done  
By all the Church, through Christ, his Son. WATTS.

**798.** *Joy in the prospect of Heaven.* S. M.

- 1 THE God that rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas ;
- 2 This glorious God is ours,  
Our Father and our love,  
He shall send down his heavenly powers  
To carry us above.
- 3 There shall we see his face,  
And never, never sin ;  
There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 4 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create. WATTS.



799.

*Shouting for Joy.*

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye saints of God,  
Your grateful tongues employ ;  
Sing of a Saviour's pard'ning blood,  
And *shout aloud for joy.*
- 2 Once were ye sunk in earth,  
But now ye dwell on high,  
Partakers of a glorious birth,  
Then *shout aloud for joy.*
- 3 Though evils still arise,  
And many fears annoy,  
Up to the Saviour lift your eyes,  
And *shout aloud for joy.*
- 4 View the eternal crown,  
The pow'rs of hell defy ;  
Keep in full view the Saviour's throne,  
And *shout aloud for joy.*
- 5 Soon shall his tender hand,  
Wipe every weeping eye ;  
Soon shall we enter Canaan's land,  
And *shout aloud for joy.*

BURNHAM.

800.

*Spiritual Joys.*

S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from the place !  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But fav'rites of the heavenly King  
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below,  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope do grow.

- 5 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry ;  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high. WATTS.

## 801.

*True Joys.*

C. M.

- 1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow  
In nature's barren soil ;  
All we can boast, till Christ we know,  
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,  
And made his glories known,—  
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace  
Are found, and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith—  
A sense of pardoning love—  
A hope that triumphs over death,  
Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil—  
To know that God is mine,  
Are springs of joy that never fail,  
Unspeakably divine !
- 5 These are the joys that satisfy  
And sanctify the mind ;  
Which make the spirit mount on high,  
And leave the world behind.
- 6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,  
But since ye are the Lord's,  
Resign to them that know him not,  
Such joys as earth affords. NEWTON.

## SCRIPTURE WARNINGS AND PROMISES.

## 802.

*Belshazzar.*

C. M.

- 1 PRESUMPTUOUS sinners little think  
With whom they have to do ;  
But stand securely on the brink  
Of everlasting woe.

- 2 *Belshazzar* thus profanely bold,  
The Lord of Hosts defied,  
But vengeance soon his boast controul'd,  
And crush'd his haughty pride.
- 3 He saw a hand upon the wall,  
(And trembled on his throne)  
Which wrote his sudden dreadful fall  
In characters unknown.
- 4 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep distress !  
His eyes with anguish roll,  
His looks and loosen'd joints express  
The terrors of his soul !
- 5 His pomp and music, guests and wine,  
No more delight afford :  
O sinner, ere this case be thine,  
Begin to seek the LORD.
- 6 The law, like this hand-writing stands,  
And speaks the wrath of God ;  
But JESUS answers its demands,  
And cancels it with blood.      BRACKENBURY.

- 1 SEE in impartial righteousness  
Both saints and sinners weighed  
Before that bar, where no regard  
To pomp or pow'r is paid.
- 2 Sinners are found devoid of good,  
Like chaff upon the scale,  
Nor can pretensions, forms, and vows,  
In this dread hour prevail.
- 3 The saints of solid worth possess'd,  
The truth and pow'r of grace,  
By Heav'n approv'd, shall with the heirs  
Of glory find a place.
- 4 When in the balances divine  
My trembling soul is weigh'd,  
O may the merits of my LORD  
Against my crimes be laid !

5 All my innumerable sins—

Their worth will countervail,  
Mountains of guilt shall prove but dust,  
In the opposing scale.

GIBBONS.

804.

*Divine Promises.*

148th.

1 GOD'S promises are sweet,  
They melt the saints to tears ;  
They are so truly great,  
They banish all their fears :  
For all the promises of God,  
Flow through the Saviour's streaming blood.

2 Our God has promis'd light,  
To open our dark eyes ;  
And form our views aright,  
Celestial good to prize :  
He promis'd life, and joy, and peace,  
With all the stores of heav'nly grace.

3 He promis'd we shall stand,  
Victorious over all ;  
And enter Canaan's land,  
Before his throne to fall :  
He promis'd brilliant harps of gold,  
To all the dear Redeemer's fold.

4 Now, Lord, to thee we cry,  
Bless ev'ry waiting heart ;  
Thy promises apply,  
And promis'd good impart :  
To our dear Jesus may we cleave,  
And all his promises receive.

BURNHAM.

## INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

805.

*Intercession.*

C. M.

1 DOWN from his shining throne on high,  
Th' Almighty Saviour comes ;  
Lays his bright robes of glory by,  
And feeble flesh assumes.

- 2 The mighty debt his chosen owed,  
 Upon the cross he pays ;  
 Then through the clouds ascends to God,  
 'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 3 There he our great High Priest appears  
 Before his Father's throne ;  
 There on his breast our names he bears,  
 And counts our cause his own.
- 4 His merits evermore prevail,  
 To bring salvation down ;  
 His intercession cannot fail,  
 While Justice keeps the throne. **STENNETT.**

## 806.

*Intercession.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**E lives ! the great Redeemer lives !  
 (What joy the blest assurance gives !)  
 And now before his Father, God,  
 Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 In every dark distressing hour,  
 When sin and Satan join their power,  
 His powerful intercessions rise ;  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 3 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—  
 On him our humble hopes depend :  
 Our cause can never, never fail,  
 For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. **STEELE.**

## 807.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **L**O, Christ by his own powerful blood,  
 Ascends above the skies,  
 And in the presence of our God  
 Shews his own sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus the King of glory reigns  
 On Zion's heavenly hill,  
 Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,  
 And wears his priesthood still.
- 3 He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father's face,  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father's grace. **WATTS.**

808.

*Christ, the true Aaron.*

C. M.

- 1 **S**EE Aaron, God's anointed priest,  
Within the veil appear;  
In robes of mystic meaning drest,  
Presenting Israel's prayer.
- 2 Through him the eye of faith descries,  
A greater Priest by far;  
Thus Jesus pleads above the skies,  
Our Intercessor there.
- 3 The blood, which as a priest he bears  
For sinners, is his own;  
The incense of his pray'rs and tears  
Perfumes the holy throne.
- 4 In him my weary soul has rest,  
Though self-condemn'd and vile;  
I read my name upon his breast,  
And see the Father smile.

BRACKENBURY.

809.

*Christ, our Forerunner.*

L. M.

- 1 **F**AR, far beyond these lower skies,  
Up to the glories all his own,  
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,  
Is Jesus, our forerunner, gone.
- 2 He lives, salvation to impart,  
From sin, and hell, and Satan's wiles:  
With love eternal in his heart,  
There Jesus, our forerunner, smiles.
- 3 Before his heavenly Father's face,  
For every saint he intercedes:  
For mercy and abounding grace,  
There Jesus, our forerunner, pleads.
- 4 But O 'tis this completes the whole,  
And all its bliss and glory proves,  
That while eternal ages roll,  
There Jesus, our forerunner, loves.

MEDLEY.

810. *Rejoicing in Christ's Intercession.* C. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing,  
Th' ascended Saviour's love:  
Sing how he lives to carry on  
His people's cause above.

- 2 His sweet atoning sacrifice  
 Gives sanction to his claim ;—  
 “ Father I will that all my saints  
 “ Be with me where I am :
- 3 “ By their salvation, recompence  
 “ The sorrows I endured,  
 “ Just to the merits of thy Son,  
 “ And faithful to thy word.”
- 4 Eternal life at his request  
 To every saint is given :  
 Safety on earth, and after death,  
 The plenitude of heaven.
- 5 Let the much incense of thy prayer  
 In my behalf ascend ;  
 And as its virtue, so my praise  
 Shall never, never end.

TOPLADY.

## PERSEVERANCE.

811. *Final Perseverance of the Saints.* 11. 8.

- 1 YE pilgrims of Zion, and chosen of God,  
 Whose spirits are fill'd with dismay,  
 Since ye have eternal redemption, through blood,  
 Ye cannot but hold on your way.
- 2 As Jesus in covenant love did engage  
 A fulness of grace to display,  
 The powers of darkness in malice may rage,  
*The righteous shall hold on their way.*
- 3 This truth, like its author, eternal shall stand,  
 Though all things in nature decay :  
 Upheld by Jehovah's Omnipotent hand,  
*The righteous shall hold on their way.*
- 4 They may on the main of temptation be toss'd,  
 Their sorrows may swell as the sea ;  
 But none of the ransomed shall ever be lost,  
*The righteous shall hold on their way.*

- 5 Surrounded with sorrows, temptations, and cares,  
 This truth with delight we survey ;  
 And sing as we pass through the valley of tears,  
*The righteous shall hold on his way.*

**812.** *Final Perseverance of the Saints.* C. M.

- 1 **REJOICE** believer, in the Lord,  
 Who makes your cause his own ;  
 The hope that's built upon his word,  
 Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,  
 And feeble is your arm ;  
 Your life is hid with Christ, in God,  
 Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,  
 Or, fainting, shall not die ;  
 Jesus, the strength of every saint,  
 Will aid you from on high.
- 4 As surely as He overcame,  
 And triumphed once for you ;  
 So surely you that love his name,  
 Shall triumph in him too.

NEWTON.

**813.** *The same.* C. M.

- 1 **RICH** persevering grace, my God,  
 Is to thy children giv'n ;  
 And all the purchase of thy blood  
 Shall surely reach to heav'n.
- 2 Sometimes, dear Lord, thy children weep,  
 And often yield to fear ;  
 But God will still his promise keep,  
 His saints shall persevere.
- 3 For God is not a man to lie,  
 He standeth to his test ;  
 His promise he will not deny,  
 But bring them to his rest.
- 4 The chosen shall hold on their race,  
 And reach the heavenly land ;  
 They shall behold the Saviour's face,  
 And sit at his right hand.

FRANKLIN.



- 1 **W**HEN we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust and still obey ;  
He who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.
- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seems denied,  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it seems the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light,  
Since the Lord himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 4 Night, with him is never night ;  
Where he is, there all is light ;  
When he calls us, why delay ?  
They are happy who obey.
- 5 Be it ours while living here,  
Him to follow without fear ;  
Where he calls us, there to go,  
What he bids us that to do.

KELLY

- 1 **O** GOD of Israel, hear my cry,  
My enemies are drawing nigh ;  
Avenge my cause, and hear my prayers,  
Within are doubts, without are fears.
- 2 O Lord, in me still carry on  
Thy gracious work which is begun ;  
O let me feel that thou art near,  
And that will banish every fear.
- 3 Through every trial, every storm,  
May I by thy strong arm be borne ;  
And prove thee as my gracious friend,  
Who ever loves unto the end.
- 4 Uphold me by thy powerful hand,  
While I am trav'ling through this land ;  
That all my enemies may see  
'Thou art a faithful friend to me.

SMITH.

816.

*Perseverance desired.*

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, hast thou made me know thy ways ?  
 Conduct me in thy fear :  
 And grant me such supplies of grace,  
 That I may persevere.

2 Let but thine own Almighty arm  
 Sustain a feeble worm,  
 I shall escape, secure from harm  
 Amidst the dreadful storm.

3 Be thou my all-sufficient friend,  
 Till all my toils shall cease :  
 Guard me through life, and let my end  
 Be everlasting peace.

STEVENS.

817. *Perseverance founded on God's Oath.* C. M.

1 **I**N yon bright world there now appears  
 A chosen blood-wash'd throng ;  
 Jesus hath wiped away their tears,  
 And free grace is their song.

2 God, the Eternal Three in One,  
 In rapture now they praise,  
 And bow before his radiant throne,  
 O'ercome with his bright rays.

3 The Lord hath sworn, his oath is past,  
 The saints shall persevere ;  
 On Zion's summit all, at last,  
 Shall with their Lord appear.

4 Their sorrows o'er, their joys complete,  
 New wonders they explore,  
 They cast their crowns beneath his feet,  
 And, God in Christ, adore.

WILLIAMS.

## RELIGION.

818.

*Benefits of Religion.*

C. M.

1 **H**OW vast the blessings, how divine,  
 From godliness which flow !  
 Nor men, nor angels, should they join,  
 Can half its value shew.

- 2 Ten thousand comforts it procures  
To Christians, while on earth ;  
It endless happiness secures,  
And frees from endless death,
- 3 God, for himself, hath set apart  
The godly whom he loves :  
They have a place within his heart ;  
Their conduct he approves.
- 4 A glorious kingdom and a crown,  
CHRIST will on such bestow :  
For them the seeds of bliss are sown,—  
The fruits of glory grow.

RIPPON.

## 819.

*Blessedness of Religion.*

7s.

- 1 GOD, the everlasting God,  
Makes with mortals his abode !  
Whom the heavens cannot contain,  
He vouchsafes to dwell with men.
- 2 Never will the Lord depart  
From the humble, contrite heart ;  
Ne'er forsake his work within,  
Till he prove the death of sin.

REES.

## 820.

*Family Religion.*

7s.

- 1 THOU that dost our lives prolong,  
Kindly aid our morning song ;  
Then our cheerful praise shall rise  
To the God that rules the skies.
- 2 Thou didst hear our evening cry,  
Thy preserving hand was nigh ;  
Peaceful slumbers thou hast shed,  
Grateful to each weary head.
- 3 Past the shadows of the night,  
We behold the cheering light ;  
Now thy mercies, Lord, renew,  
Plenteous as the morning dew.
- 4 Dangers every where abound,  
Sins and snares beset us round ;  
Since out feet are prone to stray,  
Lord, preserve our souls this day.

- 5 **Thou, who art a Friend indeed,  
Wilt, we trust, supply our need ;  
Grant us all we want below,  
Then eternal life bestow.**

PAICE.

821.

*Family Religion.*

C. M.

- 1 **FOR all the mercies of the day  
We raise our evening song,  
To him from whom those mercies came,  
Be praise from every tongue.**
- 2 **What though the world may know us not,  
Our Jesus knows us well :  
Have we but little ? some have less ;  
And some are now in hell !**
- 3 **Once we were darkness, now we're light,  
Once dead, but now we live :  
Sure he who saves us by his grace,  
All needful good will give.**
- 4 **What though we're poor, shall we complain,  
Who know our sins forgiven ?  
If we've no splendid mansion here,  
We have a house in heaven.**
- 5 **Thanks to the Lord that we have health,  
And food and raiment too ;  
Have hope in Christ, and after death  
Eternal bliss in view.**
- 6 **Now, Lord, accept our praise sincere,  
And guard us while we sleep ;  
And 'midst the cares of future life,  
Our souls in safety keep.**

PAICE.

822.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **THOU inexhausted mine of bliss,  
From whence all comforts flow ;  
Possess us with that perfect peace,  
Which only Christians know.**
- 2 **The curtains of thy love extend  
Around our blest abode ;  
As we began, so may we end  
Our every day with God.**

3 Our lives unhurt, thy hand hath kept,  
 Accept the praise we pay,  
 For all the dangers we escaped,  
 And mercies of the day.

4 Far, far away the tempter chase,  
 Our souls from terror keep ;  
 In mercy guard our dwelling place,  
 And watch us while we sleep.

5 Prepare us for the bed of death,  
 The way our fathers trod,  
 That, when we yield our latest breath,  
 We may be found with God.

BODEN.

823.

*Pleasures of Religion.*

L. M.

1 JESUS, how heavenly is the place,  
 Where thy dear people wait for thee !  
 Where the rich fountain of thy grace  
 Stands ever open, full, and free.

2 Hungry, and poor, and lame, and blind,  
 Hither thy ransomed people fly ;  
 In thy deep wounds a balsam find,  
 And live, while they behold thee die.

3 Here they forget their doubts and fears,  
 While thy sharp sorrows meet their eyes ;  
 And bless the hand which dries their tears,  
 And each returning want supplies.

4 How vast the mysteries of thy love !  
 How high, how deep, how wide it rolls !  
 Its fountain springs in heaven above,  
 Its streams revive our drooping souls.

SWAIN.

824.

*The same.*

7s.

1 'TIS religion that can give  
 Sweetest pleasures while we live ;  
 'Tis religion must supply  
 Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be  
 Lasting as eternity !  
 Be the living God my friend,  
 My bliss shall never end.

MASTERS.

825.

*Social Religion.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **SWEET** and solemn be the season,  
 When the friends of Jesus meet ;  
 Let the worldling boast his reason,  
 While he fills the scorner's seat :  
 Heavenly wisdom  
 Leads us to the Saviour's feet.
- 2 Far be idle jesting from us !  
 Sacred themes to us belong :  
 Ours the cross, and ours the promise ;  
 Subjects these for endless song ;  
 Subjects worthy  
 To employ the Christian's tongue.
- 3 Time is precious, well employ it,  
 Worldlings talk of worldly things :  
 Leave the world to those who love it,  
 'Tis not thence our comfort springs ;  
 Jesus owns us,  
 Jesus is the King of Kings.

KELLY.

826.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **BLEST** intercourse, when Christians meet,  
 And speak of him who died for them ;  
 They sit at the Redeemer's feet,  
 And care not if the world condemn.
- 2 The world knows nothing of the joys  
 That christian fellowship supplies ;  
 Enamour'd of their glitt'ring toys,  
 Our hope seems nothing in their eyes.
- 3 But we can witness what we know,  
 And speak aloud, nor care who hears ;  
 Our joys from heavenly sources flow,  
 And would be ill exchang'd for theirs.
- 4 'Twill soon appear who serve the Lord,  
 And who are they who serve him not :  
 Then let us hold his faithful word,  
 And ours shall be a glorious lot.

KELLY

- 1 **WHEN** christian friends together meet  
     With singleness of heart,  
 And Jesus makes communion sweet,  
     How loath are they to part.
- 2 Reluctantly they say, farewell,  
     Their pleasure's mix'd with pain ;  
 Still in each other's hearts they dwell,  
     And long to meet again.
- 3 Let this sweet prospect cheer each heart,  
     The day will soon arrive,  
 When we shall meet, and never part,  
     And with our Saviour live.
- 4 There we shall bow before the throne  
     Of Christ, the Prince of Peace :  
 There parting scenes shall be unknown,  
     And worship never cease.

IRON3

## TIMES AND SEASONS.

- 1 **G**OD of Eternity, from thee  
     Did infant Time his being draw ;  
 Moments, and days, and months, and years,  
     Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
     Steady and strong the current flows ;  
 Lost in eternity's wide sea—  
     The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,  
     Before the rapid stream, are borne  
 On to that everlasting home,  
     Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Great source of wisdom ! teach my heart  
     To know the price of every hour ;  
 That time may bear me on to joys  
     Beyond its measure, and its power.

DODDRIDGE.

829.

*Close of the Year.*

L. M.

- 1 **WE** raise our Ebenezer here,  
And own before our Father's throne,  
His love has crowned the rolling year,  
His hand has kindly led us on.
- 2 Attended with a thousand snares,  
With dangers, fears, and sore complaints,  
Our God has heard our humble prayers,  
His mercy has supplied our wants.
- 3 But O what poor returns we make,  
For favours constant, large, and free !  
O God, forgive, for Jesus' sake,  
Our great ingratitude to thee !
- 4 It grieves us when we take a view  
Of all our negligence and sin ;  
Dear Lord, our faithless hearts renew,  
And form us for thy will divine.
- 5 What shall attend our future years,  
We would not vainly wish to know ;  
Forbid our unbelieving fears,  
And strength for every day bestow.

FAWCETT.

830.

*For a Fruitful Season.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, to thy bounteous care we owe,  
The clouds that cause our fields to grow,  
And streams which through our valleys glide,  
And fruitful crops of corn provide.
- 2 Thy rain makes soft the harrowed clod,  
And numerous blades break through the sod ;  
Then rising to the waving ear,  
At length in ripened grain appear.
- 3 Thy goodness thus prepares a crop,  
Our every path with fatness drop,  
And teeming nature's cheerful voice  
Seems in thy bounty to rejoice.
- 4 The little hills have praising tongues ;  
The fruitful vales break forth in songs :  
While numerous bleating flocks are seen  
Dancing among the pastures green.



- 5 Lord, make us fruitful thus in grace,  
 And joy shall animate each face ;  
 With living springs our souls renew,  
 Our hearts shall leap and praise thee too. COBBIN.

## 831.

*Harvest.*

C. M.

- 1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
 Wake all our thankful pow'rs :  
 He calls, and at his voice come forth  
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His cov'nant with the earth he keeps,  
 His goodness we will sing :  
 Summer and winter know their time,  
 And harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well-pleas'd the toiling swains behold  
 The waving, yellow crop :  
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
 And sow again in hope.
- 4 Blest Spirit, teach us now to sow  
 The seeds of righteousness ;  
 And thou, dear Jesus, with thy beams,  
 The ripening harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, we  
 Shall reap a blessed crop ;  
 A crop that shall by far exceed  
 What we have sown in hope.

NEEDHAM.

## 832.

*National Judgments.*

C. M.

- 1 SEE ! gracious God ! before thy throne,  
 Thy mourning people bend !  
 'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone,  
 Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
 Thy dreadful pow'r display ;  
 Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and why is Britain spar'd,  
 Ungrateful as we are !  
 O make thine awful warnings heard,  
 While mercy cries " Forbear."

4 What num'rous crimes increasing rise  
Through this most sinful isle !  
What land so favour'd of the skies,  
And yet what land so vile !

5 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy constraining grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.

6 Then should insulting foes invade,  
We need not yield to fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God, be near.

STEELE.

833.

*The New Year.*

L. M.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The opening year thy mercy shews :  
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future (all to us unknown)  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Through all our future changing days.

DODDRIDGE.

834.

*The same.*

S. M.

1 WHAT favours all divine !  
What mercies do we share !  
What blessings all around us shine  
To open this new year !

2 Our past misdeeds forgive,  
Our souls divinely cheer,  
And help us to thy glory live,  
Dear Lord, through this new year.

**835-36**      **TIMES AND SEASONS.**

- 3    Prepare us for thy will,  
      Whatever may appear,  
And let thy loving-kindness still  
      Preserve us through the year.
- 4    Confirm our souls in thee,  
      In faith and holy fear,  
And let the dear Redeemer be  
      Our song through all the year.

**MEDLEY.**

**835.**                      *Thunder Storm.*                      **C. M.**

- 1 **S**OON as a black o'erspreading cloud  
      Has darken'd all the air,  
And peals of thunder roaring loud  
      Proclaim the tempest near ;
- 2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of sin,  
      The sinner oft pursue :  
A louder storm is heard within,  
      And conscience thunders too.
- 3 But when the sky serene appears,  
      And thunders roll no more,  
He soon forgets his vows and tears,  
      Just as he did before.
- 4 But whither shall the sinner flee,  
      When nature's mighty frame,  
The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,  
      Shall all dissolve in flame ?
- 5 Lord, let thy mercy find a way  
      To touch the sinner's heart,  
That he may never hear thee say,  
      "*Thou cursed one, depart.*"
- 6 Believers, you may well rejoice !  
      The thunder's loudest strains,  
Should be to you a welcome voice,  
      That tells you, "*Jesus reigns.*"

**NEWTON.**

**836.**      *Our Times in the hand of God.*                      **7s.**

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies !  
      Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in thy hand,—  
      All events at thy command.

- 2 His decree who form'd the earth :  
 Fix'd my first and second birth :  
 Parents, native place, and time—  
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;  
 Times of penury and wealth ;  
 Times of trial and of grief ;  
 Times of triumph and relief :
- 4 Times the tempter's power to prove ;  
 Times to taste the Saviour's love :  
 All must come, and last, and end,  
 As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;  
 Till he bids I cannot die :  
 Not a single shaft can hit,  
 Till the God of love sees fit.
- 6 Thee, at all times will I bless :  
 Having Christ I all possess ;  
 How can I bereaved be,  
 Since I have my all in thee ?

RYLAND.

837.

*Marriage.*

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God of order, truth, and grace,  
 Fountain of social joys,  
 Shine with thy sweet approving smile,  
 And crown the nuptial ties.
- 2 Look on the now united pair,  
 Do thou the union bless ;  
 Here may true friendship ever reign,  
 In firmest bonds of peace.
- 3 May each the other kindly help,  
 To run the shining road ;  
 Join with delight in prayer and praise,  
 And ever cleave to God.
- 4 May both be fill'd with one concern,  
 For one eternal prize,  
 And warmest zeal their souls inflame,  
 For joys beyond the skies.
- 5 One be their view, their aim, their end,  
 Pure heavenly bliss to prove,  
 Meeting at last around the throne,  
 To reign in realms of love.

BURNH.

838.

*Marriage.*

C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, on thy servants kindly look,  
And send thy blessing down ;  
Come, and most tenderly unite,  
Their happy souls in one.
- 2 Let the pure love of Jesus bind  
The solemn nuptial ties ;  
Let kindness triumph in each heart,  
And mutual joy arise.
- 3 O may they draw each other on,  
To seek thy promised grace ;  
Sweetly confirm their souls in thee,  
To dwell in endless peace.
- 4 Soon may we taste the marriage feast,  
With all the saints above,  
Where all the ransom'd shall be fill'd,  
With pure eternal love.

BURNHAM.

839.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR Jesus freely did appear,  
To grace a marriage feast ;  
And, Lord, we ask thy presence here,  
To make a wedding-guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands ;  
Their union with thy favour crown,  
And bless the nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best !  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,  
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 True helpers may they prove indeed  
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;  
And see with joy a godly seed,  
To build thy household up.

BERRIDGE.

840.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **S**INCE thou hast joined us, gracious Lord,  
In wedlock to abide,  
May we, in heart, with one accord,  
In love each other guide.

- 2 Lord, may we strive in love to be  
Each other's faithful friend ;  
And may we thy salvation see,  
Till time with us shall end.
- 3 May strife and vain contention be  
For ever out of sight ;  
And may we worship only thee,  
At morning, noon, and night.
- 4 And when our work below is done,  
O may we ready stand ;  
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,  
To dwell at thy right hand.

LANE.

841.

*Prayer for Children.*

S. M.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend  
To bless our rising race ;  
Soon may their willing spirits bend  
To thy victorious grace !
- 2 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour  
Upon our infant seed ;  
O bring the longed-for happy hour  
That makes them thine indeed.
- 3 May they receive thy word,  
Confess the Saviour's name,  
Then follow their despised LORD  
Through the baptismal stream.
- 4 Then with thy favoured race  
Surround the sacred board,  
There to adore thy sovereign grace,  
And sing their dying LORD.

RIPPON.

842.

*Christ's regard for Children.*

C. M.

- 1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,  
With all-engaging charms ;  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms !
- 2 " Permit them to approach," he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine may our offspring be !

4 Should they as orphans here be left,  
Thy guardian care we trust ;  
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
If weeping o'er their dust.

DODDRIDGE.

## 843.

*Prayer for Youth.*

S. M.

1 GREAT God ! with heart and tongue,  
For all our youth we pray ;  
O may they learn, while they are young,  
To walk in wisdom's way !

2 Now, in their early days,  
Teach them thy will to know ;  
Thy Spirit's sanctifying grace,  
Abundantly bestow.

3 Make their unguarded youth,  
The object of thy care ;  
Help them to choose the way of truth,  
And fly from every snare.

4 Their hearts, to folly prone,  
Renew by power divine ;  
Unite them to thyself alone,  
And make them wholly thine.

5 Lord, let thy sacred word,  
Their warmest thoughts employ ;  
Be this their guide through all their days,  
Their treasure and their joy.

FAWCETT.

## 844.

*Parental Prayer.*

C. M.

1 THOU, who a tender parent art,  
Regard a parent's plea ;  
My offspring, with an anxious heart,  
I now commend to thee.

2 My children are my greatest care,  
A charge which thou hast giv'n ;  
May grace their every heart prepare  
To seek the joys of heaven.

- 3 If a centurion could succeed,  
 Who for his servant cried ;  
 Wilt thou refuse to hear me plead  
 For those so near allied ?
- 4 Almighty Father, God of grace,  
 Be to my children kind ;  
 Among thy saints give them a place,  
 And leave not one behind.
- 5 Happy we then shall live below,  
 The remnant of our days ;  
 And when to brighter worlds we go,  
 Our souls shall sing thy praise.     WHITFIELD.

## 845.           *Restoration of the Jews.*           L. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Abrah'm ; hear our prayer ;  
 Let Abrah'm's seed thy mercy share :  
 O may they now at length return,  
 And look on *Him* they pierc'd, and mourn.
- 2 Remember Jacob's flock of old ;  
 Bring home the wand'ers to thy fold :  
 Remember too thy promised word,  
 " Israel at last shall seek the Lord."
- 3 Though outcasts still, estrang'd from thee,  
 Cut off from their own olive-tree,  
 Why should they longer such remain ?  
 For thou canst graft them in again.
- 4 Lord, put thy law within their hearts,  
 And write it in their inward parts :  
 The veil of darkness rend in two,  
 Which hides Messiah from their view.
- 5 Oh haste the day, foretold so long,  
 When Jew and Greek (a glorious throng,)  
 One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,  
 And one Redeemer shall adore.     SEELEY.

## 846.           *The same.*           L. M.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, thine ancient race,  
 Remember Abrah'm's seed ;  
 Look on thy cov'nant deed of grace,  
 And see Messiah bleed.



- 2 O ! may his blood effectual prove,  
To wash out Israel's stain ;  
Restore their tribes again to love,  
Nor let our plea be vain.
- 3 What tongue can tell how great the debt  
Which we to Israel owe !  
What christian heart can those forget  
From whom such blessings flow ?
- 4 They first to preach the word of grace  
On wings of ardour flew ;  
The Apostles all were Abrah'm's race,  
Yea, Christ himself a Jew.
- 5 Can " ev'ry creature " plead a claim  
To hear " the Gospel " news ?  
And shall we yet in Jesus' name  
Withhold it from the Jews !
- 6 Forbid it, Lord ! their claim we own,  
Prostrate in prayer we fall :  
Oh ! soon may outcast Israel crown  
Messiah, Lord of All.

EAST.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of truth, and grace, and power,  
Thy word can ne'er decay ;  
But firmly fix'd, shall still endure,  
When worlds are pass'd away.
- 2 O smile propitious, while we dare  
The promises to plead,  
Which thy own sacred pages bear  
To faithful Abrah'm's seed.
- 3 Hast thou far off thy people cast,  
For ever to remain ?  
Wilt thou not, Lord, return at last,  
And visit them again ?
- 4 Yes, thou hast pass'd thy royal word,—  
Nor canst thyself deny,—  
That Jacob's race shall be restored  
To favour and to joy.

5 Hasten, O Lord, the happy hour  
When this shall be fulfilled ;  
And thy dear Son, with mighty power,  
To Israel be revealed.

6 Then Jew and Gentile shall combine  
Immanuel's name to praise :  
And sound his mercy, all divine,  
To everlasting days.

LAWSON.

848.

*Latter-day Glory.*

C. M.

1 HASTEN, O Lord, the latter day,  
When grace shall reign alone,  
And all the nations of the world  
Shall bow before thy throne.

2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,  
Press to the gospel sound ;  
And grace and truth, most sweetly shine,  
Through all Immanuel's ground.

3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,  
Uplift the cross on high,  
And from a clear, refulgent light,  
Shall all see eye to eye.

4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly,  
To spread salvation forth ;  
And faith, and love, and joys divine,  
Shall run through all the earth.

5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,  
And peace immortal flow ;  
The Saviour shall be known of all,  
And glory reign below.

BURNHAM.

849.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 BEHOLD the mountain of the Lord  
In latter days shall rise,  
On mountain tops above the hills,  
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,  
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;  
"Up to the hill of God," they'll cry,  
"And to his house we'll go."

- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill  
Shall lighten every land ;  
The King who reigns in Salem's towers,  
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds  
Disturb those peaceful years ;  
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,  
To pruning hooks their spears.
- 5 Come, then—O come from every land,  
To worship at his shrine,  
And, walking in the light of God,  
With holy beauties shine.

LOGAN.

850.

*Praise Comely.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant is the sound of praise !  
It well becomes the saints of God :  
Should they refuse their songs to raise,  
The stones might tell their shame abroad.
- 2 For him who washed you in his blood,  
Ye saints, your loudest songs prepare ;  
He sought you wandering far from God,  
And now preserves you by his care.
- 3 Though angels may with rapture see  
How mercy flows in streams of blood,  
It is not theirs to prove, as we,  
The cleansing virtue of this flood.
- 4 While angels praise the heavenly King,  
And worship him as God alone,  
The saints with exultation sing—  
“He wears our nature on the throne.”
- 5 Sweet truth ! it yields unceasing cause  
Of wonder and of praise above ;  
That *man*, who late accursed was,  
Should be the object of such love.

KELLY.

851.

*Exhortation to Praise.*

S. M.

- 1 **S**TAND up, and bless the Lord ;  
Ye people of his choice ;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear his holy Name,  
And laud, and magnify ?
- 3 God is our strength and song,  
And his salvation ours ;  
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,  
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 4 Stand up, and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up, and bless his glorious Name,  
Henceforth for evermore. SEELEY.

## 852. *Praise for Deliverance.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 While I of his deliverance boast,  
Let all that are distrest  
To Jesus look, in sorrow's vale,  
And so shall they find rest.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just :  
Protection he affords to all  
Who make his arm their trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love !—  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints ! and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
His service be your chief delight,  
Your wants shall be his care. BRADY.

## 853. *Deliverance in Child-birth.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 **L**O, from the borders of the grave,  
Jesus, thy hand is strong to save ;  
And thou hast made it bare !  
In deep distress thine handmaid prayed,  
And thou hast interpos'd thine aid,  
In answer to her prayer.

2 Oft was her soul depress'd with fear,  
 As the expected hour drew near,  
 And greatly did she mourn ;  
 But now her gloomy fears depart,  
 And smiling mercy melts her heart,  
 And former joys return.

3 Thus favour'd in the time of need,  
 Her eyes behold her infant seed,  
 And praises fill her tongue ;  
 Her husband, of the joy partakes,  
 And now his happy soul awakes,  
 To join the grateful song.

WHITFIELD.

## 854.

*Praise for Divine Goodness.*

L. M.

1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,  
 To my dear Lord, my voice I'll raise,  
 With all his saints I'll join to tell,  
*" My Jesus has done all things well."*

2 How sovereign, wonderful, and free,  
 Has been his love to sinful me !  
 This pluck'd me from the jaws of hell ;—  
*" My Jesus has done all things well."*

3 And since my soul has known his love,  
 What mercies has he made me prove ;  
 Mercies which do all praise excell :  
*" My Jesus has done all things well."*

4 Whene'er my Saviour and my God  
 Has on me laid his gentle rod,  
 I know in all that has befall  
*" My Jesus has done all things well."*

5 Sometimes my Lord his face doth hide,  
 To make me pray, or kill my pride ;  
 Yet then it on my mind doth dwell,  
*" My Jesus has done all things well."*

6 Soon shall I pass the vale of death,  
 And in his arms shall lose my breath,  
 E'en then my happy soul shall tell,  
*" My Jesus has done all things well."*

- 7 And when to that bright world I rise,  
And join the anthems of the skies,  
Among the rest this note shall swell,  
“ *My Jesus has done all things well.*”

MEDLEY.

855.

*Praise for Mercies.*

8. 7.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for songs of loudest praise :  
Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above :  
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
Mount of God’s unchanging love.

- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by thy help I’m come ;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home :  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wand’ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to save my soul from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I’m constrained to be !  
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee !  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here’s my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from thy courts above. ROBINSON.

856.

*Praise for pardoning Grace.*

L. M.

- 1 TO God, my Saviour and my King,  
Fain would my soul her tribute bring ;  
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,  
For ye have known and felt his grace.
- 2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,  
Just breathing all my life away ;  
He saw me, weltering in my blood,  
And shewed the pity of a God.

- 3 With speed he flew to my relief ;  
Bound up my wounds, and soothed my grief ;  
Poured joys divine into my heart,  
And bade each anxious fear depart.
- 4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,  
Deep on my breast, do thou record ;  
The life which I from thee receive,  
To thee, behold, I freely give. STENNETT.

### 857. *Praise for Providence and Grace.* L. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY King ! whose wond'rous hand  
Supports the weight of sea and land,  
Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
No heart shall fail that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy Providence supplies our food,  
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good ;  
Our souls are nourished by thy word,  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 Our streams of outward comfort came  
From him who built this earthly frame ;  
Whate'er we want his bounty gives,  
By whom each saint for ever lives.
- 4 Either his hand preserves from pain,  
Or, if we feel it, heals again ;  
From Satan's malice shields our breast,  
Or overrules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low  
Beneath the gratitude we owe ;  
It means thy praise, however poor,  
An angel's song can do no more. COWPER.

### 858. *Praise for Redemption.* C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lord, who sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood :  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.
- 2 He honoured all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobeyed ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.

- 3 Now on a glorious throne he reigns ;  
 And by his power divine,  
 Redeems us from the slavish chains,  
 Of Satan and of sin.
- 4 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
 And, with a sovereign voice,  
 Shall call, and break up every tomb,  
 While waking saints rejoice.
- 5 O may we then with joy appear  
 Before the Judge's face :  
 And, with the bless'd assembly there,  
 Sing his redeeming grace.

WATTS.

859.

*Praise for Redemption.*

7s.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, God of grace,  
 Come, inspire our humble lays ;  
 While the Saviour's love we sing,  
 Whence our hopes and comforts spring.
- 2 Though the form of God he bore,  
 Great in glory, great in power ;  
 See him in our flesh array'd,  
 Lower than his angels made.
- 3 See the heavenly lover dies !  
 Darkness veils the mid-day skies !  
 Angels round the bloody tree  
 Throng, and gaze in ecstasy.
- 4 But the third day's dawning come,  
 Lo ! the Saviour leaves the tomb !  
 Reascends his native sky,  
 Where he lives, no more to die.
- 5 On his cross he builds his throne,  
 Whence he makes his glories known,  
 Sends his Spirit down to give  
 Dying sinners grace to live.

TURNER.

860.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE your Redeemer, praise his name,  
 Ye saints who live upon his grace ;  
 Praise him whose love remains the same,  
 Through every change of time and place.



- 2 Praise him who loved you when you lay  
In bondage under Satan's power,  
Who died your ransom price to pay  
And spoil'd your foes in that same hour.
- 3 Praise him who opens mercy's door,  
To welcome every seeking soul,  
Who gives salvation to the poor,  
And makes the wounded conscience whole.
- 4 Praise him who came from heav'n, to bring  
Glad tidings of salvation down ;  
Praise him, for you have cause to sing,  
Who look for an immortal crown.
- 5 Praise him who loved you on the cross,  
Praise him who loves you on his throne,  
Praise him who turns to gain each loss,  
And makes your crosses prove your crown.
- 6 Praise him who loved you long before,  
The wheels of time began to move,  
Whose love when time shall be no more,  
Will still be everlasting love. SWAIN.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, let sinners praise  
The Saviour's great and glorious name ;  
Let every heart that feels his grace,  
His mercy, love, and truth proclaim.
- 2 Praise him who loved and pitied you,  
When you no love or pity sought ;  
Who paid your price to justice due,  
When you had sold yourselves for nought.
- 3 Praise him who sends his Spirit down,  
To shew you all your sins forgiven ;  
To mark and seal you for his own,  
And fit you by his grace for heav'n.
- 4 Praise him whose everlasting love  
Springs like a fountain in the soul ;  
And will, when time shall cease to move,  
In an unbounded ocean roll.

- 5 Mercy, eternal as his throne,  
 And wide as his most righteous reign,  
 Descends in showers of blessings down,  
 On all for whom the Lamb was slain.

SWAIN.

862.

*Praise for Victory.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, dismiss thy fears,  
 Thy conqu'ring Saviour now appears,  
 Thine advocate on high ;  
 He bruis'd the subtle serpent's head,  
 When he on Calvary's summit bled,  
 And lives, no more to die.
- 2 At God's right hand he took his place,  
 And pleads for all his chosen race,  
 Who in his name believe ;  
 Who, with th' anointing Spirit blest,  
 Have truly entered into rest ;  
 And still from him receive.
- 3 Believing, I rejoice, and sing  
 The vict'ries of my God and King,  
 Nor fear the king of dread :  
 The arm of Jesus bears me through,  
 A constant friend and brother too,  
 My ever-loving head.
- 4 Jesus, my God, thy name I'll praise,  
 And pass the remnant of my days,  
 As one redeemed by grace ;  
 Till thou shalt bid my spirit rise  
 From earth, to meet thee in the skies,  
 And see thee face to face.

WILLIAMS.

863.

*Incitement to Praise.*

S. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb,  
 Wake, every heart and every tongue,  
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
 Sing of his rising power,  
 Sing how he intercedes above,  
 For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 O may we feel our heart  
 Ascending with our tongue,  
 And feel the love of sin depart,  
 While grace inspires our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,  
 Ye ransomed sinners sing,  
 Sing on rejoicing every day  
 In Christ th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,  
*"Ye blessed children, come ;"*  
 Soon will he call you hence away,  
 And take his wanderers home.

HAMMOND.

## 864.

*Praise to Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of All.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall ;  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of All.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of All,
- 4 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall ;  
 There join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of All.

DUNCAN.

## 865.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 JOIN, ye redeemed heirs of grace,  
 In a new song of lofty praise ;  
 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 The utmost glories ye can give.
- 2 Worthy, thou dear atoning Lamb,  
 From every kindred, tongue, and name,  
 For thou hast washed us in thy blood,  
 And made us kings, and priests to God.

3 Bless'd be thy name, for ever bless'd,  
Of wisdom, power, and strength possess'd ;  
Honour, and might, and glory too,  
We give thee as thine endless due.

4 Unnumber'd hosts thy glories sing,  
They hail thee as their Lord and King :  
Not one bright crown is worn above,  
But what is own'd a gift of love.

HILL.

866.

*Praise to Christ.*

L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, th' eternal King,  
Who reigns by right, and rules by love,  
Let all the saints his glory sing ;  
The saints below, and saints above.

2 Praise him who sits upon his throne,  
His throne of glory and of grace ;  
O'er heaven and earth he reigns alone;  
Unlimited by time or place.

3 No hand against his will can rise ;  
No heart against his love can stand :  
No place is secret from his eyes ;  
Not heaven, nor hell, nor sea, nor land.

4 His smile is Heaven ! his frown is Hell !  
His dreadful vengeance breaks his foes !  
His favour is the living well,  
From which complete salvation flows !

SWAIN.

867.

*The same.*

C. M.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name ;  
'Tis music to my ear :  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust ;  
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish  
In thee most richly meet ;  
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

- 4 O may thy grace still cheer my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there,  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,  
 With my last lab'ring breath ;  
 And dying, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 **WE** give immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love.  
 For all our comforts here,  
 And better hopes above :  
 He sent his own eternal Son,  
 To die for sins that man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs  
 Immortal glory too,  
 Who sav'd us by his blood,  
 From everlasting woe :  
 And now he lives, and ever reigns,  
 To see the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit praise,  
 And endless glory give ;  
 Whose new-creating power  
 Makes the dead sinner live :  
 His work completes the great design,  
 And fills the soul with joys divine.
- 4 Almighty God ! to thee  
 Be endless honours done,  
 The sacred PERSONS *three*,  
 The GODHEAD only *one* :  
 Where reason fails with all her powers,  
 There faith prevails, and God adores.

WATTS.

- 1 **GOD** of my life, through all its days  
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise :  
 The song shall wake with opening light,  
 And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,  
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,  
Thy tuneful praises raised on high  
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,  
And all its powers of language fail,  
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,  
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,  
And I am chained to flesh no more,  
With what glad accents shall I rise,  
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,  
Which echo through the heavenly plains ;  
And emulate, with joys unknown,  
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

870.

*Universal Praise.*

C. M.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
" To be exalted thus :"  
" Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,  
" For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus, the King of Glory reigns  
On Zion's heavenly hill ;  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.
- 4 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 5 Let all the chosen join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

WATTS.

871-72-73

DISMISSION.

871.

*Dismission.*

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Three in One, and One in Three!  
The self-existent Deity!  
Help us thy glories to adore,  
While now thy blessing we implore.
- 2 O that we may salvation prove,  
In God the Father's glorious love,  
In God the Son's redeeming grace,  
In God the Spirit's heavenly peace!
- 3 Pilgrims on earth we still remain,  
Often to meet, and part again;  
But when our pilgrimage is o'er,  
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 4 In hope of which, dear Lord, we pray,  
Thy blessing on this parting day,  
Come now and on thy children shine,  
The praise and glory shall be thine.

MEDLEY.

872.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS thy children, dearest Lord,  
Under the unction of thy word;  
Like oil within them let it rest,  
With all its gracious influence bless'd.
- 2 In going out, and coming in,  
Let Christ in them be felt within;  
O bless thy Israel, Lord, with peace,  
And every day their faith increase.
- 3 Lord, we would practise what we know,  
While still we sojourn here below;  
And when we meet on Canaan's shore,  
We'll sing thy praise for evermore.

SMITH.

873.

*The same.*

7s.

- 1 **F**OR a season called to part,  
Let us now ourselves commend  
To the gracious eye and heart  
Of our ever present Friend:  
Lord of love, watch o'er thy sheep,  
All our souls in safety keep.

DISMISSION.

874-75-76

- 2 In thy strength may we be strong,  
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;  
 Give us (if we live) ere long,  
 In thy peace to meet again :  
 Then if thou thy help afford,  
 We'll unite to praise the Lord.

NEWTON.

874.

*Dismission.*

L. M.

- 1 COME, christian brethren ! ere we part  
 Join every voice and every heart,  
 One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,  
 But there is yet a happier shore ;  
 And there, released from toil and pain,  
 Brethren, we all shall meet again.
- 3 Now to our God, the Three in One,  
 Be everlasting glory done ;  
 Rehearse, ye saints, the sound again—  
 Let every voice repeat Amen.

WHITE.

875.

*The same.*

8s.

- 1 THIS God is the God we adore,  
 Our faithful unchangeable Friend ;  
 Whose love is as large as his power,  
 And neither knows measure nor end :  
 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

HART.

876.

*The same.*

8. 7.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,  
 Rest upon us from above !
- 2 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other, and the Lord ;  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

NEWTON



877.

*Death and Heaven.*

L. M.

- 1 **O** DEATH, frail nature's dreaded foe,  
Thy frown with terror fills the heart ;  
How shall I bear the fatal blow,  
Which must my soul and body part ?
- 2 O could I know my sins forgiven,  
Terror and gloom would disappear ;  
Then should I see a glimpse of heaven,  
And look on death without a fear.
- 3 JESUS, my SAVIOUR and my God,  
To thee my trembling spirit flies ;  
Thy merits, thy atoning blood,—  
On this alone my soul relies.
- 4 When will that great illustrious day,  
When will that blissful moment come,  
That shall my weary soul convey  
Safe to her everlasting home ?
- 5 With cheerful heart I then shall sing,  
And triumph o'er my vanquished foe—  
O death, where is thy pointed sting ?  
My Saviour wards the fatal blow.

STEELE.

878.

*Death and immediate Glory.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house, not made with hands,  
Eternal, and on high ;  
And here my waiting spirit stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay,  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis He, by his Almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heaven ;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word ;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 Though here we taste the sacred joys,  
 The Saviour's smiles afford :  
 We would be absent from the flesh,  
 And present with our Lord.

WATTS.

## 879. *Consolation under Bereavement.* L. M.

- 1 **SAY**, why should christians grieve for those  
 Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore ?  
 Released from all their hurtful foes,  
 They are not lost,—but gone before.
- 2 How many painful days on earth,  
 Their fainting spirits number'd o'er,  
 Now they enjoy a heavenly birth,  
 They are not lost—but gone before.
- 3 Secure from every mortal care,  
 By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,  
 Eternal happiness they share,  
 Who are not lost—but gone before.
- 4 To Zion's peaceful courts above,  
 In faith triumphant may we soar,  
 Embracing in the arms of love,  
 The friends not lost—but gone before.
- 5 On Jordan's bank, whene'er we come,  
 And hear the swelling waters roar,  
 Jesus, convey us safely home,  
 To friends not lost—but gone before.

## 880. *Fear of Death.* L. M.

- 1 **WHY** should we start or fear to die ?  
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are !  
 Death is the gate of endless joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
 Fright our approaching souls away ;  
 Still we shrink back again to life,  
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,  
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
 Fly fearless through Death's iron gate,  
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
 Feel soft as downy pillows are ;  
 On his kind breast I'd lean my head,  
 And breathe my life out sweetly there. WATTS.

881.

*Fear of Death.*

L. M.

- 1 FREE me, my God, from death's dread gloom,  
 And all the guilt that shrouds the tomb ;  
 Heighten my joys, support my head,  
 Before I sink among the dead..
- 2 May death conclude my toils and tears !  
 May death destroy my sins and fears !  
 May death, through JESUS, be my friend !  
 May death be life, when life shall end !
- 3 Crown my *last* moments with thy power—  
 The *latest* in my latest hour ;  
 Then to the heights of bliss I'll soar,  
 Where fears and death are known no more.

RIPPON.

882.

*Funeral.*

C. M.

- 1 THE soul that sleeps in Jesus' breast,  
 Enjoys a sweet repose,  
 From every trouble there it rests,  
 Secure from all its foes.
- 2 Our *brother's* freed from every care,  
 His happy soul is fled ;  
 To feast on heavenly dainties, where  
 Resides his living Head.
- 3 The gospel was his joy and song,  
 E'en to his latest breath ;  
 The truths he had maintain'd so long,  
 Were his support in death.
- 4 The church's loss we now deplore,  
 And shed the grateful tear ;  
 We shall behold his face no more,  
 Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 Then with the purest comfort bless'd,  
 Shall we behold the King ;  
 And those who sleep in Jesus' breast,  
 Our God will with him bring.

LANE.

883.

*Life and Death.*

S. M.

- 1 **O** WHERE shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul ?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole !
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh ;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above ;  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love—
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath :  
O what eternal horrors hang,  
Around " the second death !"
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace !  
Teach us that death to shun,  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
For evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest ;  
Alone are found in thee,  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

SEELEY.

884.

*Nearness of Death.*

L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, give me to know  
The dang'rous path in which I go ;  
For as thy servant David saith—  
" *There's but a step 'twixt me and death.*"
- 2 Remove my guilt, all-gracious God,  
And wash me in the Saviour's blood ;  
Inspire my soul with heavenly breath,  
" *There's but a step 'twixt me and death.*"
- 3 Much of my precious time is gone,  
My sands, perhaps, are almost run ;  
This night the Lord may stop my breath,  
" *There's but a step 'twixt me and death.*"

- 4 And others too, may die as soon,  
 Perhaps their sun may set at noon ;  
 And each may prove what David saith—  
*“ There’s but a step ’twixt me and death.”*
- 5 Others are gone, and we must go !  
 It must be soon—it may be now ;  
 For every soul departed saith—  
*“ There’s but a step ’twixt thee and death.”*

HOSKINS.

885.

*Death of the Righteous.*

L M.

- 1 SEE ! while the saint expiring lies,  
 Upward he lifts his longing eyes :  
 In praise he spends his latest breath ;  
 Triumphs in pain, and sings in death.
- 2 Oh ! who can tell what secret power  
 Supports him in the gloomy hour ;  
 What unseen hand is with him there  
 Or whence proceeds that cheerful air ?
- 3 A smile upon his lips appears,  
 His face a heavenly aspect wears ;  
 Each grief removed, each sin forgiven,  
 On earth he feels the dawn of heaven.
- 4 Sinners behold, and wondering, cry,  
 Thus, like the righteous, let me die !  
 But such an end they’ll never find,  
 Who leave not such a life behind.

SEBLEY.

886.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 IN vain do any strive to paint  
 The moment after death,  
 The glories that surround the saint  
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,  
 We scarce can say, “ He’s gone !”  
 Before the willing spirit takes  
 Her station near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
 To trace her heavenward flight ;  
 No eye can pierce within the veil,  
 Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
 They are supremely blest ;  
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
 And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,  
 His presence always view ;  
 And if we here their footsteps trace,  
 There we shall praise *Him* too.

NEWTON.

887.

*Death of the Sinner.*

L. M.

1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread  
 Await the sinner's dying bed !  
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
 Presages of eternal night.

2 His sins in dreadful order rise,  
 And fill his soul with sad surprise ;  
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,  
 And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;  
 Where'er he turns, he finds no rest :  
 Death strikes the blow ; he groans and cries,  
 And, in despair and horror, dies.

4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;—  
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;  
 A steady faith subdues his fear !  
 He sees the happy Canaan near !

5 Lord ! make my faith and love sincere,  
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear :  
 And, when the toils of life are past,  
 May I be found in peace at last.

FAWCETT.

888.

*The same.*

L. M.

1 **I**N realms of everlasting rest  
 There lay a saint, in Abraham's breast,  
 Releas'd from sin, with all its woe,  
 To dwell where joys eternal flow.

2 From the dark regions of despair,  
 A pamper'd glutton saw him there :  
 But, ah ! how dreadful was the scene,  
 An awful gulf was fix'd between.

3 This gulf was set, that none might go,  
From Jesus' breast to endless woe ;  
And to secure within their cell,  
The souls that once have pass'd to hell.

4 No jail deliv'ry enters there,  
'Tis everlasting black despair ;  
Ev'n hope itself gives up the ghost ;  
The soul once lost ;—for ever lost.

KENT.

889.

*Preparation for Death.*

S. M.

1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God !  
To stand before thy face !  
Thy Spirit must the work perform,  
For it is all of grace.

2 In Christ's obedience clothe,  
And wash me in his blood :  
So shall I lift my head with joy,  
Among the sons of God.

3 Do thou my sins subdue,  
Thy sovereign love make known ;  
The spirit of my mind renew,  
And save me in thy Son.

4 Let me attest thy power,  
And thy rich goodness prove,  
Till my full soul can hold no more  
Of everlasting love.

TOPLADY.

890.

*Death the Believer's gain.*

L. M.

1 **I**N hope of life eternal given,  
Behold a pardon'd sinner dies ;  
A legal blood-bought heir of heaven,  
Call'd to his mansion in the skies.

2 He trod the shades of gloomy death,  
Could set his seal, that God was true ;  
Finish'd his course, and kept the faith,  
For God kept him his journey through.

3 His soul is now at perfect rest,  
In the bright mansion love ordain'd ;  
His head reclines on Jesus' breast,  
No more by sin or sorrow pain'd,

KENT.

# 891. *Déath the Believer's gain.* L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should our eyes with sorrow flow,  
Or bosoms heave the painful sigh ?  
When Jesus calls, the saint must go,  
'Twas his eternal gain to die.
- 2 'Twas through the strength of Israel's King,  
He prov'd a conqueror when he fell ;  
'Tis to the praise of grace we sing,  
Though of a dying saint we tell.
- 3 Fearless he enter'd Jordan's flood,  
At peace with heav'n he clos'd his eyes ;  
His only trust was Jesus' blood,  
In sure and certain hope to rise.

KENT.

# 892. *The Midnight cry.* 148th.

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls, arise,  
With all the dead awake ;  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take ;  
Upstarting at the midnight cry,  
Behold your heavenly bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And take to glory all  
Who meet for glory are :  
Make ready for your free reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting friend ;  
Your head to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend :  
The pure in heart, through sovereign grace  
Shall see without a veil his face.
- 4 Then let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound ;  
To see our Lord appear,  
Watching may we be found :  
With that bless'd wedding robe endued,  
The blood and righteousness of God.

TOPLADY.



893.

*Death unstung.*

S. M.

- 1 **W**HILE sinners are alarmed  
At every form of death,  
The dear disciples of the Lamb,  
With joy resign their breath.
- 2 O death ! where is thy sting ?  
The dying saint can say,  
It once possess'd my troubled mind,  
But 'tis removed away.
- 3 How happy are the men,  
Who feel their Saviour's love ;  
They often long to be with him,  
Amidst the hosts above.
- 4 Their sins are washed away,  
In Jesus' precious blood ;  
At his right hand they shall appear,  
In the great day of God.

BURNHAM.

894.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **D**EATH has no sting to pierce the soul,  
That now by faith to Jesus flies ;  
He can the power of hell controul,  
And bid the sleeping dead arise.
- 2 His own almighty arm shall shake  
Those gloomy vaults, and mansions down,  
At which the sons of Adam quake,  
And raise their tenants to a crown.
- 3 Then fear not Death, but fear the Lord,  
And look to him for victory ;  
For those who tremble at his word  
Shall his immortal glory see.
- 4 His promise is for ever sure,  
And he hath said, that death shall die ;  
His word for ever must endure,  
His word that fills eternity.
- 5 Rejoice in *Him*, for he will come  
In all the beauty of his love,  
And take his saints from conflict, home  
To everlasting joys above.

SWAIN.

895.

*Victory over Death.*

C. M.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours,  
To triumph o'er the monster, death,  
And all his frightful powers.
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
My quiv'ring lips would sing,  
"Where is thy boasted victory, grave?  
"And where the monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,  
Death has no sting beside;  
The law gave sin its damning power;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors though we die,  
Through Christ our living Head. WATTS.

896.

*Day of Judgment.*

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT Judge of all! that day will come  
When mortals must receive their doom;  
O, hear our cry, and grant we may  
Of thee find mercy in that day.
- 2 That fixed, great, and dreadful day,  
Will in the heavens thy throne display;  
The trumpet's dreadful blast, shall shake  
The silent graves, the dead awake.
- 3 Think, O my soul, thou must appear,  
And pass the judgment at his bar;  
What now does God and conscience say?  
Wilt thou find mercy in that day?
- 4 Dost thou, by faith, to Jesus flee?  
Is his dear image stamp'd on thee?  
If so, let nothing thee dismay,  
Thou shalt find mercy in that day.
- 5 Eternal Judge! Almighty Lord!  
Seal home, and bless thy solemn word;  
And grant that we poor sinners, may  
Of thee find mercy in that day. MEDLEY.

897.

*Day of Judgment.*

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure  
The terror of that day,  
When earth and heaven before his face,  
Astonished, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere the trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead,  
Hark, from the gospel's cheering voice,  
What joyful tidings spread.
- 4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

DODDRIDGE.

898.

*The same.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **D**AY of Judgment ! day of wonders !  
Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,  
Louder than ten thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine !  
You who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"  
Gracious Saviour,  
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea ;  
All the powers of nature shaken,  
From his face prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner,  
What will then become of thee !

- 4 Horrors, past imagination,  
 Will surprise your trembling heart,  
 When you hear your condemnation,  
 "Hence ! thou cursed, hence depart !  
 "Thou with Satan  
 "And his angels hast thy part !"
- 5 But to those who have confessed,  
 Loved and served the Lord below,  
 He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,  
 "See the kingdom I bestow :  
 "You for ever  
 "Shall my love and glory know." NEWTON.

899.

*Christ's Second Coming.*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 LO ! he comes with clouds descending,  
 Once for favour'd sinners slain,  
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,  
 Swell the triumph of his train !  
 And with pleasure,  
 Magnify his awful name.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,  
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at nought and sold him,  
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Every island, sea, and mountain,  
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away ;  
 All who hate him must, confounded,  
 Hear the trump proclaim the day,  
 Come to judgment !  
 Come to judgment ! come away !
- 4 Lo ! the Saviour long expected,  
 See in solemn pomp appear !  
 All his saints, by man rejected,  
 Now shall meet him in the air,  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of God appear.

OLIVER.

## 900.

*The Books opened.*

L. M.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,  
 Methinks I hear the trumpet's sound  
 That shakes the earth, rends every tomb,  
 And wakes the prisoners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
 Awed by the Judge's high command ;  
 Both small and great now quit their dust,  
 And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,  
 Big with th' important fates of men ;  
 Each deed and word now public made,  
 As wrote by Heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To every soul, the books assign  
 The joyous or the dread reward :  
 Sinners in vain lament and pine ;  
 No pleas the Judge will here regard.
- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,  
 May life's fair book my soul approve :  
 There may I read my name enroll'd,  
 And triumph in redeeming love.

RIPPON.

## 901.

*Looking for the Judgment.*

8. 7. 7.

- 1 **N**OTHING know we of the season  
 When the world shall pass away :  
 But we know, the saints have reason  
 To expect a glorious day :  
 When the Saviour will return,  
 And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 O what sacred joys await them !  
 They shall see the Saviour then :  
 Those who now oppose and hate them,  
 Never can oppose again :  
 Brethren, let us think of this :  
 All is ours, if we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,  
 Be it ours his word to keep ;  
 Let our lamps be always burning :  
 Let us watch while others sleep :  
 We're no longer of the night :  
 But are children of the light.

- 4 Being of the favour'd number,  
 Whom the Saviour calls his own,  
 'Tis not meet that we should slumber,  
 We to whom his grace is known :  
 This should be his people's aim ;  
 Still to glorify his name.

KELLY.

**902.**      *Looking for the Judgment.*      8. 8. 6.

- 1 **WHEN** thou my righteous Judge shalt come  
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,  
 Shall I among them stand ;  
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,  
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
 Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,  
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,  
 Though vilest of them all ;  
 How can I bear the piercing thought,  
 What, if my name should be left out,  
 When thou for them shalt call ?
- 3 Dear Lord, prevent it by thy grace,  
 Be thou my only hiding-place,  
 In that great awful day ;  
 Thy pardoning voice now let me hear,  
 Silence each doubt, dispel my fear,  
 Nor let me fall I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see thy smiling face ;  
 Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring,  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

**903.**      *Ascension of the Saints.*      8. 7.

- 1 **SEE !** the Captain of Salvation  
 Lead his armies up the sky :  
 Rise above the conflagration ;  
 Leave the world to burn and die.
- 2 Lo ! I see the fair immortals  
 Enter to the blissful seats,  
 Glory opens wide her portals,  
 And the Saviour's train admits.

- 3 All the chosen of the Father,  
 All for whom the Lamb was slain ;—  
 All the church appear together,  
 Washed from every sinful stain.
- 4 His dear smile the place enlightens  
 More than thousand suns could do,  
 All around, his presence brightens,  
 Changeless, yet for ever new.
- 5 Blessed state ! beyond conception !  
 Who its vast delights can tell ?  
 May it be my blissful portion,  
 With my Saviour there to dwell.

LEE.

### 904. *Communion with Saints above.*

C. M.

- 1 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,  
 When Christ himself draws near,  
 And every heart with one accord  
 Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love,  
 In heavenly show'rs descend,  
 Our souls commune with saints above,  
 In bliss that knows no end.
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace ;  
 The fountain makes them sing :  
 We travel through the wilderness ;  
 They sit before the King.
- 4 We pray for grace, to hold out well,  
 The conflict but begun ;  
 They of their past engagements tell,  
 And sing the conquests won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,  
 And are sometimes cast down ;  
 They wield no more the warrior's sword,  
 But wear the conqueror's crown.

SWAIN.

### 905. *Heaven contrasted with Earth.*

S. M.

- 1 THE people of the Lord  
 Are on their way to heaven ;  
 There they obtain their great reward,  
 The prize will there be given.

- 2 'Tis conflict here below ;  
 'Tis triumph there, and peace :  
 On earth we wrestle with the foe,  
 In heaven our conflicts cease.
- 3 'Tis gloom and darkness here ;  
 'Tis light and joy above :  
 There all is pure, and all is clear ;  
 There all is peace and love.
- 4 There rest shall follow toil,  
 And ease succeed to care ;  
 The victors there divide the spoil :  
 They sing and triumph there.
- 5 Then let us joyful sing !  
 The conflict is not long :  
 We hope in heaven to praise our King,  
 In one eternal song.

KELLY.

906. *Heaven contrasted with Hell.* L. M.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears—  
 God's dearest children bathed in tears !  
 While they who heaven itself deride,  
 Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,  
 And, ere I censure, view the end ;  
 That end, how different ! who can tell  
 The wide extremes of heaven and hell ?
- 3 See, the red flames around him twine  
 Who did in gold and purple shine :  
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain  
 T' allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,  
 Full rivers of salvation flow ;  
 On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,  
 And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Saviour, let me share  
 The meanest of thy servants' fare :  
 May I at last approach and taste  
 The blessings of thy marriage feast.

DODDRIDGE.



907.

*Heaven desired.*

L. M.

- 1 **A** CAPTIVE here, and far from home,  
     For Zion's sacred mount I sigh :  
     Thither the ransomed nations come,  
     And see their Saviour "eye to eye."
- 2 While here I walk on hostile ground,  
     The few that I can call my friends,  
     Are, like myself, with fetters bound,  
     And weariness our path attends.
- 3 But yet we shall behold the day,  
     When Zion's children shall return :  
     Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
     And we shall never, never mourn.
- 4 The hope that such a day will come,  
     Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet ;  
     Though now we're distant far from home,  
     In Zion soon we all shall meet.

HADDON.

908.

*The same*

8. 7. 4.

- 1 **F**LY, ye seasons, fly still faster :  
     Let the glorious day come on,  
     When we shall behold our Master  
     Seated on his heavenly throne :  
     When the Saviour  
     Shall descend to claim his own.
- 2 What is earth, with all its treasures,  
     To the joy the gospel brings ?  
     Well may we resign its pleasures,  
     Jesus gives us better things :  
     All his people  
     Draw from heaven's eternal springs.
- 3 But if here we taste of pleasure,  
     What will heaven itself afford ?  
     There our joy will know no measure ;  
     There we shall behold our Lord :  
     There his people  
     Shall obtain their bright reward.

- 4 Fly, ye seasons, fly still faster ;  
 Swiftly bring the glorious day ;  
 Jesus come, our Lord, our Master !  
 Come from heaven without delay :  
 Take thy people,  
 Take, and bear us hence away.

KELLY.

909.

*Entering Heaven.*

L. M.

- 1 WHAT love, what pleasure, and surprise,  
 Shall fill the enraptured heirs of heav'n ;  
 The day the Saviour meets their eyes,  
 The day the promised rest is giv'n.
- 2 Their love is kindled here below ;  
 The Author of their hope they love :  
 A purer, brighter flame will glow  
 In yonder glorious world above.
- 3 Of pleasure too they taste below,  
 But pleasure not unmix'd with pain ;  
 In yonder world 'twill not be so,  
 For there no sorrow will remain.
- 4 And if obscure and transient views  
 Of heavenly things give such surprise,  
 What wonder must the sight produce,  
 When God appears before their eyes ?
- 5 O joyful sight, O glorious day,  
 When God the Saviour shall be seen !  
 When earthly things shall pass away,  
 And heaven's unchanging state begins.

EAST.

910.

*Felicity of Heaven.*

C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's verdant bank I stand,  
 And cast a wishful eye  
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 All o'er those wide extended plains  
 Shines one eternal day ;  
 There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,  
 And scatters night away.

## 911-12      HEAVEN AND HELL.

- 3 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest.
- 5 Fill'd with delight, my happy soul  
Would here no longer stay ;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.      STENNETT.

## 911.      *Felicity of Heaven.*      L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY saints, who dwell in light,  
And walk with Jesus, cloth'd in white,  
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,  
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.
- 2 Releas'd from sin, and toil, and grief,  
Death was their gate to endless life ;  
An open cage to let them fly,  
On wings of love to worlds on high.
- 3 And now they range the heavenly plains,  
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;  
Their happy souls in glory prove,  
The heights and depths of Jesus' love.
- 4 He cheers them with eternal smile,  
They sing hosannas all the while ;  
Or, overwhelmed with rapture sweet,  
Sink down adoring at his feet.
- 5 Ah ! Lord, with tardy steps I creep,  
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep ;  
Yet strip me of this house of clay,  
And I will sing as loud as they.      BERRIDGE.

## 912.      *Joyful Expectation of Heaven.*      L. M.

- 1 AND am I blest with Jesus' love ?  
And shall I dwell with him above ?  
And will the joyful period come,  
When I shall call the heavens my own ?

- 2 Think, O my soul, what must it be,  
A world of glorious minds to see ;  
Drink at the fountain head of peace,  
And bathe in everlasting bliss !
- 3 To hear them all at once proclaim,  
Eternal glories to the Lamb ;  
And join, with joyful heart and tongue,  
That new, and never-ending song.
- 4 And does the happy hour draw near,  
When Christ will in the clouds appear ;  
And I without a veil shall see  
The MAN, the God that bled for me ?
- 5 If in my soul such joy abounds,  
While weeping faith explores his wounds ;  
How glorious will those scars appear  
When perfect bliss forbids a tear !
- 6 Think, O my soul, if 'tis so sweet  
On earth to sit at Jesus' feet,  
What must it be to wear a crown,  
And sit with Jesus on his throne !

SWAIN.

### 913. *Longing for the New Jerusalem.* C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee ?  
When shall my labours have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,  
Most glorious to behold ;  
Thy walls are all of precious stone,  
Thy streets are paved with gold.
- 3 O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend ;  
Where congregations ne'er break up ;  
The Sabbath has no end.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,  
Or feel at death, dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

914-15      HEAVEN AND HELL.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
    Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ, below,  
    Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem ! my happy home,  
    My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
    When I thy glories see.

914.              *Perfection of Heaven.*              C. M.

1 O WHAT a garden will be seen,  
    When all the flowers of grace  
Appear in everlasting green,  
    Before the Planter's face !

2 No more exposed to burning skies,  
    Or winter's piercing cold ;  
What never-dying sweets will rise  
    From every opening fold !

3 No want of sun or showers above,  
    To make the flowers decline ;  
Fountains of life and beams of love,  
    For ever spring and shine.

4 No more they need the quick'ning air,  
    Or gently rising dew ;  
Unspeakable their beauties are,  
    And yet for ever new.

5 Christ is their shade, and Christ their sun ;  
    Among them walks the KING,  
Whose presence is ETERNAL NOON ;  
    His smiles ETERNAL SPRING.

SWAIN.

915.              *Preparation for Heaven.*              L. M.

1 A LIFE in heaven ! O what is this ?  
    The sum of all that faith believed ;  
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,  
    Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

2 While thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers,  
    And saints made perfect, triumph thus,  
A goodly heritage is ours,—  
    There is a heaven on earth for us.

3 The church of Christ, the school of grace,  
The Spirit teaching by the word ;  
In those our Saviour's steps we trace,  
By this his living voice is heard.

4 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,  
Learn every lesson of his love ;  
And be from grace to glory led,  
From heaven below to heaven above.

MONTGOMERY.

916.

*A view of Heaven.*

L. M.

1 **W**HEN we behold the heavenly state,  
The rest that doth thy saints await,  
What streams of comfort fill the soul,  
What floods of bliss around us roll !

2 On wings of love still upward borne,  
Downward we look with holy scorn ;  
The pains and pleasures of this life  
Afford us neither joy nor grief.

3 While we enjoy this blissful sight  
With hearts o'erwhelmed with sweet delight,  
We long to reach the heavenly shore,  
And see this evil world no more.

4 O how we dread to sin again !  
'Tis sin alone that gives us pain ;  
We fain would weep in tears of blood,  
Because we sin against our God.

5 But what are all these tastes of love,  
To those we shall enjoy above ?  
Just as a drop to all the sea,  
A moment to eternity !

HILL.

917.

*The Saints' everlasting Rest.*

L. M.

1 **F**OR weary saints a rest remains  
In heaven, from all their toil and pains ;  
Where seas of joy eternal flow,  
Without a taint of mortal woe.

2 There, from all sin and sorrow free,  
They spend a long eternity ;  
No more to strive with flesh and blood,  
But cease from sin, and rest in God.

- 3 A rest from all th' infernal strife  
That here attends this mortal life ;  
Sin, death, and hell for ever gone,  
No more they gird the armour on.
- 4 This rest prepared, they shall attain,  
For God will ne'er his honour stain ;  
He stands engag'd by firm decree,  
His Israel's cov'nant God to be.

KENT.

## 918.

*Wonders of Heaven.*

11s.

- 1 **THAT** day when all mysteries the Judge will  
make plain,  
Why one roll'd in ease, and another in pain ;  
While some all their lives were perplexed and  
tried,  
While some knew no sorrow till the hour they died.
- 2 *That day* when the sinner's salvation's complete,  
*That day* when their crowns they will lay at his feet,  
*That day* they will own that 'twas Christ brought  
them there,  
*That day* unbelievers will sink in despair.
- 3 *That day* when those millions whom Christ died  
to save,  
*That day* when they'll mount from the slum-  
bering grave,  
*That day* when salvation will dwell on each  
tongue,  
*That day* shall redemption alone be their song.
- 4 *That day* when their sins and their sorrows shall  
cease,  
*That day* when their souls shall be filled with  
peace ;  
*That day* they will fear neither death, hell, or sin,  
*That day* ends their grief, and their joys will begin.
- 5 *That day* when their harps will be put into tune,  
*That day* when with Jesus they'll sweetly com-  
mune ;  
*That day* when they join the unnumbered throng,  
*Salvation*, through Jesus, will be all their song.

FOWLER.

919.

*The Saints' future Glory.*

C. M.

- 1 **THE** saints to jewels are compared,  
With them is Jesus crowned ;  
Each for his place shall be prepared,  
And in that place be found.
- 2 They all with glory shall be bless'd,  
And with him there sit down ;  
There ne'er shall be one jewel miss'd,  
From Jesus' brilliant crown.
- 3 Complete his diadem shall be,  
When all the blood-bought race,  
Without a veil their Saviour see,  
In heav'n their destined place.

BARNARD.

920.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **WHO**, who are those by faith I see,  
Around the throne above,  
Prostrate before the Deity,  
Transported with his love !
- 2 How they exult before their King,  
On those celestial plains,  
Hark ! how his name they chant and sing,  
In most harmonious strains.
- 3 See how they stand arrayed in white,  
O see how bright they shine !  
Admire, my soul, the dazzling sight,  
And long that host to join.
- 4 Those saints in yonder blissful place,  
Once were the sons of woe ;  
Through seas of sorrow they did pass,  
While trav'ling here below.
- 5 But now, before the throne they stand,  
Released from every pain,  
For they have reach'd Immanuel's land,  
And there with him they reign.

BURNHAM.





# ORIGINAL HYMNS.

By J. STENSON.

921.

*The Bible.*

C. M.

- 1 THE Bible, what a precious book,  
Its worth no tongue can tell,  
Therein my soul delights to look,  
And on its wonders dwell.
- 2 How pure its doctrines ! how divine !  
Its promises how great !  
By precious faith, I call them mine,  
They suit my every state.
- 3 However dark or sad my mind,  
Howe'er distressed my soul,  
In Jesus' word I comfort find,  
His name doth make me whole.
- 4 While infidels this book despise,  
And worldlings pass it by—  
My soul would all its precepts prize,  
Its Author glorify.
- 5 O, Holy Spirit, deign to teach  
Thy worthless suppliant still ;  
And help him ALL thy truth to preach  
According to thy will.

922:

*Salvation by Grace.*

C. M.

- 1 GRACE, what a soul-reviving sound !  
Delightful to the ear ;  
Jehovah has the ransom found,  
His love forbids our fear.
- 2 The ransom of Immanuel's blood  
Alone can save the soul ;  
'Tis this *alone* can bring to God,  
And make the sinner whole.
- 3 Although our sins deserve thy wrath,  
We eye thy boundless grace ;  
Our souls, the Saviour did betroth  
Ere time began its race.

4 While thousands toil at Sinai's mount  
For life and liberty ;  
By faith we cleave to mercy's fount,  
Whence flows salvation free.

5 Descend, immortal Dove, and bless  
Our waiting souls with peace ;  
Reveal in us *his* righteousness  
Whose glory must increase.

923.

*Sovereign Grace.*

C. M.

1 "NO man," saith Christ, " can come to me  
" But whom the Father draws ;  
" Yet all he gave, shall surely come  
" And learn my righteous laws."

2 " I know my sheep," the Saviour cries,  
Their cause I undertook :  
Their names, ere rolling time began,  
Were written in my book.

3 Eternal life he freely gives,  
To all the chosen race,  
Who, by the Holy Spirit, feel  
Their constant need of grace.

4 In Him they shall have perfect peace,  
Though in the world distress ;  
Their glorious theme shall ever be,  
His blood and righteousness.

924.

*Riches of Grace.*

C. M.

1 HEAR, what the God of Israel, saith,  
Whose words are full of grace ;  
" My children shall be taught of me  
" And great shall be their peace."

2 *Free* grace, did choose our souls at first,  
And grace redeemed from sin ;  
By *precious* grace we now enjoy  
The witnessing within.

3 *Rich* grace, did treasure up in Christ  
The blessings we possess ;  
His *saving* grace did turn our feet  
From paths of wickedness.

- 4 O may the blessed THREE in ONE,  
Whom angels glorify,  
Enable us, by grace received,  
His name to magnify.
- 5 And when we quit this house of clay,  
E'en then our tongue shall tell,  
That nothing less than Jesus' blood  
Could save our souls from hell.

## 925.

*Immutability of God.*

104th.

- 1 "I CHANGE not," saith God, "but ever remain  
"The same to my saints, who mercy obtain;  
"In all their distresses, their conflicts, and woes,  
"My purpose of mercy, no change undergoes."
- 2 "I change not," saith God, "in love to my saints,  
"Tho' darkness may cause most bitter complaints,  
"My love is eternal, unchangeable, free,  
"As shewn unto all who my glory shall see."
- 3 "I change not," saith God, "in mind, or in will,  
"But govern all things with infinite skill;  
"My people I know, and their treasures I'll fill,  
"And cause them to trust my immutable will."
- 4 "I change not," saith God, "though creatures  
all may,  
"My kindness and care shall still crown thy way;  
"The tried, and the tempted, the needy, and poor,  
"Whom once I have loved, I love evermore."

## 926.

*Union to Christ.*

S. M.

- 1 HOW blest are they who know  
Their union to the Lord;  
From condemnation they are free,  
As saith his holy word.
- 2 Sin shall not reign in them,  
That know the Saviour's name  
His Spirit shall their souls protect,  
His praise shall be their aim.
- 3 This union none can break,  
Nor sin, nor death, nor hell;  
In Christ they shall for ever live,  
With him for ever dwell.

- 4 May all the flock of God,  
This glorious truth attest ;  
While Jesus lives, the church shall live,  
And in his bosom rest.

927.

*Sufferings of Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**OOK ! look ye saints, to Calvary !  
Behold the scene of mystery !  
Dwell on the heights and depths of love,  
Which brought Immanuel from above.
- 2 His back they scourged ; his name reviled ;  
Whose life, by sin was undefiled :  
“ A man of sorrows,” sure was he,  
Acquainted with our misery.
- 3 Now was fulfilled the sacred word,  
“ *Stricken, and smitten of his God ;*”  
While we our faces hid from him,  
As those that could not him esteem.
- 4 “ Father, forgive,” the Saviour cried,  
And then they pierced his sacred side :  
Behold ! our life is hid secure  
Within the cleft—for ever sure,
- 5 Alas ! this sinful heart of mine,  
Is prone to look from things divine ;  
But when by faith, to Christ it turns,  
Then, then his love within me burns.

928.

*Christ crucified.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **Y**E saints, your cheerful voices raise,  
To sing the dear Redeemer's praise,  
For all his wonders shewn ;  
'Twas he that bore away our sins,  
'Tis he the work of grace begins,  
And he his work will own.
- 2 Behold and bless, the Prince that died,  
Whom men despised, and crucified,  
With wicked, cruel hands ;  
But now he lives and reigns on high,  
Enthroned in awful majesty,  
And all his foes withstands.

- 3 In vain, the hosts of hell unite,  
 Against our souls, against our right,  
 Who in the Lord confide ;  
 His mighty arm shall safe protect,  
 And gently guide his own elect,  
 For whom the Saviour died.
- 4 Now may our hearts be filled with love,  
 And all our minds be fixed above,  
 On him whose praise we sing :  
 Soon shall we say, " We come to thee,"  
 O grave, where is thy victory ?  
 O death, where is thy sting ?

## 929.

*The Church in Christ.*

L. M.

- 1 **WHERE** was the Church when Jesus died ?  
 Sweet faith, replies—" hid in his side ;"  
 While love admires the wond'rous plan,  
 Which God devised ere time began.
- 2 O Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 Make known to us Jehovah's love :  
 Redemption's finished work reveal :  
 Its weight of glory may we feel.
- 3 To Jesus would we ever look ;  
 Who all our sins and sorrows took ;  
 He died, to shew his matchless love,  
 He lives, to plead our cause above.
- 4 Jesus will ne'er disown his bride,  
 For love of whom, he bled, and died ;  
 But guide her through the wilderness,  
 In wisdom, and in righteousness.
- 5 Rejoice, ye saints, aloud rejoice,  
 The Church is God's eternal choice :  
 Elect, redeemed, and justified  
 In Christ—and in him glorified.

## 930.

*Lord's day Morning.*

C. M.

- 1 **A** GAIN, with them that love thy Name,  
 Within thy courts we stand !  
 Looking to Jesus our High Priest,  
 Who pleads at God's right hand.

- 2 O that Jehovah in his love,  
May meet with us to-day ;  
Increase our faith, confirm our hopes,  
And teach us how to pray.
- 3 May Christ, the sun of righteousness,  
With healing in his wings,  
Shine forth on his redeemed church,  
While *she*, his glory sings.
- 4 Redemption ! what a blissful sound !  
It makes all heaven rejoice :  
O may thy saints on earth to-day  
Hear their Redeemer's voice.
- 5 Speak, Saviour, to our waiting hearts,  
In whispers all divine.  
And say, to each believing soul,  
“ Thou art for ever mine.”
- 6 Pour out thy Spirit, gracious Lord,  
Upon our Pastor dear ;  
Thy truth, enable him to preach,  
With reverence and fear.

931.

*The Sabbath.*

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, awake thy voice,  
Sing aloud the Saviour's praise ;  
Join with those who now rejoice,  
In returning sabbath days.
- 2 Once we loved the ways of sin,  
Mingled with the vain and gay ;  
Strangers to the plague within,  
Did not prize the sabbath day.
- 3 Now through what the Lord has done,  
We can each with pleasure say,  
Let us with the rising sun,  
Haste to keep the sabbath day.
- 4 Christ, as King of righteousness,  
We would evermore obey ;  
Worship him in holiness,  
Each returning sabbath day.

932.

*The Sabbath.*

7s

- 1 **H**OW amazing is the grace,  
Which the Saviour here displays ;  
Smiling on a sinful race,  
Taught to prize the sabbath days.
- 2 May the truths of gospel grace,  
Be our everlasting stay ;  
May they cheer us in this place,  
Each returning sabbath day.
- 3 When we meet to hear the word,  
Let us not forget to pray,  
That it may support afford,  
Each returning sabbath day.
- 4 Sweet, indeed, are all the hours  
Spent in God's appointed way ;  
Blessings in redundant showers,  
Crown each passing sabbath day.
- 5 Grant us, Lord, to walk in love,  
While on earth we have to stay ;  
Hoping we shall spend above,  
One eternal sabbath day.

933.

*Public Worship.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**ERE will I dwell, saith Zion's Head,  
And feed my saints with living bread ;  
They shall behold my blissful face,  
And know my name,—the God of grace.
- 2 In Zion shall their souls be blest  
With peace, and joy, and holy rest ;  
Delight themselves in Jesus' love,  
Under anointings from above.
- 3 Zion, the city of my choice,  
Shall ever hear my pardoning voice,  
From sin and Satan shall be free,  
And live in gospel liberty.
- 4 The gates of Zion I will own,  
My covenant of grace make known,  
The gospel crown with great success,  
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

- 5 In Zion shall my sons be born,  
And live above the worldling's scorn,  
Immoveable they all shall prove,  
Fixed on my covenant of love.

934.

*Public Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 IN Zion doth Jehovah dwell,  
And scatters blessings round ;  
His people there his doings tell,  
His praises there abound.
- 2 How highly favoured is the spot,  
Where God in Christ is known,  
'Tis there the saints enjoy their lot,  
While waiting round his throne.
- 3 His wond'rous doings, ever tell,  
Ye subjects of his grace ;  
Rest only in Immanuel,  
He is your dwelling-place.,
- 4 Declare his righteous acts, and sing  
His praise, with heart and voice,  
Among the people laud your King,  
In God aloud rejoice.

935.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 THY habitation, Lord, I love,  
The place of thine abode ;  
For there my soul is drawn above,  
While travelling Zion's road.
- 2 Long I in darkness wandered here,  
A stranger to the Lord ;  
But now with humble hope and fear,  
I listen to his word.
- 3 I wandered far in Satan's way,  
Without remorse or shame :  
But now I hail the Sabbath day,  
To hear of Jesus' name.
- 4 The saints are now my chief delight,  
The courts of God my joy ;  
By faith I walk, and not by sight,  
My hope shall none destroy.



- 5 May all that love the Lord rejoice  
 Within his house of prayer ;  
 That they are his peculiar choice,  
 The objects of his care.

## 936.

*Public Worship.*

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, prepare us to receive  
 The gospel's joyful sound ;  
 Expand our views, enrich our souls,  
 And make our joys abound.
- 2 The children of thy promise, wait  
 For thy salvation, Lord ;  
 That they may worship thee in truth,  
 Do thou thy help afford.
- 3 May sinners be convinced of sin,  
 By God the Holy Ghost,  
 Be pointed to the bleeding Lamb,  
 In whom believers boast.
- 4 May Jesus be exalted high,  
 As Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
 And while his glories here are told,  
 His praises will we sing.

## 937.

*Atonement of Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! whose piercing eye surveys  
 The secrets of the heart ;—  
 Search me, and try me in thy ways ;  
 Examine every part.
- 2 Ah ! Lord, my heart is base indeed,  
 Yea, vile and filthy too ;  
 But Christ, who did for sinners bleed,  
 Can all my sins subdue.
- 3 Kind friend of sinners, wilt thou heal  
 This leprous soul of mine ?  
 And will it please thee to reveal  
 Thy power and grace divine ?
- 4 Thy mighty power *can* help, I know,  
 Thy wond'rous grace *can* save ;  
 Thy blood *can* wash me white as snow,  
 And ransom from the grave.

- 5 O could I hear thee but reply,  
In words of peace and love ;  
“ Thy prayer is heard—thou shalt not die,  
“ But live, and reign above :
- 6 How would my happy soul rejoice  
In sin-atoning blood ;  
And spread abroad with cheerful voice,  
The love of Christ, my God.

938.

*Regeneration.*

L. M.

- 1 WHILE thousands boast their native birth,  
And others feed on carnal mirth ;  
The sacred word of God is plain,  
*That sinners must be born again.*
- 2 Why do so many spend their days  
Thoughtless of heaven, and heavenly ways ?  
The sacred word of God is plain,  
*That sinners must be born again.*
- 3 Why are the truths of God refused ?  
Why is the name of Christ abused ?  
The sacred word of God is plain,  
*That sinners must be born again.*
- 4 Till born of God, no man can tell,  
That he is saved from death and hell ;  
The sacred word of God is plain,  
*That sinners must be born again.*
- 5 Then pause, my soul—Ask, do I know,  
That I'm redeemed from endless woe ?  
The sacred word of God is plain,  
*That sinners must be born again.*
- 6 I prove the Spirit's work within,  
By life from God, and death to sin ;  
To me this truth is now made plain,  
Though sinful still—I'm born again.

939.

*The carnal Heart.*

L. M.

- 1 THE carnal heart is vile indeed,  
And so remains, till holy seed  
Is sown within, by grace divine,  
Which soon springs up, when Christ doth shine.

- 2 The heart of man, no man can know,  
The Holy Ghost has told us so !  
Deceitful is the human heart,  
Corrupt, and base in every part.
- 3 I mourn my wretched heart within,  
So dreadfully possessed by sin !  
Enough to sink me quickly down  
To hell itself, if God should frown.
- 4 Christ will not frown upon his saints ;  
He sees their spirit in them faints ;  
Trembling, they long to hear his voice,  
And in his pardoning blood rejoice.

## 940.

*Exercise of Faith.*

L. M.

- 1 O FOR sweet faith, that precious gift !  
Which fastens on Immanuel's blood !  
That pleads the merits of the Lamb,  
Till it obtains all things of God.
- 2 More faith, dear Lord, on me bestow,  
To trust, and plead thy promises :  
For thou hast said, (who canst not lie,)  
" Ill be thy God, and I'll thee bless."
- 3 " I'll be thy God," O blissful sound !  
What wond'rous, what transporting love !  
Th' ALMIGHTY GOD, my ALL shall be,  
While here I stay, and when above.
- 4 A few more trials, must I bear,  
A few more lessons, must I learn :  
Sweet lessons ! and sweet trials too !  
When in them, faith doth Christ discern.
- 5 Sing, O my soul, Jehovah's praise,  
" *In blessing, he hath blessed thee :*"  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
In *Essence* ONE, in *Persons* THREE !

## 941.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

C. M.

- 1 O UR Father, who in heaven art,  
Thy name be hallowed :  
Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done  
By all the ransomed.

- 2 Give us, each day, our daily bread,  
From thy redundant store ;  
And, our iniquities forgive,  
We earnestly implore.
- 3 This christian duty would we learn :  
Forgiveness to extend  
Toward our greatest enemies,  
Whene'er they us offend.
- 4 Lead not into temptation, Lord,  
Lest we should fall therein ;  
But in thy mercy guide our feet,  
Far from the ways of sin.
- 5 Thine is the kingdom, and the power,  
And thine the glory too.  
Thine are our souls, and thine our days,  
To thee all praise is due.
- 6 Let all that know the Saviour's name,  
This truth repeat again ;  
Thine are our souls, and thine our days,  
And thine the praise. Amen.

942.

*Jabez' Prayer.*

L. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, bless me now indeed,  
With all the favours I can need ;  
With all thy gracious hand can give,  
With all the vessel can receive.
- 2 With all thy wond'rous arm has wrought ;  
With all thy precious blood has bought ;  
With all that thou hast promised me,  
With more than I can ask of thee.
- 3 Enlarge my heart, all-gracious Lord,  
To comprehend thy sacred word ;  
Uphold me by thy powerful hand,  
And guide me through this desert land.
- 4 From evil, keep me all my days,  
O God ! my strength, my shield, my praise !  
On Christ, the rock, my soul would build,  
And see in *Him*, thy law fulfilled.

943.

*Prayer Meeting.*

S. M.

- 1 **A**SSIST us, Lord, we pray,  
To call upon thy Name ;  
And while within thy courts we stay,  
Thy glory be our aim.
- 2 Descend, thou Dove divine,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Upon thy gathered people shine,  
And crown these sacred hours.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let us see  
Thy ever-lovely face ;  
Our captive minds from sin set free,  
And grant supplies of grace.
- 4 May Jesus own his saints,  
And Zion own her King ;  
'Tis *He* who knows all our complaints,  
And will deliverance bring.
- 5 Soon shall our sorrow, cease,  
And sighs be heard no more ;  
When we arrive at perfect peace,  
Upon the blissful shore.
- 6 There shall we see our God,  
And join the song of praise ;  
And triumph in atoning blood,  
Through everlasting days.

944.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN we approach the throne of grace,  
May we behold Immanuel's face :  
His love possess, his smiles enjoy,  
And in his praise our tongues employ.
- 2 To him address your fervent prayers,  
On him, believer, cast your cares ;  
In him be strong, in him rejoice,  
And let his ways be made your choice.
- 3 So shall ye find increased peace,  
And prove his paths are pleasantness ;  
His name shall be your soul's defence,  
Till he shall come,—and call you hence.

- 4 May we, as by the Spirit taught  
The wonders God, the Saviour wrought,  
Be led to trust in him alone,  
As Zion's sure foundation-stone.

945.

*Prayer Meeting.*

S. M.

- 1 **THY** presence, Lord, afford,  
To all thy saints below ;  
Lead them in paths of holiness,  
And happiness bestow.
- 2 The road to bliss is rough,  
The path is thorny too ;  
Yet still in spite of all our foes,  
Though faint, we shall pursue.
- 3 Help us, O King of saints,  
To cast our care on thee ;  
Rebuke the enemy of souls,  
And bid the tempter flee.
- 4 Let not our hearts despond,  
Nor let our hope be vain ;  
In patience would we run our race,  
Till glory we obtain.
- 5 Revive our drooping hearts,  
Thou great Immanuel !  
Descend, and bless thy little flock,  
Yea, with thy people dwell.

946.

*Pleading for Mercy.*

C. M.

- 1 " **BE** merciful to me, O God,"  
And all my sins forgive ;  
Keep me from every evil way,  
And teach me how to live.
- 2 " Be merciful to me, O God,"  
For many are my foes ;  
Thy mercy I aforetime proved,  
When men against me rose.
- 3 " Be merciful to me, O God,"  
And keep my spirit calm ;  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
Preserve my soul from harm.

- 4 "Be merciful to me, O God,"  
 And help me to exclaim,  
 "My heart is fixed,—is fixed on thee,  
 "And ever shall remain."

947.

*Christ our Friend.*

L. M.

- 1 CHRIST is my friend, a friend indeed,  
 Christ is my friend in every need ;  
 He is my friend in times of woe,  
 My friend is he where'er I go.
- 2 Christ was my friend ere time began,  
 'Twas he that drew salvation's plan ;  
 He is my friend who did fulfil,  
 With holy joy, his Father's will.
- 3 Christ is my friend, he saved my soul,  
 His healing blood did make me whole ;  
 How great a friend ! he looked on me,  
 When nought was seen but misery.
- 4 Christ is my friend when I'm cast down,  
 He is my friend, when others frown ;  
 Be this my joy when foes arise,  
 I've still a friend above the skies.
- 5 Christ far excels all other friends,  
 His loving-kindness never ends :  
 In death his friendship will be sweet,  
 E'en then my spirit will he greet.

948.

*Christ, the Bread of Life.*

8.8.6.

- 1 BREAD is the staff of life, they say,  
 My soul would prove it day by day,  
 And live thereon and grow ;  
 Christ is the true and living bread,  
 By which the saints are nourished,  
 While sojourning below.
- 2 Without this bread, the soul must die,  
 None other can its place supply,  
 As true believers know ;  
 To God, the hungry soul will cry,  
 (And such, the Lord will not deny,)  
 This precious bread bestow.

949. *Christ, the good Shepherd.* L. M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to hear our Shepherd say,  
 " I'll lead, and feed thee day by day ;  
 " Lest any hurt thee, I'll defend,  
 " And cause thee on my word depend.
- 2 " I know my sheep, and love them too,  
 " And will their enemies subdue ;  
 " I'll prove to them my constant care,  
 " And all their griefs and burdens bear.
- 3 " They know my voice, and follow me,  
 " While from a stranger they will flee :  
 " On gospel truths alone they feed,  
 " And find in me whate'er they need.
- 4 " They all shall know my power to save,  
 " From sin's dominion, and the grave ;  
 " Shall know my all-sufficient grace,  
 " And find in me a resting-place."

950. *The same.* S. M.

- 1 **A** LITTLE flock are ye,  
 Who know the Shepherd's voice ;  
 The Father's gift, to Christ, his Son,  
 In whom the saints rejoice.
- 2 By his most precious blood,  
 Did he our souls redeem ;  
 Then be his power, and grace, and love,  
 Our everlasting theme.
- 3 Fear not your numerous foes,  
 Though mighty they appear :  
 The fold is perfectly secure,  
 The Shepherd still is near.

951. *The Name of Jesus.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Name of Jesus, O how sweet !  
 To sinners saved by grace ;  
 It strengthens them for all they meet,  
 Till they behold his face.
- 2 It is their refuge in distress,  
 Their plea before the throne ;  
 They never can be comfortless,  
 While his dear name is known.



- 3 His name proclaims the mourner's peace,  
It makes the righteous bold ;  
It gives the wounded spirit ease,  
Though faith be tried as gold.
- 4 Ere long they shall behold his face,  
Released from every care ;  
Shall praise the riches of his grace,  
Who heard and answered prayer.

952.

*God known in Christ.*

S. M.

- 1 **I**N Judah God is known,  
His name in Israel's great ;  
His people he will ever own,  
Though in a drooping state.
- 2 In Jesus God is known,  
As gracious to his saints ;  
He listens to their sighs, and groans,  
And hears their sad complaints.
- 3 In Jesus God is known,  
As Israel's constant friend ;  
Though enemies their way oppose,  
He will their souls defend.
- 4 In Jesus God is known,  
As Israel's hiding-place ;  
In him, they shall be safe from harm,  
Throughout their christian race.
- 5 In Jesus God is known,  
As Israel's sword and shield ;  
Through him they valiantly shall fight,  
And ne'er give up the field.

953.

*The Work of the Holy Spirit.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit wounds, the Spirit heals ;  
The Spirit kills, and makes alive :  
The Spirit to the heart reveals,  
The Name, from whence we peace derive.
- 2 The Spirit witnesseth within,  
That we of God are born again ;  
The Spirit makes us hate the sin  
Which Truth has promised shall not reign.

- 3 The Spirit intercedes for all,  
Whom God, the Father, gave his Son ;  
His arm uplifts them from the fall,  
Nor will he leave his work undone.
- 4 The Spirit comforteth the saints,  
With consolations all divine ;  
He freely gives to him that faints,  
Salvation's cup of mingled wine.

954.

*Seeing Jesus.*

C. M.

- 1 A SIGHT of Jesus, O how sweet !  
E'en on this earthly ground :  
It makes us all things else forget,  
While in his presence found :
- 2 To see him in his royal courts,—  
To see him on his throne,—  
To see him in his holy word,—  
Inspires with joys unknown.
- 3 To see him made of God to us,  
Both righteousness and strength ;  
Makes manifest JEHOVAH'S love,  
Its height, and depth, and length.
- 4 Now may the Spirit sweetly lead,  
Our souls to Jesus' blood ;  
Therein, by precious faith, to see  
Our interest in God.

955.

*Before Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, before whom angels bow,  
And own thy sovereign sway ;  
As King of Zion, condescend  
To crown this solemn day !
- 2 Thy temple fill with glories bright,  
Thy saints adorn with grace ;  
While sinners shall be led to feel,  
How dreadful is the place !
- 3 Break, mighty God ! the rocky heart,  
Destroy the love of sin ;  
Dethrone the tyrant from his seat,  
And enter thou within.

- 4 Enter, and with thy sword of truth,  
Divide—divide—divide—  
Divide the sinner from his sins,  
And end the reign of pride.
- 5 May many such be brought to hear  
The dear Redeemer say,  
“ Arise, and be baptized now  
“ In mine appointed way.”
- 6 Obedient to thy righteous will,  
Made known in holy writ ;  
Thy children, Lord, would be baptized,  
*Ere they at table sit.*
- 7 By grace renewed, by love constrained,  
They seek to be baptized,  
According to the ancient mode,  
That is so much despised.
- 8 When they are plunged beneath the stream,  
Loud hallelujahs sound !  
When they arise, and onward move,  
Their inward joys abound.
- 9 For Zion’s converts let us now  
Present our humble plea :  
May Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Their Rock, and Refuge be !

956.

*At Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**LL who revere the Saviour’s name,  
(That name so much despised,)  
Believe that HE, to Jordan came,  
To be of John baptized !
- 2 These, Lord, possessing faith in Christ,  
Their strength and righteousness ;  
Constrained by love, would be baptized,  
*And thus his name confess.*
- 3 Descend, celestial Dove, descend,  
And these thy children bless ;  
Who having known the sinner’s friend,  
*Would thus his name confess.*

- 4 Smile from thy throne, sweet Prince of Peace,  
 Confirm thy promises ;  
 Support thy saints, their faith increase,  
*While they thy name confess.*
- 5 May they (enriched with heavenly grace,)  
 Abound in holiness ;  
 And when they end their christian race,  
*Do thou their names confess.*

957.

*After Baptism.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, dear Lord, thy children now  
 Are waiting for thy smile ;  
 This, shall remove their every fear,  
 Though Satan may revile.
- 2 Help them in *all* thy ways to walk,  
 And *all* thy truth esteem ;  
 And when together oft they talk,  
 May Jesus be their theme.
- 3 Support their minds through all their days,  
 And make them valiant here ;  
 And when the enemy waylays,  
 Do thou in love appear.
- 4 Dismiss us with a look of love,  
 Bid us depart in peace ;  
 Hoping ere long to meet above,  
 In everlasting bliss.
- 5 Praise to the Father, and the Son,  
 With God the Holy Ghost :  
 In Israel's God we now rejoice,  
 In *Him* we'll make our boast.

958.

*Joining the Church.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HY sanctuary, dearest Lord,  
 Is sure a sacred place ;  
 For there we learn thy holy word,  
 And see thee face to face.
- 2 'Tis there, by precious faith, we see  
 Thy works, and ways, O God !  
 And glory in the mystery,  
 Of peace by Jesus' blood !

- 3 O may we mark with constant care  
The entering in thereof!  
And be preserved from every snare,  
Enriched with Jesus' love.
- 4 And all the goings forth thereof;  
We would in truth observe :  
Looking for blessings from above,  
While we our Father serve.
- 5 In pure dependance on the Lord,  
Have we professed his Name :  
May all his ways delight afford,  
While walking in the same.
- 6 Not for a day, a month, or year,  
May our profession last ;  
But to the end may we endure,  
And hold our treasures fast.

959. *Happiness of the Church.*

S. M.

- 1 THE people of the Lord,  
How happy is their case !  
Jehovah is their strength and song,  
Their shield in every place.
- 2 The Lord his power displays,  
And makes his goodness known ;  
He forms a people for his praise,  
To worship him alone.
- 3 His rich and sovereign grace,  
By all the church is known ;  
His arms of love, their souls embrace,  
He calls them all his own.
- 4 Among the chosen few,  
Whom God has favoured thus ;  
Sure we have been distinguished too,  
For he hath blessed us.
- 5 Then let us joyfully,  
Our Ebenezers raise ;  
In honour of his Majesty,  
Who claims our songs of praise.

960.

*Church Meeting.*

S. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Jesus, come,  
Among thy saints appear ;  
Let every soul be filled with love,  
And each be found sincere.
- 2 Forbid, that we should grieve  
Each other by the way ;  
Or seek to please ourselves in aught,  
We either do or say.
- 3 In ways of truth and peace,  
In bonds of Christian love ;  
We would as brethren, Lord, abide,  
Till called to dwell above.

961.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 COME, brethren, let us join to sing,  
The praises of our God and King !  
In Zion, lift your banners high,  
For Israel's God and King is nigh.
- 2 When fears arise, and foes withstand,  
The church is safe in Jesus' hand ;  
He will continually protect  
The souls of all his own elect.
- 3 In fervent prayer may we abound,  
In humbleness of mind be found ;  
Under the teachings of the Lord,  
Enjoying much his holy word.
- 4 Dear Lord, our souls desire to see,  
More love, and peace, and unity,—  
More of the fruits of righteousness,  
And stronger proofs of godliness.
- 5 Add to our numbers, gracious Lord,  
Such as have *first* received thy word ;  
Have known a change of heart within,—  
The blood that cleanseth us from sin.

962.

*Prayer for the Church.*

C. M.

- 1 THE Lord be with you, Christian friends,  
Is my continual prayer ;  
To Him whose goodness never ends,  
Towards the Church, his care.

- 2 The Lord be with you, feeble saints,  
Through all life's changing scenes ;  
Before *Him* tell your sad complaints,  
Who knows what groaning means.
- 3 The Lord be with you, little flock,  
While in this wilderness ;  
Preserve you safely in the Rock,  
In Christ, our righteousness.
- 4 The Lord be with us every day ;  
And needed grace impart ;  
Direct us in the narrow way,  
And keep us one in heart.
- 5 Be with, and bless us to the end,  
Dear Lord, we now implore ;  
Till we appear with Christ, our Friend,  
Where we shall part no more.

963.

*Steadfastness of the Church.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**E faithful, ye, my much-loved friends,  
Till Jesus shall appear ;  
Let truth support and cheer your minds,  
Devoid of servile fear.
- 2 Error abounds on every hand,  
And worldlings on you frown ;  
But steadfast be,—the truth shall stand,  
And Christ shall have renown.
- 3 Although the carnal world revile,  
And mere professors mock ;  
Yet Jesus will not cease to smile  
Upon his chosen flock.
- 4 “ The gates of hell shall not prevail  
“ Against my Church,” saith Christ ;  
Then let us hold his promise fast,  
And glory in the Highest.

964.

*Christian Experience.*

L. M.

- 1 **W**HY should I murmur at the way ?  
Why so cast down from day to day ?  
Why do I groan and sigh within ?  
Ah, Lord ! 'tis plain,—because of sin.

- 2 Alas ! my unbelief is great ;  
 Deeply I mourn my wretched state :  
 Lord, help a helpless worm, I pray,  
 And lead me in salvation's way.
- 3 Thy way is right—I doubt it not :  
 And yet I murmur at my lot :  
 My God ! my strength ! by faith I see,  
 That *all* is ordered well for *me*.
- 4 Of Jesus' precious blood I'll sing,  
 And of its merits loudly tell :  
 From thence my choicest comforts spring,  
 Through it I shall in glory dwell.

965.

*Christian Experience.*

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE enemy of souls, will still  
 Disturb me in the way ;  
 But soon shall all the ransomed see  
 An undisturbed day.
- 2 O happy day, without a cloud ;  
 A day I long to see :  
 When all the church of God shall be  
 From sin and Satan free.
- 3 With rapturous joy shall I admire,  
 The wonders of that grace,  
 Which raised me from the gates of death,  
 To see Immanuel's face.
- 4 Then shall I join the happy choir,  
 Jehovah's name to praise ;  
 Ascribe salvation to the Lamb,  
 Through everlasting days.

966.

*A Paradox.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**M I a sinner ! yes, I am ;  
 Have I an interest in the Lamb ?  
 I trust I have, since grace within  
 Has taught me to abhor my sin.
- 2 A sinner vile, and yet am pure ;  
 Exposed to wrath, and yet secure ;  
 I'm black within, and black without ;  
 Whiter than snow, without a doubt.



- 3 I often mourn my wretched state,  
Although my joys are truly great ;  
I ever feel the plague within,  
And yet I know I cannot sin.
- 4 Satan would make my soul his prey,  
But Jesus keeps me night and day ;  
Satan would bear me down to hell,  
But Jesus bears me up to heaven.

967.

*A Paradox.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**MONG the wonders God hath wrought,  
This one I feel is great ;  
That I am taught (what all are not)  
My lost and ruined state.
- 2 Yes, lost in Adam, sure I was,  
And found in Adam too ;  
A mystery this of godliness,  
My soul has proved true.
- 3 Though born in sin, and all unclean,  
From head to foot diseased ;  
Jehovah loves me as his Son,  
In whom he is well pleased.
- 4 Thy judgments, Lord, are truly great,  
Surpassing human thought :  
Angelic minds can ne'er conceive  
The wonders thou hast wrought.

968.

*Grateful remembrance.*

C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, we never would forget  
Thy mercies to us shewn ;  
In answer to united prayers,  
Presented to thy throne.
- 2 A very few at first we were,  
A little flock indeed :  
But help divine have we obtained,  
In every time of need.
- 3 Thy name, O Lord, we would adore,  
For blessings from above ;  
That thou our number hast increased,  
With those we dearly love.

- 4 Oft has thy promise been fulfilled,  
 "I'll surely visit you :"  
 Thy visits have been like the showers,  
 Thy favour as the dew.
- 5 Continue, Lord, thy kindnesses,  
 Confirm us in thy ways ;  
 Be with us all our journey through,  
 And we will give thee praise.

969.

*Seeking a Pastor.*

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, Eternal Spirit, look  
 On thine assembled saints ;  
 Grant the petition of thy Church,  
 And banish all complaints.
- 2 As one in Christ, and one in heart,  
 We now before thee stand ;  
 And ask (what thou hast promised us)  
 A pastor at thy hand.
- 3 Give us, O Lord, we now entreat,  
 A pastor of thy choice ;  
 One that we all shall *rightly* prize,  
 And love to hear his voice.
- 4 One that shall all thy counsel tell,  
 And all thy truth declare ;  
 One that shall ever prove to us,  
 He feels a Shepherd's care.
- 5 One that shall tell us of our faults,  
 In meekness, and in love ;  
 One that shall feed our hungry souls  
 With manna from above.
- 6 And when this favour we obtain,  
 Which we so long have sought ;  
 May Pastor, Deacons, Members, all  
 Say, "What hath Jesus wrought ?"

970.

*Joyful at the Lord's Supper.*

S. M.

- 1 HARK ! what a blissful sound !  
 Through Zion's streets doth run ;  
 Jehovah hath the ransom found,  
 In Christ, his only Son !

- 2 Adore the sacred Name,  
By which our Lord is known :  
IMMANUEL ! or GOD with us !  
With us he calls his own.
- 3 In Him will we rejoice,  
Before our Father's throne ;  
Since he to put our sins away,  
The wine-press trod alone !
- 4 Sing praises to our God !  
Sing praises to the Lamb !  
We have redemption through his blood,  
The glorious I AM.

## 971.

*Christian Encouragement.*

S. M.

- 1 "I'LL lead them," saith the Lord,  
"And keep them night and day ;  
"And give them to possess my word,  
"And make my Name their stay.
- 2 "My love shall ever be  
"Toward my chosen flock ;  
"Through time, and in eternity,  
"Their God, shall be their rock."
- 3 Be it as thou hast said,  
Almighty God of grace ;  
By thee alone would we be led,  
Till death shall end our race.

## 972.

*The same.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 MIDST all the trials of the way,  
My soul would on this promise stay ;  
"I'll be a God to thee :"  
Increase my faith, all-gracious Lord,  
To look upon thy precious word,  
As spoken unto me.
- 2 What blessing can I ever need,  
Or any of the seeking seed,  
That is not found in thee !  
Fulness of wisdom, stores of grace ;  
A fountain, and a hiding-place ;  
Is God, my God, to me !

- 3 Pardon, and peace, I here obtain,  
Through this, my path to heaven is plain ;  
“ I’ll be a God to thee ;”  
Eternal life, unfading bliss,  
Immortal joy, eternal peace,  
This promise yields to me.

973.

*Christian Encouragement.*

L. M.

- 1 SATAN, how canst thou think to gain  
One of the Saviour’s chosen sheep ?  
Since He that chose them, knows them all,  
And will their souls securely keep.
- 2 Though thou art wise,—he wiser is,  
Though thou art strong,—his strength exceeds ;  
Though thou accuse,—they still are safe,  
For Christ, their Shepherd, intercedes.
- 3 Rejoice, my soul, midst all thy fears,  
Thy trials shall not injure thee ;  
Trusting in Him that died, and lives  
To set the royal captives free.
- 4 Soon will the Shepherd of the flock,  
Gather his sheep and lambs above ;  
In heavenly places fix them all,  
To sing for ever—“ God is love.”

974.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 MY God is love ! how sweet a name,  
To cheer my drooping soul ;  
Arise, and shine ! thy light is come !  
On God thy burdens roll.
- 2 Hath he not said, “ I’ll ne’er forget,  
Nor leave thee in distress ?”  
Hath he not answered all thy cries,  
In very faithfulness ?
- 3 Rebuke my unbelieving fears,  
Thy mercies, Lord, renew :  
We are thy witnesses, O God,  
That all thy words are true.

975.

*Christian Encouragement.*

L. M.

- 1 **B**ELIEVER, what a friend hast thou ?  
Jehovah-Jesus, is his name !  
Although he sharply tries thee now,  
He will not put thy soul to shame.
- 2 The work of grace within thee wrought,  
The God of truth, will not forsake ;  
Thou shalt as by the Spirit taught,  
Of ever-living joys partake.
- 3 Should doubts and fears within thee rise,  
And troops against thy soul combine ;  
Thy Captain will them all despise,  
And on thy trembling spirit shine.
- 4 " Fear not," he saith, " I am thy God,"  
" Fear not, I'll help thee on thy way ;  
" Faint not, beneath my chastening rod,  
" Which doth my love to thee display."
- 5 " May faith's pure language oft be thine ;  
" I know that my Redeemer lives :  
" The everlasting God is mine,  
" Who unto me his Spirit gives."

976.

*The same.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of Peace, hath said,  
Whose word can never fail ;  
Satan, I'll bruise beneath your feet,  
O'er him ye shall prevail.
- 2 While on this earth we stay,  
Temptations will abound ;  
But he that doth endure, saith God,  
Shall be with glory crowned.
- 3 The weakest of the saints,  
Emboldened by the word ;  
Shall overcome sin, death, and hell,  
And triumph in their Lord.
- 4 Then let us strong in faith,  
Withstand the common foe ;  
We soon shall tread upon his neck,  
For God hath told us so.

**977.** *Christian Encouragement.* 11s.

- 1 **H**OW precious the words which Jehovah once  
spake,  
“ I’ll never, no never, my people forsake ;  
“ But lead them, and keep them, yea, comfort  
them too, [through.”  
“ And shew them my goodness, their pilgrimage
- 2 What more can the godly desire upon earth,  
Than the witness within of their heavenly birth,  
And the presence of Jesus to sweeten their way,  
With tokens of mercy from day unto day ?
- 3 Rejoice, then believer, thy God will provide,  
His promises plead, they shall not be denied ;  
However distressed, continue in prayer,  
He’ll thee on the arms of his faithfulness bear.

**978.** *Christian desires.* S. M.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, O my God,  
From every evil way ;  
Keep me from self, that mighty foe,  
Which leads me oft astray.
- 2 Keep me from Satan’s snares,  
From men of evil mind ;  
Keep me submissive at thy feet,  
Where peace alone I find.
- 3 Preserve me from the world,  
The source of so much grief ;  
And whensoever o’ercome thereby,  
Appear to my relief.
- 4 O Lord, my hope, my trust,  
On thee my soul is stayed !  
Be thou my everlasting friend,  
My all-sufficient aid !

**979.** *The same.* C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, to thee I lift my soul,  
From whom I all receive ;  
Descend in mercy to my help,  
And all my fears relieve.

- 2 My faith is weak, my foes are strong,  
 They struggle hard within ;  
 Lord, hear my prayer, regard my plea,  
 Let grace subdue my sin.
- 3 Apply some promise to my heart,  
 Make known that I am thine ;  
 Dispel all darkness from my mind,  
 And in thy glory shine.
- 4 Eternal Spirit, deign to smile,  
 And cause my fears subside ;  
 So shall my soul for ever cleave  
 To Christ, the Crucified.

980.

*Desire of the new-born Soul.*

S. M.

- 1 LORD, teach me how to pray,  
 And let my words be thine ;  
 For sure I know not what to say,  
 O melt this heart of mine.
- 2 Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,  
 To shew me what I need ;  
 Make known to me the Saviour's heart,  
 Which did for sinners bleed !
- 3 O wond'rous love and grace !  
 It makes me truly bold ;  
 Since Jesus took the sinner's place,  
 What canst thou now withhold ?
- 4 Enrich my heart with love,  
 Increase my faith, to see  
 Christ, as an Advocate above,  
 Pleading for worthless me !
- 5 Strengthen my feeble mind,  
 With visitations sweet ;  
 And grant that I may daily find,  
 Help from the mercy-seat.

981.

*Brotherly Love.*

L. M.

- 1 " IF we be brethren," born of God,  
 And purchased with a Saviour's blood ;  
 Then let us all as taught of Him,  
 Each other hold in high esteem.

- 2 " If we be brethren," called by grace,  
From sin to Christ, our hiding-place ;  
Then let vile self be so denied  
That we our brother's faults may hide.
- 3 " If we be brethren," in the Lord,  
Regarding all his written word ;  
Then let us shew by doing good,  
We truly love the brotherhood.
- 4 " If we be brethren," heirs of bliss,  
Redeemed by Him, who is our Peace ;  
Then let our daily peaceful life,  
Protest against all sinful strife.
- 5 " If we be brethren," God hath sealed,  
And in our hearts, his name revealed ;  
He will his sealed children own,  
And bring us to his heavenly throne.
- 6 " If we be brethren," unity  
Becomes th' adopted family ;  
'Tis good and pleasant thus to dwell,  
And of our Father's glories tell.

982.

*Sanctified Affliction.*

L. M.

- 1 **H**OW prone am I to cleave to earth,  
And oft forget my heavenly birth ;  
Which shews to me the need of grace,  
To keep me in my proper place.
- 2 While chastened with a Father's rod,  
I read his name, " the faithful God ;"  
I see my trials needful are,  
To cause me live in godly fear.
- 3 Trials, when sweetly sanctified,  
Lead me to Christ, the Crucified !  
In whom I find salvation free,  
Salvation full, and that for me.
- 4 Then welcome trials, welcome all  
That can a worthless worm befall ;  
Since all is followed by the love,  
Of Him I long to see above.



- 5 Were I to hymn another verse,  
I'd strive the mercies to rehearse,  
Which I have proved from day to day,  
Since I have known the narrow way.
- 6 Mercies, as marks of cov'nant care,  
My tongue can never here declare ;  
So numerous, rich, and sovereign too,  
Give me to know, he'll bring me through.

983.

*Christian Submission.*

C. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord, thy chastening rod, I feel,  
Yet fain would silent be ;  
My sins forgive, thy love reveal,  
From every murmur free.
- 2 Remembering what the Saviour said,  
" In me ye shall have peace ;"  
Gives me to trust my living Head,  
Through all the wilderness.
- 3 When I consider all the saints,  
Who now enjoy their rest ;  
How oft they made their sad complaints,  
Though of Jehovah blest :
- 4 It makes me to admire the way,  
In which the Lord doth lead ;  
He makes his arm, his people's stay,  
And grants them all they need.

984.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet it is, to view the hand  
Of wisdom, and of love ;  
Guiding us through this desert land,  
Till called to dwell above.
- 2 The cloudy pillar leads by day,  
The fiery cloud by night ;  
Jehovah's word, makes plain our way,  
And sets our footsteps right.
- 3 Though trials and afflictions rise,  
With each returning day ;  
Yet he who reigns above the skies,  
Will grace and truth display.

- 4 Blessed are they who now do weep,  
And feel, what none can tell ;  
Though troubled now, they soon shall sleep,  
Secure from death and hell.

985.

*Shouting for Joy.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**S children of the living God,  
Let praise our tongues employ :  
Our sins were drowned in Jesus' blood,  
*Then let us shout for joy.*
- 2 Although the Prince and powers of hell,  
May oft our souls annoy ;  
Yet with the righteous, "It is well,"  
*Then shout aloud for joy.*
- 3 When on the cross the Saviour died,  
He then did *death* destroy ;  
And *Him* that had the power of death,  
*O shout, ye saints, for joy.*
- 4 How precious are those times of love,  
When we his smiles enjoy !  
'Tis then we long to dwell above,  
*With those that shout for joy.*
- 5 'Tis there the church of Christ shall find  
Pleasures without alloy !  
And with an undivided mind,  
*Shall ever shout for joy.*

986.

*Mystery of Providence..*

S. M.

- 1 **Y**ES, Joseph must be sold,  
A type of Christ, his Lord ;  
But God was with him, we are told,  
And kept him by his word.
- 2 How wond'rous are the ways  
Of Providence on earth !  
The darkest, and the saddest days,  
Are often turned to mirth.
- 3 One day, in prison seen,  
Another, on the throne ;  
Yet every day the LORD has been  
The same towards his own.

987. *Scripture Warning.*

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will openly declare,  
Who are his own peculiar care ;  
When enemies against them rise,  
Jehovah thunders from the skies.
- 2 When Korah, Dathan, and their host,  
Against God's servants made their boast ;  
He soon appeared at Moses' call,  
And caused the earth consume them all.
- 3 Great God ! we sanctify thy name !  
Thy wond'rous power and love proclaim !  
Thy love to Moses here was shewn,  
Thy power on rebels quickly known.
- 4 When enemies our souls assail,  
May we by faith and prayer prevail ;  
Commit our cause to Jesus' hands,  
By whom the true believer stands.
- 5 O may we never lift our voice  
Against the servants of thy choice ;  
But honour them who honour thee,  
In making known truth's mystery.

988. *True Humility.*

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, keep me humble at thy feet,  
Preserve my soul from all deceit ;  
Help me to lead an holy life,  
Till death shall end the inward strife.
- 2 O may my evidence be bright,  
That I am holy in thy sight ;  
By blood redeemed, preserved by grace,  
And daily taught to seek thy face.
- 3 Let not my zeal to thy dear ways,  
Be less than in my former days ;  
But rather let me prove indeed,  
The more I know, the more I need.

989. *Preciousness of Time.*

104th.

- 1 **H**OW precious is time, the moments fly fast,  
O may I be found in Jesus at last :  
Sometimes I am fearful, he ne'er has loved me,  
At other times hoping his glory to see.

- 2 How precious is time, when Jesus doth smile,  
Though doubts may arise, and Satan revile ;  
The smilings of Jesus, refresh my poor heart,  
When nothing beside can sweet comfort impart.
- 3 How precious is time, when Christ is enjoyed,  
And we in his courts are daily employed ;  
Rehearsing his tokens of mercy and grace,  
Made known to the righteous in every place.
- 4 How precious is time, more precious than gold,  
Its value on earth can never be told ;  
And yet how neglected, and slighted by me,  
Lord, pardon me freely—my weakness I see.

990.

*Watch-Night Service.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER year my life is spared,  
How good is God to me !  
In him my soul would ever trust,  
To him would ever flee.
- 2 Another year and not cut down,  
A cumberer of the ground,  
But still preserv'd to hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 Another year I've struggled hard,  
With sin and Satan too,  
Yet more than conqueror have proved,  
Keeping the cross in view.
- 4 Another year, 'midst changing scenes,  
The Lord has been my friend,  
On whom my soul is daily brought  
For all things to depend.
- 5 Another year my gracious God,  
Has all my needs supplied ;  
Then sure I may with boldness sing,  
The Lord will still provide.

991.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 **A**NOTHER year the God of love,  
Has bless'd me with his smiles,  
And kept me from this evil world,  
Which oft the soul beguiles.

- 2 Another year the God of peace,  
Has favours to me shewn,  
In answer to my morning sighs,  
Addressed to his throne.
- 3 Another year the God of grace,  
Has kept me at his feet.  
Delivered me from all my fears,  
And made his visits sweet.
- 4 Another year, and travelling still  
The road that leads to bliss,  
Soon shall my Father call me home,  
To dwell where Jesus is.

- 1 O THOU Fountain of Salvation !  
Worthy of unceasing praise ;  
Help us to admire the goodness  
Which has marked our fleeting days :  
Holy Spirit !  
Give us each a grateful heart.
- 2 We, who once despised the Saviour,  
And made light of his commands ;  
Now rejoice in *Him* who answered  
All the righteous laws' demands :  
Sing with gladness !  
None shall e'er the saints condemn !
- 3 Love eternal, grace abounding,  
Mercy, truth, and righteousness ;  
Are the quickened sinner's comfort,  
Through this howling wilderness :  
Grace abounding !  
O what joy these words afford !
- 4 Though we oft from God have wandered,  
And our hearts been filled with fear ;  
Loving kindness has preserved us  
Through the dangers of the year :  
O what debtors  
Are we to the God of love !

993.

*Watch-Night Service.*

8.7.4.

- 1 JOIN, ye saints, ye ransomed sinners,  
In a song of loudest praise,  
To the Prince of life and glory,  
Who has kept us in his ways :  
None but Jesus  
Could have held us up till now !
- 2 When we leave this world of sorrow,  
Which has often made us groan ;  
We shall dwell with Christ in glory,  
Where diseases are unknown :  
Happy pilgrims !  
Travelling to their Father's home !
- 3 Grant us, Lord, a New Year's blessing,  
Deign upon our souls to shine ;  
Give us some reviving promise,  
To assure us we are thine :  
And we'll praise thee,  
Now, henceforth, and evermore !

994.

*The same.*

8.8.6.

- 1 HOW swift our moments fly away !  
They whisper, " Here ye must not stay,  
" But hasten on to God !"  
How soul-supporting 'tis to see,  
That Jesus leads his family,  
Through all the dangerous road.
- 2 O may my fleeting hours be his,  
Who is the Lord, my righteousness,  
My portion, and my all !  
All my appointed days on earth,  
My soul would prove her heavenly birth,  
Yea, prove it by my call.
- 3 Time, that with me will soon be o'er,  
Shall land me safe on Canaan's shore,  
Secure from every storm :  
There, in the blaze of light divine,  
Shall God in all his glory shine,  
Upon a worthless worm !

995.

*For Sunday Schools.*

C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, look upon an infant race,  
Attend our earnest prayer ;  
Grant us the visits of thy grace,  
And make our lives thy care.
- 2 Our minds direct in days of youth,  
To search thy holy word ;  
And fill our hearts with love to truth,  
That we may serve the Lord.
- 3 Within thy courts may we abide,  
Therein for ever dwell ;  
To hear of Christ, the Crucified,  
And of his wonders tell.
- 4 Our sins forgive, our guilt remove,  
Our mercies multiply ;  
Expand our views, excite our love,  
And guide us till we die.
- 5 From every snare, Lord, set us free,  
By thine Almighty power ;  
So shall we live and cleave to thee,  
And thy great name adore.
- 6 At last, with all the chosen race,  
May we appear on high ;  
To sing aloud of saving grace,  
And Jesus glorify.

996.

*The same.*

7s.

- 1 **D**EAREST Jesus ! Sinners' Friend !  
Thou, whose mercies never end !  
Deign to look from heaven, thy throne,  
And to us thy grace make known.
- 2 Grant us grace in early days ;  
Shew to us our sinful ways :  
Set our souls from Satan free,  
Give us, Lord, thy love to see.
- 3 Love eternal, love divine ;  
Love which doth in Jesus shine :  
Love which saves from death and hell,  
Love which doth all praise excel.

- 4 Lord, renew our hearts, we pray,  
Give us precious faith, to say,  
“ Christ is mine, for ever mine,”  
This shall give us joy divine.
- 5 Bless our teachers, Lord, we pray,  
Who delight to shew the way,  
Which the Saviour sealed with blood,  
Which alone can bring to God.

997.

*For Sunday Schools.*

C. M.

- 1 NOW may the Lord assist us all,  
To sing the Saviour's praise,  
To join our teachers while they pray,—  
“ Lord, bless the Sabbath days.”
- 2 They seek the Spirit's promised aid,  
To make the Scriptures plain ;  
While in our ears they oft resound,  
“ Ye must be born again.”
- 3 Hasten the time, Almighty God !  
When truth shall set us free ;  
And those that teach us now shall say,  
“ Behold, these bow the knee.”
- 4 Then shall we pray in humble faith,  
“ Lord, crown their work of love ;  
“ And grant that they and we at last,  
“ May meet in heaven above.”
- 5 There shall we meet a numerous host  
Of sinners saved by grace ;  
All washed in blood, and clad in white,  
Prepared for the place.

998.

*The same.*

C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, thy Spirit on us pour,  
Thy grace on us bestow ;  
That we, with all thy favoured saints,  
May thy salvation know.
- 2 Save us, O God, from all our sins,—  
From every hurtful snare ;  
To Jesus lead,—that we may find  
Salvation only there.



## 999-1000-1 MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Dear Jesus ! Saviour of the lost,  
The Sinner's hiding-place ;  
From thy rich fulness may we all  
Receive abounding grace.
- 4 Though we are young, we all have sinned,  
And need thy precious blood,  
To cleanse our souls, forgive our sins,  
And bring us nigh to God.

999.

*The Conflict.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **H**OW oft I mourn my wretched state !  
My sins, and doubts, and fears are great ;  
They make me groan within ;  
But still, I hope to meet my Lord,  
According to his precious word,  
Freed from my every sin.
- 2 Then shall my happy spirit sing,  
The praise of Israel's God and King,  
Without a rising fear ;  
Shall join the blood-redeemed race,  
To triumph in electing grace,  
Without a falling tear.

1000.

*Praise.*

C. M.

- 1 **B**REAK forth, O Zion, hill of God !  
In cheerful songs of praise :  
Sing of the wond'rous grace and love,  
The Saviour's work displays !
- 2 By sin, came death on all our race,  
For all in Adam fell !  
But Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Redeemed his bride from hell !
- 3 Stronger than death was Jesus' love !  
Stronger than hell his power !  
His power and love how bright they shone,  
When all our sins he bore !

1001.

*Seeking a Blessing.*

7s.

- 1 **G**IVE us cause, dear Lord, to say,  
This has been a happy day !  
Spent within the sacred place  
Where the Lord unveils his face.

- 2 Lead us in the narrow way,  
Hold us up from day to day ;  
Manifest thy mighty power,  
In each dark and trying hour.
- 3 Feed our souls with heavenly bread,  
Even Christ, our living Head !  
He is meat and drink indeed,  
All we seek, and all we need.
- 4 Saints of old did bless thy name,  
Help us, Lord, to do the same :  
Praise (with all the heavenly host)  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

1002.

*Distinguishing Grace.*

S. M.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, ye saints,  
Ye children of his choice ;  
That he has given you to know  
The dear Redeemer's voice.
- 2 How many sinners hear  
The gospel's truths proclaimed :  
And yet, alas ! in heart remain  
Of God, and Christ, ashamed !
- 3 Ashamed before the world,  
To own the Saviour's name :  
Unconscious of that precious blood,  
Which saves from guilt and shame.
- 4 But what have we indeed,  
That we have not received ?  
'Twas all of grace, through Christ the Lord,  
That *we* in God believed.
- 5 No works have we to boast,  
No worthiness to plead ;  
But own, that grace distinguished us,  
In Christ the promised seed.
- 6 Chosen of God we were,  
Long ere the heavens were spread !  
And blest with everlasting gifts,  
In Christ, our living Head !

1003-4-5-6 MISCELLANEOUS.

1003.

*Before Sermon.*

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, attend our earnest cry,  
Assist us from thy throne on high ;  
To see the truth in Jesus shine,  
To feel the power of grace divine.
- 2 Grant us the soul-reviving dew,  
To cause our graces spring anew ;  
Give blessings in abundant showers,—  
The praise be thine—the comfort ours.
- 3 Without thy blessing, gracious Lord,  
In vain we read or hear thy word ;  
Our hearts remain as dark as night,  
Till we behold our chief delight.

1004.

*After Sermon.*

148th.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, smile  
Upon thy preached word ;  
Long may our souls enjoy  
The truths we now have heard :  
'Tis thine own work to melt the heart,  
And thine all blessings to impart.

1005.

*Prayer Meeting.*

L. M.

- 1 NOW may we all indeed be blest,  
With holy joy, and peace, and rest ;  
And find in God's appointed ways,  
Succour and strength for future days.
- 2 The gates of Zion, God will own,  
With blessings from his heavenly throne ;  
Will soothe the sorrows of the saints,  
And answer all their sad complaints.
- 3 Upon the Saviour would we roll,  
The griefs and burdens of our soul ;  
And finding favour in his sight,  
Rejoice that truth is his delight.

1006.

*The same.*

L. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the sweet employ of those  
Who daily mourn their inward foes ;  
No hours to them are half so sweet,  
As those they spend at Jesus' feet.

- 2 May we in Spirit serve the Lord,  
And feed, by faith, upon his word :  
Be humble in our christian walk,  
And of the Saviour, love to talk.
- 3 Whatever trials may attend,  
The Saviour will our souls befriend ;  
All needed good will he afford  
To such as truly fear the Lord.

**1007.**      *Meeting of Friends.*

S. M.

- 1 **T**OGETHER we are met,  
In bonds of sacred love ;  
To sing, and pray, to praise, and talk,  
Of Him who reigns above.
- 2 May we, as christian friends,  
Enjoy communion sweet ;  
And have abundant cause to say,  
“ 'Tis good for friends to meet.”
- 3 “ The fashion of this world,”  
Saith God, “ doth pass away :”  
But we are hastening to the place,  
Where there is no decay.
- 4 How highly blest are they  
Who know their sins forgiven ;  
Who feel the witnessing within,  
That they are bound for heaven.
- 5 Ere we depart this house,  
We would with one accord,  
Implore a blessing on our friends,  
Who love and fear the Lord.

**1008.**      *Lord's Supper.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **W**HILE we surround our Father's board,  
May Jesus be by us adored,  
As sovereign Lord of all :  
We would at Calvary's cross this day,  
Behold Jehovah's sacred way,  
To raise us from the fall.

## 1009-10-11 MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 By faith, approach the holy place ;  
In Spirit, heavenly wonders trace !  
Behold ! the Lamb of God !  
Now eat of bread, now drink of wine,  
For us he died ! O love divine !  
For us he shed his blood !

### 1009. *Dismission.*

7s.

- 1 **E**RE we part, unite to praise  
Him who smiles upon our ways :  
Him who loves to answer prayer,  
Him who makes our souls his care.
- 2 Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !  
Hallelujah ! for his word !  
Hallelujah ! to our King !  
Hallelujah ! Lord, we sing !

### 1010. *The same.* C. M.

- 1 **M**AY Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The covenant God of Grace ;  
Give peace, prosperity, and joy,  
Within this favoured place.
- 2 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The triune God of Grace ;  
Be everlastingly adored,  
By all the chosen race.

### 1011. *Christian Experience.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HROUGH many dangers, trials, cares,  
The Lord doth lead his saints ;  
Yet ever keeps their souls from harm,  
Though nature often faints.
- 2 Mysterious are the ways of God,  
Toward his children here :  
A blessing comes with every rod,  
And joy with every care.
- 3 He loves his saints, and tries them too,  
Yea, hides his face in love ;  
His chastisements are kindly sent,  
To cause us look above.

MISCELLANEOUS. 1012-13-14

- 4 'Tis sweet to look above this earth,  
Above this sinful clod ;  
By faith to prove our heavenly birth,  
Our interest in God.

1012. *Christian Experience.* C. M.

- 1 **T**HUS far Jehovah's wond'rous love  
Has been to us revealed ;  
And shall be, till we meet above,  
With all that God has sealed.
- 2 His promises have been fulfilled ;  
All glory to his name !  
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
His love has been the same.
- 3 And when we reach the heavenly shore,  
Where Christ, in glory reigns ;  
Our cares and sorrows shall be o'er,  
Our conflicts and our pains.
- 4 Then shall we sing as loud as Paul,  
Of rich and sovereign grace ;  
That raised us from the Adam fall,  
To heaven, our dwelling-place !

1013. *Lord's Supper.* 8. 8. 6.

- 1 **R**EDEMPTION by Immanuel's blood,  
And full salvation in his name,  
Be Zion's constant song ;  
From sin and hell brought near to God,  
With honour clothed, instead of shame,  
To Christ our thanks belong.
- 2 While thus we eat the broken bread,  
And of the flowing wine partake,  
Dear Jesus, on us shine ;  
Be precious, as our living Head,  
Accept us for thy mercy's sake,  
And make us wholly thine.

1014. *Close of the Year.* L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place,  
According to thy word of grace ;  
Wonders of mercy thou hast shewn,  
And counsel given from thy throne.

## 1015-16-17 MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 In Jesus would we ever dwell,  
And of his loving-kindness tell ;  
To him devote our future days,  
Know more of his supporting ways.
- 3 In Christ may we at last be found,  
Nor dread to hear the trumpet sound :  
Christ is to them their All in All,  
Who prove election by their call.

### 1015. *Justification by Christ.*

C. M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus is my soul's delight,  
Why should I fear to die ?  
Forbid it, Saviour ! while I know  
Thy blood doth justify.
- 2 " Death is the wages due to sin,"  
The Spirit testifies :  
But faith in Jesus' precious blood,  
From all things justifies.
- 3 Millions, has death removed from earth,  
To dwell above the skies ;  
Who proved this truth, that Jesus' blood,  
From all things justifies.

### 1016. *Ways of the Lord.*

7s.

- 1 JUST and true, are all the ways,  
Of the Lord, whose name we praise ;  
He has been our constant guide,  
And will evermore provide.
- 2 With delight we often tell,  
He has ordered all things well ;  
In his love would we confide,  
With his ways be satisfied.
- 3 In the truth may we stand fast,  
Sing of Jesus' love at last :  
Own, when death appears in view,  
All the ways of God are true.

### 1017. *Christian Encouragement.*

L. M.

- 1 GRACE, mercy, peace, and truth, be thine,  
Eternal life, and joys divine :  
On Jesus may thy mind be stayed ;  
Of sin alone, " be thou afraid."

- 2 "Give me thy heart, observe my ways,"  
Saith he, who called you by his grace ;  
"My saints' esteem, espouse my cause,  
"And yield obedience to my laws."
- 3 From Jesus shall you draw supplies,  
In Him your hidden treasure lies ;  
Attend his gates, and you shall prove  
How firm his truth, how strong his love.
- 4 He who at first made known his grace,  
Will never hide from you his face :  
Although eternity is near,  
Rejoice ! with Christ ye shall appear.

1018.

*Christian desires.*

8. 8. 6.

- 1 **L**ORD, keep us by thy mighty power,  
And strength diffuse, in every hour  
When Satan would distress ;  
Our hearts with thy good Spirit fill,  
Give sweet submission to thy will,  
And lead in righteousness.
- 2 May we possess an humble mind,  
To godliness be much inclined,  
And led to love thee more ;  
May truth implanted in the heart,  
Cause us to choose the better part,  
And sin within deplore.
- 3 Let all our future days be thine,  
Distinguished by a life divine,  
A life of holiness ;  
Protect us, O thou God of grace,  
Year after year, in every place,  
Till we our ALL possess.

1019.

*Christian Exhortation.*

L. M.

- 1 **A**LL ye who love the Saviour's name,  
See that your lives declare the same ;  
Forsake not Zion's holy gates,  
'Tis there the Lord's salvation waits.



- 2 In valour, fight the fight of faith,  
Resist your foes e'en unto death ;  
By prayer, the world and sin o'ercome,  
Let meekness strike all malice dumb.
- 3 O that your lives may spared be,  
For many years in purity :  
All worldly conversation shun,  
Your christian race with patience run.
- 4 Pray for the Church, whose peace you love,  
Live near to him who reigns above ;  
And when released from sin and pain,  
With Jesus shall you ever reign.

## 1020.

*Perseverance of the Saints.*

C. M.

- 1 **I**S Jesus mine ? for ever mine ?  
I need not yield to fear :  
Since all who in the Lord believe,  
Shall surely persevere.
- 2 Is Christ my hope, my peace, my joy,  
A fountain ever near ?  
In him I'll trust, and gladly sing,  
The saints shall persevere.
- 3 When in my sins and blood I lay,  
Did Jesus then appear ?  
Amazing grace ! the self-same love  
Shall cause me persevere.
- 4 Have I obtained help of God,  
In each succeeding year ?  
Then let me ever prize this truth  
The saints shall persevere.

## 1021.

*Anniversary.*

L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! we meet in holy fear,  
To own thy goodness through the year ;  
To all around we gladly tell,  
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 2 The truths proclaimed, our God has blest,  
To weary sinners given rest ;  
Enabled them with joy to tell,  
Their Jesus has done all things well.

- 3 Thy saints have here been amply fed,  
From day to day, with heavenly bread ;  
Drawn water from the living well,  
Sure Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 The Lord his church has formed here,  
And made it his peculiar care ;  
With us he doth delight to dwell,  
Sure Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 To us our God has kindly given  
Those whom we trust are formed for heaven,  
Whose daily walk doth plainly tell,  
Their Jesus has done all things well.
- 6 Midst all the changes we have seen,  
Since we a christian church have been ;  
We know in all that has befel,  
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 Our faith and love, dear Lord, increase,  
Maintain thy cause, preserve our peace ;  
And let us never more rebel,  
Since Jesus has done all things well.
- 8 Within this sacred house of prayer,  
The goodness of our God we share ;  
Goodness which doth all praise excel,  
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 9 Increase thy church, indulgent Lord,  
With those that "tremble at thy word ;"  
With such as shall with gladness tell,  
Their Jesus has done all things well.
- 10 No need have we to dread our foes,  
Although they may the work oppose ;  
Jehovah will their fury quell,  
For Jesus has done all things well.
- 11 Should all the hosts of hell engage  
Against our souls, with envious rage ;  
Yet this shall every dart repel,  
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 12 Should persecution be our lot,  
And we appear almost forgot ;  
Still let us ne'er the gospel sell,  
Since Jesus has done all things well.

- 13 Preserve us, Lord, we humbly pray,  
From every false and dangerous way,  
The tempter, help us to repel,  
With, Jesus has done all things well.
- 14 Throughout the coming year, may we  
In all the ways of God agree ;  
And find this truth our fears dispel,  
That Jesus has done all things well.
- 15 On each returning Sabbath day,  
When we shall meet to praise and pray ;  
Of Christ, may all our offerings smell,  
For Jesus has done all things well.
- 16 And when the gospel is proclaimed,  
Unto the blind, the deaf, the maimed,—  
In hearing, may they haste to tell,  
Their Jesus has done all things well.
- 17 Our Pastor bless, his labours own,  
By him, the cross of Christ make known ;  
Help him (with joy unspeakable)  
Preach, Jesus has done all things well.
- 18 Grant, that our deacons, and their wives,  
May honour thee through all their lives ;  
In truth, remain immoveable,  
Since Jesus has done all things well.
- 19 May all our members grow in grace,  
And all as children fill their place ;  
Proving they love at home to dwell,  
Where Jesus has done all things well.
- 20 When death shall summon us away,  
To realms of everlasting day,  
May we (redeemed from death and hell)  
Sing, Jesus has done all things well.
- 21 Yes, when our race is ended here,  
And we in glory shall appear ;  
Above the rest this note shall swell,  
Our Jesus has done all things well.
- 22 None of the saints shall e'er be lost,  
Though sorely tried, and tempest-tost ;  
With God they must for ever dwell,  
For Jesus has done all things well.

23 May all that know the Saviour's love,  
Having the witness from above ;  
His love divine ! unsearchable !  
Sing, Jesus has done all things well.

24 Unite, ye saints, the Lamb to praise,  
Who hath upheld us in his ways ;  
May all that shall in Carmel dwell,  
Shout, Jesus has done all things well.

1022.

*Anniversary.*

S. M.

- 1 GREAT things the Lord has done  
For us, his chosen few ;  
By him our needs have been supplied,  
To him our praise is due.
- 2 Praise him, my favoured soul,  
Praise him, ye saints of God ;  
Praise him who doth all things controul,  
Who bought the Church with blood !
- 3 Praise him in cheerful strains,  
Ye children of the Lord ;  
Triumphant sing, " our Jesus reigns,  
" And rules us by his word."
- 4 " Cast down, but not destroyed,"  
We may with Paul declare ;  
" Perplexed, and persecuted too,  
" Yet not in dark despair."
- 5 No man shall be destroyed,  
For whom the Saviour died :  
The heirs of Christ, with him are one,  
In him they shall abide.
- 6 For years our eyes have seen,  
Within this sacred place,  
The goings of our God and King,  
In acts of sovereign grace.
- 7 What wonders hath he wrought !  
What heavenly favours shewn !  
In answer to our feeble cries,  
Addressed to his throne.

- 8 In holy watchfulness,  
 May we be found each day ;  
 Nor cease to call upon the Lord,  
 For he has bid us pray.

## 1023.

*Anniversary.*

148th.

- 1 **T**HE mercies of the Lord,  
 Are every morning new ;  
 And every evening shews  
 Our God is faithful too :  
 Let morning mercies from above,  
 Call forth from us a song of love.
- 2 Eternal Spirit ! come,  
 And make thy presence known ;  
 Regard our feeble cries,  
 While we our state bemoan :  
 May blessings great attend this day,  
 And God preserve us through the way.
- 3 Unworthy as we are  
 To bow before thy face,  
 Yet whither can we flee ?  
 But to the throne of grace !  
 For there all needed help we find,  
 And prove the LORD is good and kind.
- 4 How good and pleasant 'tis,  
 In unity to dwell ;  
 'Tis like the heavenly dews,  
 Which oft on Hermon fell ;  
 O may we all in union be !  
 And all as brethren well agree !
- 5 When on the rising hill,\*  
 To which we now are bent ;  
 And in the sacred place,  
 Where pilgrims oft frequent :  
 May we in Spirit serve the Lord,  
 And hear with joy his holy word.

- 6    Though in a wilderness,  
      A land of toil and cares ;  
      Beset from day to day,  
      With Satan's deadly snares :  
In this will we, aloud rejoice,  
That we have known the Shepherd's voice.
- 7    None but the sheep can hear,  
      And know the Saviour's voice ;  
      None but the lowly saint,  
      Can in the Lord rejoice :  
“ The sinner must be born again,”  
Our Lord declares in language plain.
- 8    The gospel cheers the mind,  
      Midst all the raging waves ;  
      Points to the captain, Christ,  
      Who mercy's vessels saves !  
Although the mighty billows roar,  
His love shall bring us safe to shore.
- 9    In Christ, the living rock,  
      May we at last be found ;  
      Secured from hell's assaults,  
      And be with glory crowned !  
Then shall we sing in nobler strains,  
The love of Him who ever reigns !

**1024.** *To my dear Brother, on his being united  
to the Baptized Church, at Carmel.*

- 1    **M**Y brother, bear with me,  
      While I attempt to write,  
What I entreat the Holy Ghost  
      May graciously indite.
- 2    With grateful heart reflect,  
      On what thy God hath done ;  
In laying all thy load of sin,  
      On Christ his only Son !
- 3    Once were you dead in sin,  
      And blind to all that's good ;  
But now, I trust, alive again,  
      And truth is understood.

- 4 Then, did you serve the flesh,  
And joined with sinners too ;  
But now can boast of conquering grace,  
That did your sins subdue.
- 5 No more, no more can you  
Profane the Sabbath-day ;  
Since God has led your wandering feet,  
Into the narrow way.
- 6 Yes, Christ is now your way,  
Your life, your peace, and strength ;  
His grace and love have led you on  
To follow Him at length.
- 7 As now you've been baptized,  
And added to his church ;  
May every grace in you abound,—  
The scriptures daily search.
- 8 Should trials fast increase,—  
Temptations strong arise ;  
Remember that a broken heart,  
The Lord will not despise.
- 9 May prayer be your delight,  
And praise your sweet employ :  
Let God be chief of all your ways,  
His strength shall be your joy.
- 10 In prayer forget not one,  
Whose voice you love to hear ;  
That he may true and faithful prove,  
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 11 Within the house of God,  
May you be often found ;  
Communing with the King of Kings,  
Upon his hallowed ground.
- 12 In Carmel may you feed,  
Upon Jehovah's love ;  
Be grounded in the truth of God,  
And all its sweetness prove.
- 13 My heart's desire to God,  
For you, my brother, is  
That he would daily store your mind,  
With heavenly mysteries.

- 14 Increase your ardent love  
To Him, and to his ways ;  
And cause you live a life of faith,  
Through all your future days.
- 15 With wisdom guide your steps,  
While travelling here below ;  
With mercy guard you night and day.  
From every snare and foe.
- 16 To Zion's glorious Head,  
I now would thee commend ;  
Knowing that He,—and He alone,  
Can keep thee to the end.
- 17 Him would we ever praise,  
To him address our prayer ;  
Who washed us in his precious blood,  
And makes our souls his care.
- 18 And when our race is run,  
And God, by death, shall call ;  
May Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be our eternal All !

**1025.** *On my dear Sister's leaving London for  
Odiham.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER trial for our faith !  
But trust in him who kindly saith,  
“ I'll keep thee night and day ; ”  
What though we part, 'tis right, I know,  
Since God appoints our path below,  
And orders all our way.
- 2 Affection, makes our parting hard,  
But still, we must the hand regard,  
That beckons thee away !  
And wherefore, we can neither tell,  
But He who governs all things well,  
Will shew another day.
- 3 Although we now feel inward pain,  
We hope, ere long, to meet again,  
To cheer each other's heart ;  
By telling what our God has done,  
For us, through Jesus Christ, his Son,  
While we have been apart.



- 4 Till then, may we be much in prayer,  
To him who knows our every care,  
And doth so gently lead ;  
Sweet answers may we ever find,  
And prove our God is good and kind,  
Yea, all that we can need.

**1026.** *On the death of my Infant Daughter.*

- 1 I WEEP—and wherefore do I weep ?  
Since Jesus saith, “She doth but sleep !”  
Yes, Sarah sleeps in arms of love !  
My Sarah dwells in courts above !
- 2 And should I weep ?—O surely not,  
Since she I know, was not forgot,  
By him whose blood alone can save,  
Poor guilty sinners from the grave !
- 3 For six short years she sojourned here,  
But now with Jesus doth appear ;  
Where sin and sorrow are unknown,—  
Where songs of praise surround the throne.
- 4 And doth my Sarah sing above ?  
Of Jesus, and his precious love !  
Yea, sure she doth ?—I feel within,  
That she was cleansed from all her sin.
- 5 Of him she loved on earth to talk,  
And when to Chapel she could walk,  
Her lisping tongue would often say,  
“Father, can Jesus hear us pray ?”
- 6 And when she bowed the infant knee,  
How truly pleased was I to see  
The close attention that she paid,  
To what her weeping Father said.
- 7 But ah ! she’s gone !—I’ll add no more,  
But with a lowly mind implore,  
That He who gave, and took away,  
May cause us meet another day.
- 8 Yes, meet around the glorious throne,  
Of Him who did for sin atone !  
Of Him who did for sinners die !  
That they may live eternally !

**1027.**      *What think ye of Christ?*

**H**E is the Lord, the mighty God,  
Who rules the nations with his rod.

He is alone the LORD of Hosts,  
In him my soul for ever boasts.

He is the great IMMANUEL,  
Who with his people loves to dwell.

He is the infinite I AM,  
And he the meek and lowly Lamb.

He is the Father's only Son,  
Begotten ere that time begun.

He is JEHOVAH's first elect,  
He is the End the saints expect.

He is the First, he is the Last,  
He knows the future as the past.

He is eternally the same,  
Jehovah-Jesus, is his name.

He is our glorious covenant Head,  
The resurrection from the dead.

He is the LORD our RIGHTEOUSNESS,  
And he our refuge in distress.

He is the ransom God hath found,  
May Zion's love to him abound.

He is by ransomed souls desired,  
And shall of them be much admired.

He is the woman's promised seed,  
Who mighty is in word and deed.

He is the babe of Bethlehem,  
Born to redeem, and not condemn.

He is the Prince of John baptized,  
As we by him have been apprized.

He is the Prince of Peace, I say,  
To God, and heaven, the only way.

He is the better hope brought in,  
Him whom the Father bruised for sin.

He is the breaker Micah saw,  
He is the substance of the law.

He is the end of all the types,  
Who for his people bore their stripes.

He is the Saviour of the soul,  
'Tis he that makes the wounded whole.

He is the bright and morning star,  
Directing sinners from afar.

He is the Sun of righteousness,  
With light he doth his chosen bless.

He is my beauteous wedding dress,  
In which to God I have access.

He is the pearl of greatest price,  
The sin-atoning sacrifice.

He is the altar, and the priest,  
He is the Christian's daily feast.

He is a Priest upon his throne,  
His precious blood did once atone.

He is my advocate with God,  
Who pleads the merits of his blood.

He is the counsellor of those  
Who mourn because of inward foes.

He is our Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Who will his Church to glory bring.

He is the tried foundation stone,  
Which all the righteous build upon.

He is as manna from on high,  
He is a fountain ever nigh.

He is the giver of my breath,  
In him may I rejoice at death.

He is the author of my faith,  
My soul would credit all he saith.

He is the God of truth and grace,  
He is the Church's hiding place.

He is my helmet, and my shield,  
And he my armour for the field.

He is my rock, and fortress too,  
He is my guide, he'll bring me through.

He is my soul's perpetual aid,  
From every storm, he is my shade.

He is the same unchanging friend,  
To all who on his word depend.

He is the cleft in which I hide,  
The vine in which the saints abide.

He is the true and living bread,  
With which his family is fed.

He is the glorious Amen,  
The faithful witness unto men.

He is the blessed Potentate,  
On him shall all his subjects wait.

He is beloved of the Lord,  
He is by all the saints adored.

He is the Captain of salvation,  
He is the mourner's habitation.

He is, as thousands will confess,  
The father of the fatherless.

He is the confidence of all,  
Whom God hath raised from the fall.

He is the rose, he is the balm,  
His word doth make the storm, a calm.

He is the fairest of the fair,  
He is indeed beyond compare.

He is the bridegroom of the bride,  
The Holy One that men denied.

He is for ever just and true,  
The Alpha and Omega too.

He is the subject of our songs,  
To him our highest praise belongs.

He is, as saith the Apostle Paul,  
Poor saved sinners' ALL IN ALL !

1028.

*My Jesus.*

Who was it that first my cause undertook ?  
Who was it that wrote my name in his book ?  
Who was it that drank of the direful brook ?  
My Jesus.

Who was it that taught the prophets of old ?  
Who was it that led them deep things to unfold ?  
Who was it that made them for truth to be bold ?  
My Jesus.

Who was it that trod the wine-press alone ?  
Who was it that once for sins did atone ?  
Who was it that died to save all his own ?  
My Jesus.

Who was it that brought me to hear of his fame ?  
Who was it that taught me to trust in his name ?  
Who was it that caused me to publish the same ?  
My Jesus.

Who is it has kept my feet in his ways ?  
Who is it indeed sweet mercy displays ?  
Who is it is worthy of glory and praise ?  
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**FINIS.**

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